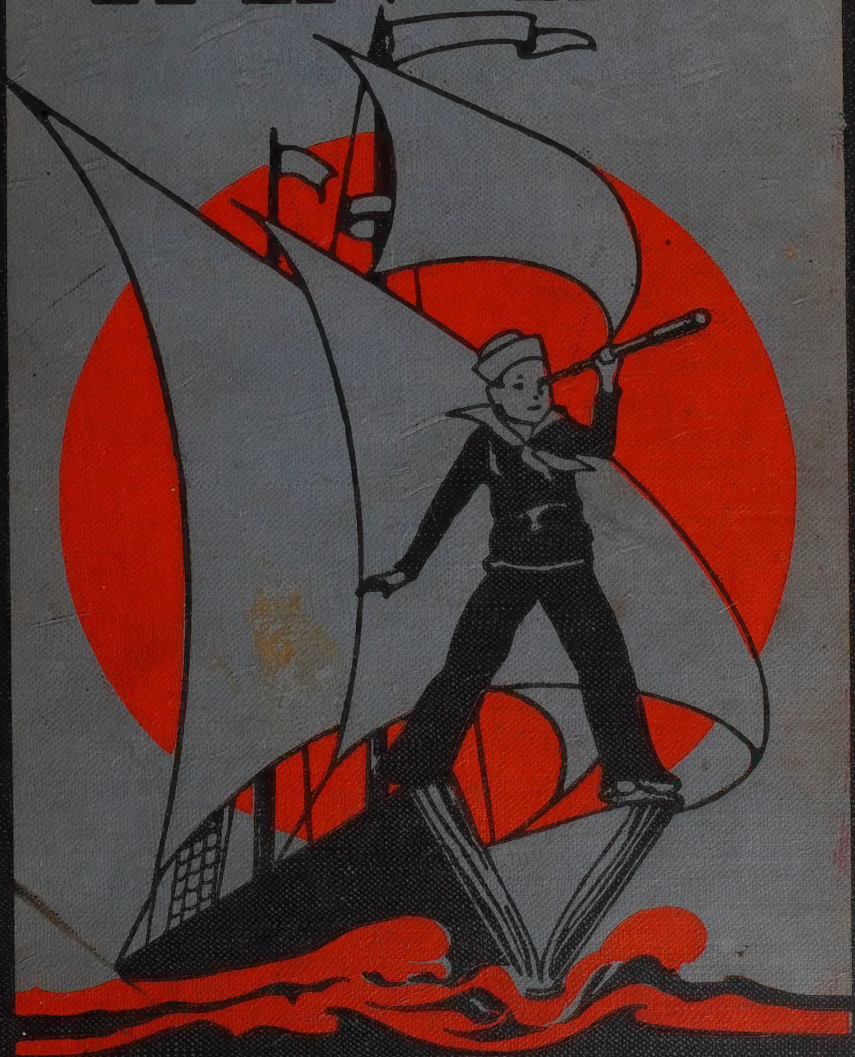


FACTS AND FANCIES







THOMSON

LOWER TA



THE NEW SILENT READERS

— A BASAL ACTIVITY SERIES —

FACTS AND FANCIES

BY

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BOOK IV

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

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This series, of which **FACTS AND FANCIES** is Book IV, provides a complete basal reading program from Pre-Primer through Book VIII. The reading material, based upon actual classroom experiments, offers for the first time a properly balanced recreatory and work-type content together with the pedagogical development of the skills essential to the mastery and use of both types.

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READING AND LEARNING

It would be hard to find a more significant statement of the purpose of modern education than that of Dr. Thomas H. Briggs, of Teachers College, Columbia University: "The purpose of education is to teach people to do better the desirable things that they are going to do anyway."

Boys and girls are going to read a wide variety of material for a wide range of purposes. Modern psychology has proved that skills are specific; that instead of training to develop a single skill which we might call *skill in reading*, we must train for as many skills as there are different types of reading.

The present volume, *Facts and Fancies*, aims to develop the specific skills needed by pupils of the fourth grade. It offers material appropriate to that grade. Much of it is representative of the textbooks used in the grade, and training is provided to develop power in reading and using these books. At the same time, a wealth of other material is offered, each accompanied by specific directions for the development of ability to handle the particular kind of reading problem it offers. This material ranges all the way from typical newspaper articles to poetry.

The one skill most generally desirable is as high a rate of speed as is possible for the individual to develop without loss of comprehension. Dr. Charles H. Judd of the University of Chicago makes the following pertinent statement regarding speed in reading:

"Within the last twenty years the science of education has worked one of the greatest transformations in education that has ever been accomplished. It has given to the world a

perfectly clear demonstration of the fundamental difference between oral reading and silent reading. It has shown that continued drill in oral reading in the elementary school may so fix the habits of a pupil as to make him a slow and relatively incompetent reader. If a pupil enters high school with over-developed habits of oral reading, he will be handicapped in all of those studies which depend on the use of books. Not only so, but excessive tendencies toward oral reading are likely to result in a reluctance to use books which will be of far-reaching influence in the individual's adult life."

Fact and Fancies is the result of a careful study of the needs of pupils of the fourth grade. It offers a wide range of material that will appeal to the interest of pupils of this grade. They are taught how to attack the preparation of their regular lessons and how to approach the many other types of reading that they are sure to meet.

Aims of this series. The obvious purpose of any reading is to get thought from the printed page. To summarize, the specific aims of the authors of this series have been to teach the pupil to study and to read effectively through the development of the following skills:

1. To recognize the essential part of a paragraph or a selection.

2. To comprehend accurately the content of a lesson for permanent mastery and use.

3. To test the pupil's understanding of words and phrases and to increase his vocabulary and his appreciation of vividness and accuracy of expression.

4. To provide a constantly growing command of the tools of study such as tables of contents, indexes, side headings, charts, graphs, maps, and books of reference.

5. To train the pupil to organize material read by making outlines, and summaries, to make oral reports, and to answer thought questions.

6. To train the pupil to test his own mastery of material read.

7. To teach the pupil to coöperate with members of his group and to evaluate his own efforts and those of his classmates.

8. To increase the speed of reading to the limit of individual ability, without loss of comprehension.

Content. In selecting the material for carrying out these purposes, the authors have kept in mind the following principles:

1. Typical lessons should be provided to assist pupils in developing right habits of study. Emphasis appropriate to the specific grade should be placed on making outlines and summaries. This emphasis should increase from grade to grade and should be presented in an increasing variety of forms and through devices which will make its application habitual.

2. Material should be fundamentally interesting to pupils of the grade for which it is offered. The editorial and artistic presentation should be of a nature that will contribute to a permanent interest in reading.

3. All material should be new in the sense that it should not appear in other readers.

4. Material appropriate to all types of reading experiences should be included.

5. Checks for the assistance of teacher and pupils should indicate the purpose of reading the particular selection, and should test the effectiveness of his reading for that specific purpose.

Grading. The most common criticism of readers is that they are too hard. For this reason the authors have given the most careful attention to grading. The vocabulary studies of Thorndike and Gates have been in constant use. A new study, *Improving the Spoken Vocabulary of Elementary School Children*, by Dr. Israel Galter, has been invaluable because of its data concerning the vocabulary of the various grades. Dr. Samuel Berman, principal of the W. S. Peirce School of Philadelphia, whose thesis, *Standards in Written Composition*, is one of the most careful and scholarly studies on the subject, has worked with the authors throughout the preparation of the book. Dr. Berman's thesis also includes a careful analysis of the

vocabularies of grades three to eight. Actual classroom tests have further insured against the common fault of readers for the middle grades—too great difficulty of vocabulary, sentence structure, and thought.

Editorial Acknowledgments. The authors acknowledge their indebtedness to the numerous studies and discussions in year books, monographs, magazines, and books on the subject of reading.

They are particularly grateful for the help rendered by teachers and supervisors in criticizing manuscript, and testing it in class. Miss Mary A. Adams, supervisor of grades, Baltimore, Maryland, and Miss Ethel B. Melvin, principal of the William Patterson School of Baltimore, Maryland, were particularly helpful. Others who assisted are Miss Nell K. Gleason, formerly critic teacher in the State Normal School and supervisor of grades, Superior, Wisconsin; Miss Clara L. Rogers, Assistant Professor of Education, Marshall College, Huntington, West Virginia; Miss Rena A. Weider, specialist in reading for The John C. Winston Co.; Miss Roma Gans, formerly director of research work, Superior, Wisconsin; Miss Bess M. Young, formerly instructor in Teachers College, Columbia University, and demonstration teacher in the Horace Mann School; Miss Mary Lewis, instructor in Teachers College, Columbia University, and demonstration teacher in the Horace Mann School; Dr. Samuel Berman, principal of the W. S. Peirce School, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Frontispiece

USING THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE

Suppose you could speak no language but English, and you met a French boy who could speak only French. To talk to him, you would have to use your hands and point to things you wanted. But it is not always easy to make yourself understood just by signs.

This story tells about a sign language which thousands of people could use. Read it to find out two things: first, why these people needed a sign language; and second, how to use this language yourself.

Long ago, the Indians who lived on our great western plains invented a sign language. It was used by many, many Indian tribes that could not understand a word spoken by strange tribes. They all understood the sign language and could talk with each other simply by making motions.

To talk to each other in words, these western Indians would have had to learn many different languages. Instead of taking all that trouble, they learned the sign language which all could

understand. In this way they could talk to each other easily by using their hands. Many Indians still know the sign language, and a few of them still use it.

When an Indian is speaking the sign language and points one finger at you, that means *you*, of course. When he points to himself with his thumb, it means *me* or *I*.

Of course a man is supposed to stand up straight. So the word *man* is said by holding up the first finger and doubling the rest of the hand into a fist so that the other fingers are out of the way. There, you see, is the *man* left standing straight up.

A white man grows almost as brown as an Indian if he stays out in the sun a long time, but the only part of the white man that becomes brown is the part exposed to the sun. Where his skin is covered, it remains white. If he wears a hat, his forehead stays white while the rest of his face grows dark. The white men on the plains used to be out of doors all day long, and they always wore hats because the sun was so strong. Soon their faces became almost as dark as the Indians', but their foreheads under the hats remained white.



An Indian knew a white man by his white forehead. So one sign for *white man* in the Indians' language is made by drawing the first finger of your right hand across your forehead to mean *white*, then holding up your first finger to mean *man*.

When a man rides horseback, the man's legs hang down on each side of the horse. So, to say *man on horseback*, the Indian holds two fingers of the right hand pointing toward the ground over the fingers of the left hand held

4 USING THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE

palm to the right as the woman is doing on page five. There, sure enough, is a picture of a two-legged man riding the body of a horse.

Now, can your fingers say, "A white man on horseback" in the Indian sign language?

Now finish the sentence and say, "A white man on horseback goes by." First, make the sign for *white*, rub the first finger of your right hand across your forehead, and then hold your hands to make the sign for *man on horseback*. Now hold your hands at one side, and move them as far past yourself on the other side as you can reach. This means *goes by* or *away*.

An Indian woman often is proud of her long hair. She wears a band around her head too. Sometimes the band is of ribbon; sometimes it is of bright calico; sometimes it is of soft animal skin worked with colored beads and quills. Of course all this hair must have a good deal of care. This means that an Indian woman must comb her hair before she puts it into the long braids that hang down over her shoulders. You make the Indian sign for *woman* by holding your hand by the side of your head with your fingers hooked as if you were going to use them as a comb. This means *woman*.



The Indian says to himself, "A white man thinks with his mind, but an Indian thinks with his heart." Turning a thing over and over in his heart is the Indian way of thinking. To make the sign that means *think*, hold the first and second fingers of your right hand over your heart. Next roll your fingers back and forth over each other. This shows that you are turning something over and over in your heart, and so it means *think*. Isn't that a clever way to say, "I think"?

Stealing and other wrongdoing we sometimes call "underhanded." Perhaps that thought came from the Indian sign language. Stealing is always sneaky and is done under cover. The Indian sign for stealing shows just how it is

done. Hold your left arm in front of your chest. Keep your elbow bent and hold your arm a little away from your body. Then with your right hand reach out under your left arm and pretend to take something, and bring it back in your right hand. That is the sign for *stealing*, and it shows how stealing is really underhanded.

Now can you put all these words together and in the Indian sign language say, "The Indian woman thinks the white man stole the horse and rode away"?

Day is a time when everything is open and easy to see. The sign for *day* is made by holding your hands in front of you, palms up, and sweeping your hands out in a curve, the full reach of your arms. This shows that everything within reach is open and easy to see, and means *day*.

Night is just the opposite. It is a time when everything is dark and hidden. So, the sign for *night* is made by holding your hands in front of you with the palms down. Leave the palms down and sweep your hands across each other the full reach of your arms. In this position, you see, if you held anything in your hand, it would be hidden, just as night hides things from your sight. That is why this means *night*.

The Indians did not bother with little words like *a, the, an, at*. In their sign language you find words that mean things or people or actions.

Leaving out the word *at* just as you left out the word *on* in the first sentence, can you say now, "The woman thinks the white man stole the horse at night?"

We know how well Indian boys can run and ride and jump. Their same grace and love of the beautiful shows in the Indian sign language when it is talked by Indian hands. Their fingers are not clumsy. They move as quickly and gracefully as a bird fluttering from branch to branch of a tree. And some of the thoughts that lie behind the signs are little poems in themselves.

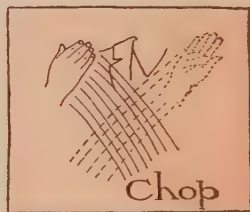
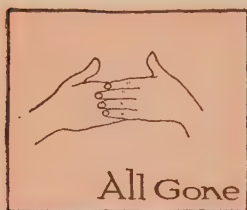
If you would like to know more about the Indian sign language, get the book, *Universal Indian Sign Language*, by William Tomkins, San Diego, California. From it you can make up sentences and whole stories to tell each other.

—MARY ISABEL WRIGHT

SOME THINGS TO DO

I. The following sentence has a number of endings. Some are true and some are not. Write on your paper the numbers of all the true endings.

8 USING THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE



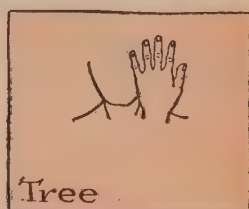
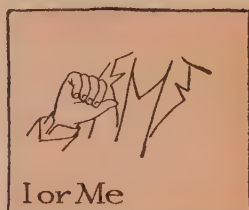
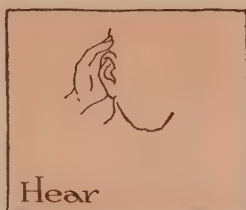
The Indians used the sign language because—

1. they had not learned to read and write.
2. they could not understand the language of other tribes.
3. they were at war with the white men.
4. they had no language that all tribes could understand.
5. it was easier than to learn the language of each tribe.
6. they liked better to talk with their hands.

II. The following sentence has three endings, only one of which is true. Write the number of the correct answer.

The sign for Indian woman is made by

1. holding up the first finger.
2. drawing the first finger of the right hand across the forehead.
3. pretending to comb your hair with your fingers.

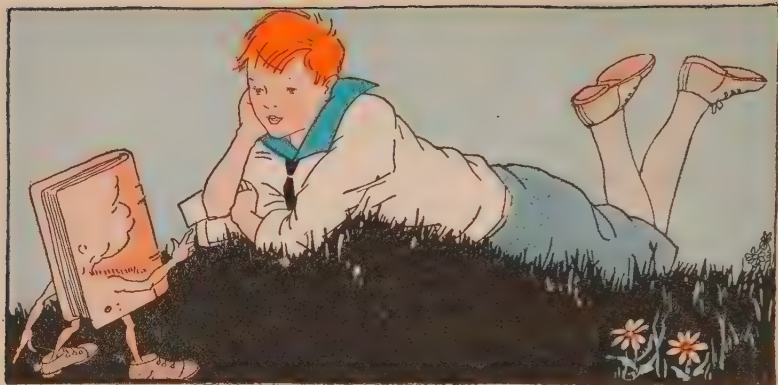


USING THE SIGN LANGUAGE

Should you like to use the Indian sign language to talk to each other? On pages 8 and 9 are the signs for more words. Study these pictures and the directions for the words. You will need the signs for several words to make statements.

1. Say, "The meat is all gone."
2. Say, "The blanket is big."
3. Say, "I am big."
4. Say, "I eat meat."
5. Say, "The tree is big."
6. Say, "The big bird is in the tree."
7. Say, "The meat in the bowl is all gone."
8. Say, "I hear the bird."
9. Say, "I chop the tree down."
10. Say, "I keep the meat in the bowl."

—WILLIAM TOMKINS
From *Universal Indian Sign Language*



WHAT A BOOK SAID

Once upon a time, a book was overheard talking to a bright boy, who had just borrowed it. It was a new book, with a bright, pretty cover, and it spoke out clearly so that the boy couldn't help listening. Its words seemed worth remembering, and here they are just as the book said them:

“Please handle me with clean hands. If you do not, I shall feel ashamed when the next boy or girl reads me.

“Please handle me gently. Press down a few of my back pages against the cover. Then press down a few of my front pages.

“Keep me in a dry place. If I am left in the wet, I catch cold.

"My nice new cover will stay bright if you hold me in your hands without dropping me.

"Guard my looks by seeing that I am never marked with pen or pencil.

"When you have finished reading me, close me, and lay me on the table. Never lay me on the table, face down.

"Mark your place with a sheet of paper. My back will be strained if you use a pencil or anything thick. My leaves will be marred if you turn down the corners.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other boys and girls after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

Make a list of seven things the book said. The first is already written for you. Write the other six on your paper.

Then read the selection over to see whether your answers are right.

- | | |
|-------------------|----|
| 1. Handle me with | 4. |
| clean hands. | 5. |
| 2. | 6. |
| 3. | 7. |

THE STOLEN HONEY

How many words do you read in a minute? This story will give you a good chance to test your speed. This is the way to do it:

1. Keep the book open, ready to begin, but do not read until your teacher gives the signal, "Go."
2. As soon as your teacher says, "Go," read as fast as you can.
3. At the end of two minutes your teacher will say, "Stop." As soon as you hear the word "Stop," look at the number at the end of the line where you were reading. Write that number on your paper.
4. Finish reading the story.
5. Answer the questions at the end of the story.

As soon as the snow came, Ray Coon 8
went out coasting. It was great sport, and 16
he had so good a time that he went home 26
and asked his mother to put up some 34
luncheon for him. 37

"There are some fine hills not far away," 45
he said, "and I want to go there and coast 55
all day." 57



Mother Coon put a good luncheon into a little tin pail, and off went Ray Coon to the hills. All the forenoon he had a wonderful time coasting. At noon he ate his luncheon beside a spring near the road. He had no drinking cup, and so he dipped his bread into the spring.

"Ho, ho!" called a well-known voice near by. "We are going to have a better lunch than that!"

It was the voice of Reddy Fox; he and his brother, Rusty Fox, had seen Ray Coon from the road.

"My lunch is good enough for me!" said Ray Coon.

"You may think it is good enough," said Rusty Fox, "but we are going to have honey."

"Honey!" cried Ray Coon. "Real honey?"

"Yes, real honey," said Rusty Fox. "Come along with us."

Now Ray Coon was very fond of honey, but he knew that the Fox boys were the idle fellows of the neighborhood and that they were always getting into trouble.

"Is it wild honey—in a tree somewhere?" he asked.

“No, a friend of ours has it in beehives,” 241
said Reddy Fox. “Come along and ask no 249
questions.” 250

Ray Coon had a feeling that he should 258
not go with the Fox boys, but it had been a 269
long time since he had had honey. He would 278
go with them just this once. He climbed a 287
tree and hid his sled among the branches; 295
then the three of them set out across the 304
fields. 305

After a long walk they came to a stone 314
wall. 315

“Who is going to give us the honey?” 323
asked Ray Coon uneasily. 327

“We are just going to take it,” said Rusty 336
Fox. “It is in the beehives that belong to 345
old Farmer Bear.” 348

“Do you mean that we are going to steal 357
it?” asked Ray Coon, drawing back. 363

“Don’t be silly!” said Reddy Fox, pulling 370
Ray Coon by the elbow. “Farmer Bear is 378
your uncle, isn’t he? He would give us the 387
honey if we asked him for it.” 394

“Yes, he is my uncle,” replied Ray Coon. 402
“But that does not make it right to steal 411
from him.” 413



“Oh, he will not mind,” replied Rusty 420
Fox. “We’ll take such a little bit that he 429
will never miss it.” 433

By this kind of talk the Fox boys led Ray 443
Coon, whose mouth was fairly watering for 450
the honey, to do what he knew was not right. 460
He climbed the wall with them, and a mo- 469
ment later all three were filling themselves 475
with the sweet honey from the combs in the 484
beehives. How good it tasted! They quickly 491
forgot that they had said they were going to 500
eat only a little. 504

Suddenly Reddy Fox cried out, “Run, 510
boys, run! See! Here comes old Farmer 517
Bear!” 518

Reddy and Rusty took to their heels; they 526
did not wish to be caught. But Ray did 535
not run. He felt more shame than fright. 543
Besides, it was bad enough to steal without 551
running away when caught. 555

"What does this mean?" cried Farmer 561
Bear, rushing up out of breath, and seizing 569
Ray Coon by the arm. 574

"I'm awfully sorry," began Ray Coon. 580

"Sorry!" echoed Farmer Bear. "It is a 587
fine time to be sorry! You have no business 596
to be in such company anyway. Now come 604
straight home this minute." 608

Still holding Ray Coon by the arm, Farmer 616
Bear marched him across the snowy fields. 628
When they were near the house, Mother Coon 631
came rushing to the door. 636

"What is the matter?" she called. 642

"Matter enough!" raged Farmer Bear. 647
"This boy has been in bad company. The 655
Fox boys are trying to make a thief of him!" 665

Mother Coon could hardly believe her ears. 672
Ray had always been such a good boy! 680

Then Farmer Bear told Mother Coon all 687
about it, and Ray Coon could not deny a 696
word. He did not even try to make excuses 705

for himself. He was sent to bed without any 714
 supper, and then Farmer Bear tramped off 721
 home. 722

Of course Ray Coon did not miss his sup- 731
 per very much, for he was full of honey, but 740
 the shame of the thing was indeed a great 749
 punishment. And to make it worse, he found 757
 the next day that the Fox boys had pulled 766
 his sled down from the tree, and it was nearly 776
 a week before they brought it back to him. 785

—JOHN CLAIR MINOT

Courtesy of *The Youth's Companion*

DID YOU READ CAREFULLY?

There are fifteen sentences in this list. Some are true. Some are not. Can you pick the true statements without looking back at the lesson? Copy the numbers of the true sentences on your paper.

1. This story happened in the summer.
2. Ray Coon asked his mother to prepare his breakfast.
3. Ray Coon wished to coast.
4. His mother put his lunch into a little tin pail.
5. Ray Coon coasted happily all the morning.
6. Rusty Fox and Reddy Fox called to him.
7. The Fox boys were always well behaved.
8. They told him about some honey that they had found.
9. The honey was wild honey.

10. Ray Coon and the Fox boys filled themselves with honey.
11. Reddy and Rusty ran away when Farmer Bear came.
12. Ray Coon was ashamed.
13. Farmer Bear was not angry at the boys.
14. Mother Coon sent Ray to bed without his supper.
15. The Fox boys pulled Ray Coon's sled down from the tree.

LEARNING TO READ FASTER

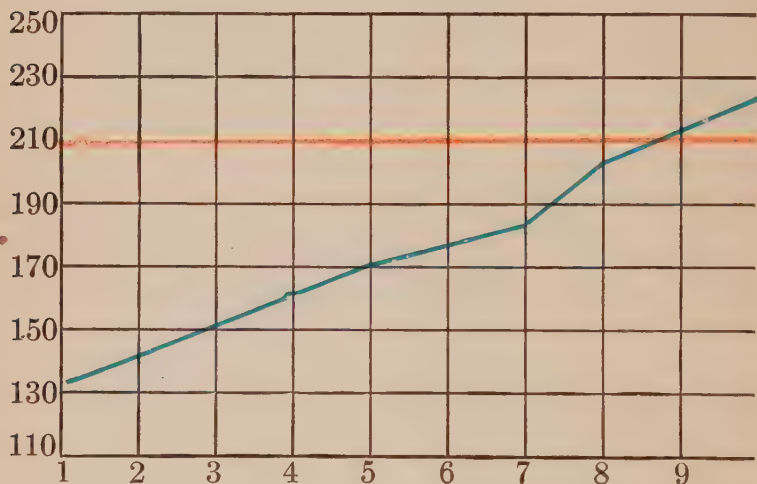
The number you wrote on your paper tells the number of words you read in two minutes. To find how many words you read in one minute, divide that number by two.

Keep a record of your speed in a notebook. There are other speed tests in this book. See if you can read faster the next time you test your speed.

Here are some things that will help you to become a faster reader:

1. Sit in a good position so that you look wide awake.
2. Read with your *eyes only*. Do not move your lips or use your finger to help keep the place.
3. Take in as many words as you can at a glance.
4. Think about what you are reading so that you do not "daydream" and lose the place, or have to go back to find out what the story is about.
5. Read more. Read library books at home and in free time at school.

The chart shown below is a graph. Every pupil of your age and grade could make one for himself to show improvement in reading. This is David's chart:



The numbers at the bottom show that the chart was kept for nine weeks. The line directly over number 1 is for the first week. Number 2 is for the second week. Number 3 is for the third week.

At the left of the chart are the numbers which show the rate of reading, or how many words were read in a minute. The number 110 means that 110 words were read in one minute. Read the other rates given.

The blue line shows David's rate for each week. The first week his rate was 130. That means that he read 130 words in a minute. What was his rate the second week? Did he improve the third week? How many words a minute did he read the fourth week?

The orange line is drawn across the page at 210 because that is the average rate in reading for the children in David's class. Was David's rate up to average the first week? Was his rate up to average the second week? How many weeks was it before he reached the average of the class?

Of course it will do neither David nor you any good to read rapidly without understanding and remembering what is read. That is why so many questions were asked about the story, *The Stolen Honey*. It is a good plan to try to read fast, particularly when you are reading an interesting story book. Then you are pretty sure to understand what you read in order to follow the story.

When you are reading your geography or history, you must make sure first that you understand what you are reading. By trying hard, you can read such things fast and understand them all the better. But first of all be sure that you understand what you are reading.

THE INDIANS' WILD RICE

You have all eaten rice many times, no doubt, but have you ever eaten *wild* rice? It used to be one of the favorite foods of the Indians, and many Indians still gather wild rice in the fall. Read this story to find out how they used to gather and thresh their rice. You must be ready to answer questions about the story when you are through reading it, but you should read it as fast as you can without missing anything important.

The Indians gathered wild rice long before the white men came to this country. Many Indians gather wild rice today. This is the way it was done years and years ago.

Wild rice grows in lake water. The Indians would find a good place to set up their tents, or tepees, near the banks of the lake, where the waving stalks of green were to be seen. While the wild rice ripened, the Indians were busy. The boys fished in the lake. Some of the Indian girls picked wild raspberries and blueberries. They dried these berries in the sun. Each day



the girls would go out to see if the rice was ripe enough to be gathered.

When the wild rice was nearly ripe, all the Indians had a big feast. Then the women and girls went out in canoes. They paddled slowly along through the waving rice.

An Indian squaw would take a handful of the rice stalks and tie them together near the top where the rice grains grew. This was necessary because the grains of rice fall out very easily when they are ripe. If the stalks were tied into bundles, the wind could not shake the rice grains into the water.

After the rice was tied, the Indian women watched it carefully. Just before it was ripe enough to fall, all the women and girls went out in their canoes. They did not shake the rice any more than they could help. An Indian woman would hold the rice over the edge of the canoe with one hand. With the other hand she would hit the stalks with a stick. The rice grains would fall pattering like rain into the canoe.

When the canoes were well loaded with rice, the women and girls paddled to shore. Clean deerskins were spread out in the sun. Each

canoe was carried up from the lake, and the rice was emptied on to the skins. There it dried and finished ripening in the sun.

If you live in the country, you have seen the great threshing machines with crews of men to run them. When they thresh the wheat, they not only separate it from the straw but also from the outer coating or hull that covers each kernel of grain. When the Indian women struck the heads of rice and separated the grain from the straw, they did the first part of the threshing. This is what you think of when you hear the word *threshing*. But the grain of rice still had on them the little husk or hull. Removing this hull was what the Indians called threshing. How did they do this?

The old men dug holes in the ground, about as wide as a barrel, and about half as deep. The girls brought clean, dry grass which they spread in the holes.

All the Indians met in a large open place in front of one of the tepees. Slow fires were built upon the ground. Then the deerskins full of wild rice were fastened above the fires. The rice had to be heated so that the husks would come off easily.

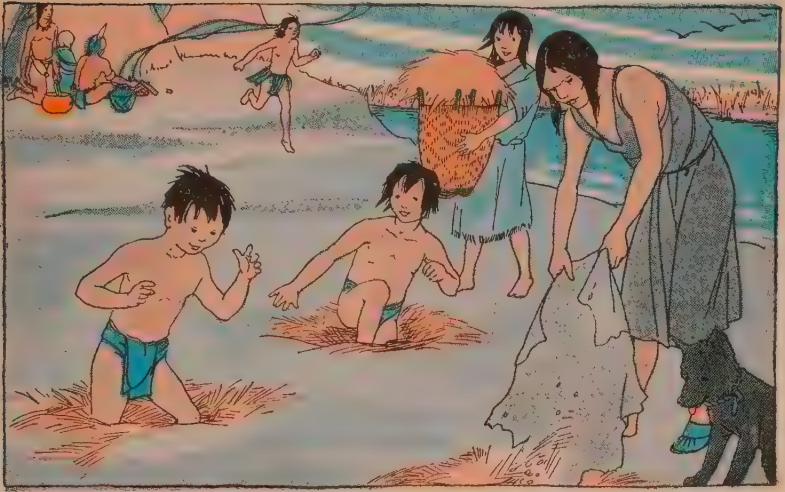
The boys who were to thresh the rice went down to the lake and washed their feet. Then they put on new moccasins. Hot rice was poured into the holes. With a shout, each boy jumped into a hole. How their feet flew in the hot rice! Each Indian lad stamped his feet to break the outer coverings off the grains of rice. Each tried to do it faster than the others.

The Indian women watched very carefully. They wanted the threshing done well. When the rice in a hole was threshed, it was taken out, and Indian women filled the hole again with more hot rice.

At last all the grain was threshed. It was then spread out on deerskins. The skins were picked up at the edges and gently shaken. The wind blew the light, broken outer coverings away. Only the good rice grains were left.

The Indians put part of the rice into bags made of the skins of animals. These they could easily carry from the rice fields. In the winter, when wild game was scarce, they could use the rice for food.

The Indians looked carefully to find good places to store the rice. A hole was dug and then lined with dry grass. The grass kept the



rice dry and clean. The Indians put the rice into the hole and then covered it. No one but themselves could find the place. Sometimes they built fires over the hole and then scattered the ashes. Next they looked for any marks of their moccasins. These were covered carefully with dry leaves.

—HEARD AND KING
From Stories of American Pioneers

CHOOSE THE RIGHT ENDING

Each of the following ten sentences has several endings. One ending is true and the others are not. Number the lines on your paper from 1 to 10. Write

by pounding it with sticks.

by rubbing it with stones.

8. The broken husks were separated from the rice grains—

by fanning them with deerskins.

by washing the grain.

by letting the wind blow the husks away.

9. When the rice was threshed, the Indians put it—
in baskets woven of reeds.

in bags made of the skins of animals.

in sacks they bought from the white men.

10. They stored part of the rice—

in hollow trees.

in their tents.

in holes in the ground.

READING AND TELLING

Here are six topics about the way the Indians gathered wild rice:

1. Waiting for the rice to ripen.
2. Tying the rice stalks together.
3. Shaking the rice into the canoes.
4. Heating the rice.
5. Threshing the rice.
6. Burying the rice.

Which of the topics interests you most? Read the part of the story that tells about your topic and be ready to tell the class all about it. No one will ask you any questions until you have finished. Then your classmates will tell you whether you left anything out.

ACTING FOR THE "MOVIES"

When you go to the "movies," you see a story and you understand it, often without reading a single word. You understand it because each actor has read over his part until he knows just what to do.

Perhaps his book says, "The wicked old fairy god-mother, who was not invited, peeped through a crack in the curtain." The player knows that she must not only peep through a crack in the curtain, but she must also show by her face that she is a wicked old fairy, and even that she was not invited to the christening.

That is a hard thing to do, but it is lots of fun, and you are going to try it. Here are little parts of eleven stories—just one short scene from each. Read over each one as though you were a real actor, and try to picture for yourself just how to show what the story tells you.

The first of these stories can be acted without speaking. See if you can think of things to say which will make more real the stories after number five.

After you have read all the parts, your teacher will whisper to you the scene which you are to act, and you will then read it over again, carefully. No one else will know which is yours. When your time comes, you must act your part so well that your classmates will have no difficulty in knowing the scene which was given to you.

Be careful not to leave out any important point in your acting, for if you do, your classmates will be sure to notice it and tell you about it.

1. Straight Arrow was an Indian boy. He was waiting for the squaws to put the hot rice in the hole in the ground. First he ran to the lake and washed his feet. Then he put on a new pair of moccasins. At last the rice was ready. He jumped into the hole and stamped and stamped in the hot rice.

2. White Faun was a little Indian girl. Her mother dug a hole in the ground for the rice. White Faun pulled some clean grass and put it in the bottom and around the sides of the hole. After her mother had filled the hole with rice, White Faun brought some more grass and burned it over the place where the rice was buried.

3. Little Snow White was hungry, and thirsty, too. So she ate just a bit from each of the seven tiny plates, and she drank only a wee drop from each little mug. Then, because she was tired, she laid herself down on one bed and then another and still another, until she found that the seventh bed was just right; then she curled up and went to sleep.

4. The wicked Queen clothed herself as an old peddler woman. Taking a pack on her back and a staff in her hand, she set out to find the home of the seven dwarfs.

5. The wolf scratched at the door and windows, but the wise little pig was safe inside. Then the wolf was very angry and he blew and blew and blew, but could not blow the house down. He could see the wise little pig inside laughing at him. This made him so angry that he ran off growling.

6. So interested were they in their play, that none of the children noticed the clouds gathering. The first warning came from a great drop that splashed right down on Betty's head. (What did Betty say?) She jumped up with a cry of astonishment and raced up the garden walk. Helen and Alice were trailing on behind. Betty kept turning and motioning for them to hurry.

7. When the giant reached the house, he tapped loudly on the door and, without waiting for an invitation, opened the door, and tramped noisily into the hall. He was looking for someone, and kept talking to himself.

8. Rip sat up and rubbed his eyes. Then he yawned and stretched his arms lazily over his

head and gazed about him. He looked for his gun; but for a long while could not find it. Rip had been asleep for twenty years. He did not know where he was, and he kept exclaiming how strange everything was.

9. Soon the little old woman came to the house in the wood and peeped inside. First she peeped through the keyhole; then she peeped through the window. Then she lifted the latch and peeped through the doorway, and, seeing nobody in the house, she walked in. She had a bad habit of talking to herself.

10. Fred was learning to play the violin. First he opened his music book and placed it on the music stand. Then he took his violin and bow from the case. He went to the piano and struck a key. He tuned the four strings of his violin. Then he took his bow and began to practice his lesson. Some parts of the lesson were very hard. He talked to himself as he tried these parts over.

11. Charles had been asked to tell the class how to go from New York to New Orleans. He had his geography and some railroad time-tables. First he looked up the route in his geography. Then he found the right time-table. What might he say about the scenery along the route?

YOUR OWN DICTIONARY

At the back of this book is your own dictionary. It is there to help you whenever you find a word you do not understand.

Perhaps you would like to make a dictionary of your own in your notebook. In it write every new word you learn.

Alphabetical List

You will see that the words are in the same order as the letters of the alphabet. Notice that all the words beginning with *A* are grouped together. Notice that all the words beginning with *B* are grouped together. Notice that all the words beginning with *C* are grouped together. What group of words comes after *C*? Find the words beginning with *E*. Find the words beginning with *G*, *I*, *M*, *R*. Where would you expect to find the words beginning with *W*? Why? These words are arranged just like the words in your big dictionary at home or in the school-room.

The Pronunciation of Words

Syllables. Each word is divided into syllables to help you to pronounce it. A syllable is

a word or part of a word pronounced by itself, as *meant* and *di-vide*. The *di* is the first syllable in the word *divide*; *vide* is the second one.

Accent. An accent mark is a light mark after a syllable to tell you that the syllable should be stressed. For example, the word *di-vide'* has the accent on the last syllable so that is stressed more than is the first syllable. The word *ap'ple* has the accent or stress on the first syllable.

Meaning of the Words

Look at the list of words again. Are there any words of which you do not know the meaning? Find the meaning of the words on the first page. Are there any words which have more than one meaning? You will choose the meaning which best explains the word in the lesson you are studying.

Your Own Dictionary is like the dictionary in your classroom in many ways. Both have guide words at the top of the page, which tell the first word and the last word on the page. The word at the top of the first column is always the first word on the page. The word at the top of the second column is the last word on the page.

ABOARD THE GOOD BOAT "BOOKS"

Books are like boats. If you travel on a boat, you can go across strange seas to strange lands and see strange people. If you travel with a book, you can see many more things! You not only can visit these strange lands and people, but you also can meet famous men and women, ride with the brave men of long ago, learn the secrets of the woods animals, and have all kinds of exciting adventures. And you can snuggle down into your favorite chair at home while you travel with a book.

How can you choose a good book? There are some names of books after lessons in this book—those are books other boys and girls liked. Then there is another way: If you like a book, keep the name of the author or writer in a little notebook. Read other books by the same writer. If you read one story and like it, you can be fairly sure that you will like other books by that writer.

What kind of books should you read? By this time, of course, you have learned to enjoy



reading many different kinds of books. Here are the names of a few books you may like:

Travel—Life in other lands

"Our Little Italian Cousin," by Mary Hazelton Wade.

"Ned and Nan in Holland," by Olmstead and Grant.

"Our Little Norwegian Cousin," by Mary Hazelton Wade.

Biography—Famous men and women

"Discoverers and Explorers," by Edward R. Shaw.

"Boyhood Stories of Famous Men," by Katherine Dunlap Cather.

"Thirty More Famous Stories Retold," by James Baldwin.

History—The settling of our country and other countries

"Stories of American Life and Adventure," by Edward Eggleston.

"English History Story-Book," by Blaisdell and Ball.

"Stories of King Arthur and His Round Table," by Beatrice Clay.

Nature—Birds, flowers, animals

"Burgess Bird Book for Children," by Thornton W. Burgess.

"Sunshine Farm," by Zoe Meyer.

"True Bird Stories," by O. T. Miller.

Fiction—Exciting adventure of boys and girls

"Peter and Polly," by Rose Lucia.

"Charlie and His Coast Guards," by Hill and Maxwell.

"The Lonesomest Doll," by Abbie Farwell Brown.

Fairy Stories—Fairies, big and little

"Andrew Lang Tales."

"Fairy Tales," by Charles Perrault.

"East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," by
Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen.

Science—Inventions and experiments

"Trains, Tracks, and Travel," by T. W.
Van Metre.

"Your Workshop," by Edna Plimpton.

"Playing with Clay," by Ida W. Wheeler.

Then there are books of poetry and books of plays. What jolly trips you can take with these books. You can read to each other and you can act plays for your school programs. Do you know:

"A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis
Stevenson.

"Fairies and Chimneys," by Rose Fyleman.

"Ten Minutes by the Clock," by Alice C. D.
Riley.

"The Magic Sea Shell," by John C. Farrar.

Think of the books you read to see if you are reading many kinds of books. Do you know the names of the authors?

-
1. How can you choose a good book?
 2. Name some of the different kinds of books you should read.

A LETTER FROM OVERSEAS

Here is a letter from a boy who is traveling in Europe. As you read, notice the things Frederick saw which you have never seen.

St. Moritz, Switzerland,

June —, ———.

Dear Morley:

Do you remember the game we used to like to play in geography? One of us would tell about some far-away land and the rest of us would guess what it was.

Now then, guess. Mother, Genevieve, and I are in a country that is mountainous. The cities are built in the valleys and up the sides of the mountains. All around are snow-capped peaks. People come here from all parts of the world to ski, to skate, to toboggan, to climb mountains. It is called the playground of Europe. Guess!

I wonder if you have guessed Switzerland, for that is the country. The mountains are the

Alps. The Swiss people are too busy to play. But the tourists, like Mother and me, come here to play and to see the scenery. Hard as the people of Switzerland may work at other things, they know that their best crop is the tourists. They come from all over the world, but more come from America than from anywhere else.

Shall I begin at the beginning? We came across the Atlantic Ocean on a big steamship. It was like a great hotel afloat. We left New York and landed at Genoa in Italy. Whose statue do you suppose we saw in the square there? Yes, it was that of Christopher Columbus.

Then the trip to Lucerne in Switzerland was perfect. The train went through great long tunnels. At first I was afraid—the tunnels seemed so long and so dark! They told us that one of them, the Saint Gotthard Tunnel, was nine miles long. Our train just whizzed through it. In fifteen minutes we were out in the sunlight. Then again we saw the beautiful lakes, winding rivers, and waterfalls that seemed to be everywhere.

We stopped at a hospice and saw the big Saint Bernard dogs. These dogs are trained to



hunt for travelers who may be lost in the deep winter snow. Sometimes in the winter the drifts are two to three times as high as a schoolroom. A drift thirty to forty feet deep is a real drift, isn't it? In Berne I saw a statue of Barry, the brave Saint Bernard dog who saved many lives.

We think we have hills at home. But in Switzerland it seems as if we are always looking up, up, up, with snow-capped peaks at the end of our view. It looks as if the whole country had been tipped up and sort of propped up like one side of a house roof. Down in the valleys are some flat lands with nearly always a clear, cold stream, a river, or a lake to be seen.

The sides of this earth roof are so steep that the guide told us there are many avalanches. In summer these avalanches are of earth and stones, which slide down, sometimes doing great dam-

age. In winter the avalanches are of snow and ice. Mountain climbers are always afraid of starting avalanches which may carry them down thousands of feet and bury them in the snow.

Next time I will write you about a Swiss family that we visited.

With love,

Frederick

Frederick wrote about many strange and interesting things in his letter. Here is a matching game to play. If you can match each group of words in the first column with the right group in the second column, it will show that you understand all that Frederick wrote about Switzerland.

Number your papers from 1 to 7. Look at number 1 in the first column. Then find the name in the second column that belongs with it. It is number 5, "The Alps."

So write 5 after number 1, like this: 1—5.

Now it reads—*The mountains of Switzerland—The Alps.* That is the correct matching.

Read the second group of words in column 1. Find and write after number 2 the number in the second column which belongs to it. Read the statement and the correct matching phrase. Does your selection make sense? Why do you think it is correct?

Finish matching each group of words in the first column with one in the second.

Column 1	Column 2
1. The mountains of Switzerland	1. St. Gotthard
2. The country called "The playground of Europe"	2. avalanches
3. A statue in Genoa	3. tourists
4. A tunnel nine miles long	4. Switzerland
5. Dogs that are trained to hunt for travelers lost in the snow	5. The Alps
6. Sliding snow and ice	6. St. Bernard
7. Switzerland's best crop	7. Christopher Columbus

FREDERICK'S SECOND LETTER

Dear Morley:

In my last letter I wrote you about Switzerland; tonight I must tell you about a Swiss family we visited. You remember reading the story of Heidi at school. Well, I imagine Heidi's home was much like the one we visited. It was in a small village in the valley. We came just at the right time, for on Saturday the family climb from their home in the valley to the stone hut on the mountain side. The people took us with them. Their son, Franz, and his grandfather were up on the mountain side watching the cows and goats. Because Franz does not come down, his father must carry him food and clean clothes.



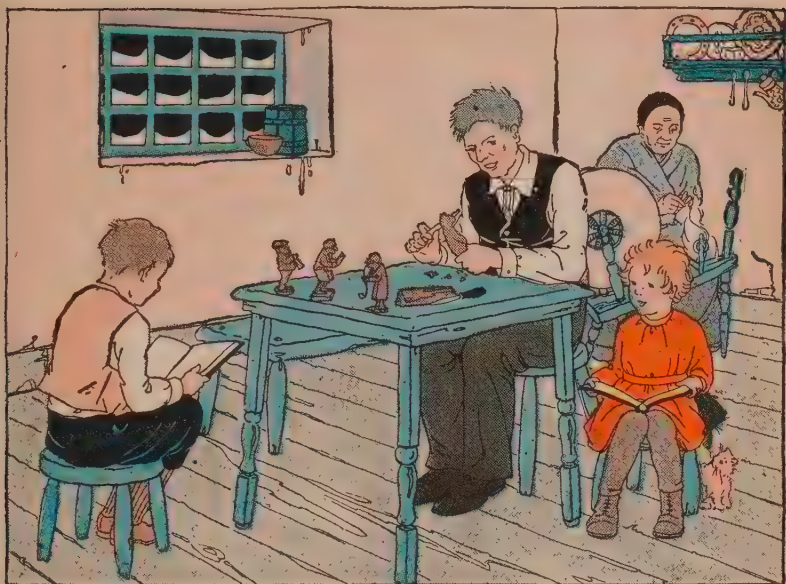
We carried bread, sausage, cabbage, and potatoes for Franz and his grandfather. The Swiss people eat much the same kinds of food that we do.

The first morning there was snow on the doorstep! Think of that! In June! Franz told me that, as the snow melts, he and his grandfather drive the cows farther and farther up the mountain side. By August they will be a thousand feet higher. A little stone hut is at each place they stop. There they eat and sleep.

Franz is up early in the morning to help milk the cows. All day long he watches them. His grandfather makes big Swiss cheeses from the milk. They are carried down on Monday when the family goes back to the valley.

Franz taught me to yodel. I'll teach you when I come back. It's a queer call in which the voice slides up or down. When I yodeled, the echo came back from the mountains. It was good sport. I wonder if the neighbors will enjoy hearing us yodel to each other this fall?

Everyone works in Switzerland. Franz's father takes care of their small farm, helps to make cheese, and hauls wood from the forest. When he is not busy, he carves little wooden animals. I am bringing some back to you. Franz's mother



makes lace. The older sister goes to Basel to work in a ribbon factory. Of course Franz and Anna, his little sister, go to school in the winter.

Franz sees a wonderful picture as he looks down from his stone hut, which looks like a nest on the side of the mountain. The silver thread of the river leads to a little lake and then out at the other side and down behind the mountain. Beside the lake is the village where he lives in winter. All around it are fields and gardens that look like checkerboards for the mountains to

play on. Nearly everyone in the village has a tiny farm. An orchard looks like rows of soldiers all in green. Farther up on the north slope, where it will get the direct rays of the sun, is a vineyard. It looks like lines of green fences set close together. I looked at the view a long while and tried to imagine I was seeing it from an airplane.

In the cities there are many kinds of factories. Milk chocolate and condensed milk, watches and clocks, music boxes, and dotted Swiss cloth are made. In Zurich and Basel there are factories where beautiful silk and ribbons are made.

Franz told me that they have fine times skating and skiing in the winter. Their home is near a lake. Just as you and I must dress warmly for the cold winter months, so must Franz and Anna. Somehow, I always thought that the people of other lands did not dress as we do, but the Swiss children wear clothes just like ours.

I'll write you again when I go to Czechoslovakia, where the toys are made.

With much love,

Frederick

—NELL K. GLEASON

MISSING WORDS

Number the lines on your paper from 1 to 12. Write after each number the word from Frederick's letter that fits in the numbered blanks in the paragraph below.

The Swiss family climbed to the hut on the mountain side on 1 and returned on Monday. They went to see 2 and his 3 who were taking care of the cows on the mountain side. As the snow melts, Franz and his grandfather drive the cows farther 4 the mountain side. Franz gets up early in the morning to 5. His grandfather makes 6 from the milk. Franz taught Frederick to 7. In Switzerland 8 works. Franz's father takes care of the 9. His mother makes 10. In the winter Franz has fine times 11 and 12.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. What is there about Switzerland that makes it the playground of Europe?
2. What did Frederick mean by saying that the tourists are the best crop in Switzerland?
3. Imagine you are traveling in Switzerland. What difference will you see between Switzerland and your own country:
 - a. When you look out the car windows?
 - b. When you visit a dairy farm?
 - c. When you climb a hill or mountain?
 - d. When you play in winter?



THE FAIRY EGG

There was once a little Southern girl called Missy. Before the war, her family had been rich. Her father owned hundreds of slaves and the finest house in town, filled with heirlooms, while her mother's chest held rare old brooches and rings and the loveliest of real lace. Little Missy loved to peep into the lace chest and touch the beautiful wedding veil which had belonged to every bride in the family. Her mother told her that she, too, would wear it some day.

But better even than the veil, Missy loved her egg, left her in Grandfather's will. It was real gold, and as pretty a plaything as a little girl's heart could wish. The gold was carved all over with tiny cupids and fairies and roses. A narrow gold band held the two halves together. And something inside rattled when it was shaken. Ever since she could remember, Missy had played with her golden toy, and she and old black Mammy had christened it "the fairy egg."

But all that was before the war had spoiled all their happiness.

When the Yankees won and the slaves were free, Father lay dead on a far battle field. The family fortune was lost, and there was no one left to serve Missy and her mother but faithful old Mammy. They held their heads high before the neighbors, but one day Missy saw Mother and old Sally whispering together.

"There's nothing else to do," said Mother, wiping her eyes, and Mammy put her arms about her mistress.

"Doan you worry, honey," she comforted. "Ole Sally'll do her bes' fer you." That afternoon Mammy stole out the back door with a big flat package wrapped in a newspaper.

Dinner was extra fine that night, and Mother looked lovely in her finest lace shawl and her best gold brooch. Missy was so busy enjoying Mammy's wonderful hot biscuits that she hardly noticed that they were not served from Great-grandmother's old silver tray as usual, but from a common kitchen tray.

A few days after this old Sally had another errand with a newspaper-covered package. That night there were crisp waffles and tender chicken. But they drank from plain glass tumblers instead of from the beautiful old silver goblets

that had been in the family for a hundred years, and Mother wore her second-best shawl and her other gold brooch.

Day by day Missy missed something familiar, and every few days Mammy disappeared with a package and came back with a basket of meat and groceries. But such wonderful meals as she served! always coaxing her mistress to "try jes' a little mo'," for Mother seemed to have lost her appetite.

Still Missy didn't understand, until one day she opened the lace chest and peeped inside. It was empty. The beautiful wedding veil was gone.

When Mother found her little girl crying, she sat down beside the chest and cried too. Then she told Missy the truth. Everything had been sold—lace, jewels, silver, old pictures, even furniture—just to get enough to eat. Yesterday Sally had sold Missy's wedding veil. And tomorrow Mother, who had never worked in her life, was going out to try to get the place of a teacher who had given up the school to be married.

Dinner that night was only corn bread and turnips and tea, and Mother wore no finery. Afterwards, as Missy sat rattling her precious fairy egg and playing with the carved cupids



and roses, she noticed Mammy looking at her and whispering to Mother. But Mother shook her head quickly.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "I couldn't do that. It's all she has left from her grandfather."

Missy rattled her egg loudly, pretending not to understand. No, no—that was too much to

ask. She would rather eat turnips. That night she fell asleep with her cheek pressed against the roses on her precious egg.

Next morning Missy's first thought was the egg. From the window, holding the trinket in both hands, she saw Mother in her shabby bonnet turn at the front gate to smile and wave good-by to her little daughter. Missy sat, turning her egg over and over, but somehow the fairies and cupids looked less gay, and the gold band around the middle seemed to have worn loose.

A long time she watched, and then she saw Mother coming slowly up the street. She held her head high in her shabby bonnet, but her lips were pressed together as if she were trying hard not to cry. Missy knew in a second what had happened. She had not been given the teaching place.

Quick as a flash Missy was down the broad stairs and out the big front door. Mother smiled to see her racing along the wide stone walk, holding out her golden egg.

"O Mother, Mother!" she cried. "It doesn't matter. Don't worry. We can sell my—"

Then she stumbled and fell flat. The egg flew from her hands and fell—*crack*—on the

walk. The loose band dropped off and the two golden halves rolled apart.

But what were those sparkling red stones scattering every which way? Missy didn't even notice her grazed knee; Mother forgot that she had not been given the school; Mammy came waddling from the house, and all three stooped in great excitement to pick the beautiful red gems. For they were rubies—great, rare, red gems, enough to make them all rich again. Wise old Grandfather had hidden a fortune in Missy's fairy egg.

—HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

1. Why did Mother sell the laces and heirlooms that were so dear to her?
2. Which of the things sold did Missy like best?
3. What did Mammy buy with the money?
4. Why did Mother wish to get a place to teach?
5. When did Missy decide to sell her egg?
6. What was inside the egg?
7. Why were they excited about the jewels?
8. See how many of Mother's heirlooms you can name without reading the story again.



THE CIRCUS

This selection is divided into sections. Before the selection is a list of questions. The sections are not arranged in the same order as the questions, but each one has a name or heading which will help you to find the answer to your questions. The sections tell many interesting things about these animals, but you are to read first just to find the answers to the questions. See how quickly you can do this. Number the lines on your paper from 1 to 10. Read the first question and find the answer in the section named "The Hippopotamus." Write it on your paper after 1. Read each of the other questions; find the answers, and write them on your papers.

After you have answered the questions, read the whole selection right through as fast as you can read it carefully.

-
1. What does the hippopotamus eat?
 2. What does the elephant do when dust gets in his eyes?
 3. Where do the bears come from?
 4. In what kind of car does the giraffe travel?
 5. What do the sea lions eat?



6. Where do circus animals stay in winter?
7. How do the little horses know where to go and where to stand?
8. What are the circus horses fed?
9. How do the animals get their names?
10. How do the keepers keep the seals from biting them?

THE CIRCUS ANIMALS

In the circus all the animals are kept in the menagerie tent. The man in charge has assistants called keepers.

The hippopotamus. The hippopotamus has her teeth brushed every day. This is done with a real scrubbing brush and warm water. Cleanliness is the law of the circus.

Chopped carrots and apples are the favorite food of the hippopotamus. Hay is the daily food. Two or three times a week the hippopotamus eats wet bran balls. They are as big as an apple. The hippopotamus spends all her leisure time in her tank of water.

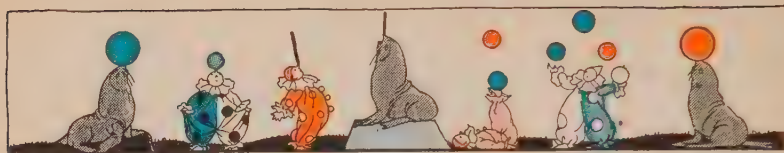


The bears. Some of the same health rules apply to bears as apply to boys and girls. Each day the bear's teeth are brushed because they, like boys and girls, must have clean teeth.

The silver-flecked Syrian and the Russian brown bears are the best circus performers. The training begins when the animals are about eighteen months old. They are with the circus until they are about eighteen years old. Some bears learn to ride a bicycle uphill, to coast, and even to open the door if someone raps.

Bears like watermelons and carrots better than other foods. But that is not all that is served to them. Bread, milk, apples, and cabbages are included in their meals.

The seals or sea lions. The seals are real sea lions brought from the Pacific coast. When they first join the circus, the keeper must teach the sea lions to eat in captivity. They are used to eating live fish. Because the circus cannot serve that kind of food to them, the sea lions must learn to eat fish that have been caught.



Each day one sea lion eats two pails of fresh smelt or herring.

The sea lion learns to climb a ladder, to balance a ball on the end of his nose, and even to balance rods. At first, though, working with a sea lion is dangerous. The trainers must get acquainted with them. To do this they must wade in among the sea lions. The keepers wear tin on their legs to protect themselves. The sea lions bark and snap at the trainers, but the trainer is well protected.

The giraffes. The giraffes travel in padded comfort. Straw, two feet deep, is packed in the bottom of their car to make it soft and comfortable for them. The sides, the top, and the ends are padded with canvas. The giraffes lie down and have room in which to hold their necks erect.

When the circus unloads, the giraffes have a yard of their own inclosed with heavy screening. These animals are strange because they can make no sound and have no call as do other animals.

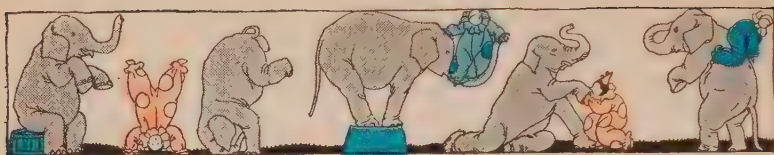


Clover, corn, oats, and crackers are served to the giraffes. On special days they have dessert—onions!

The elephants. The elephants have their faces and ears scrubbed each day. The elephant keeps itself cool by throwing dust on its back, but sometimes the dust gets on its eyelashes and into its eyes. Then the elephant cries just as a boy or girl would if something was in his or her eyes. The tears, though, make the elephant's cheeks chap. That is one reason the elephant must be scrubbed each morning. No matter how old the elephants are, they must have their faces washed. Think of being sixty years old and still having your face washed!

The elephants eat hay and drink great quantities of water. A full-grown elephant will drink five gallons of water at one time.

The baby elephants are the clowns. They wear tall hats with bands under their chins. Some of the others wear rich robes embroidered in gold and silver.

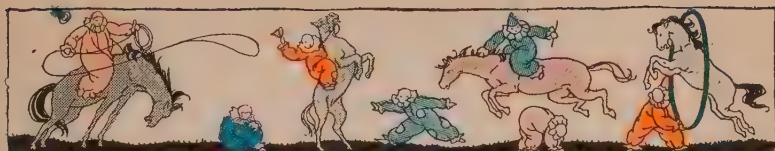


The little horses. The little horses are trained when they are small to stand in a certain order. Each horse has a number. They go into the cars in the order of their numbers. They go from the car to the menagerie tent in that order. They go to water in that order. Their harnesses have plates with numbers. Each little horse knows just where he should stand. He knows which horse comes just ahead of him and which one comes behind him.

Hay and oats are given the circus horses. Lumps of sugar are their special treats.

The names of the animals. Many of the animals are called by the names of cities. If there is a Chicago in the menagerie tent it is because that animal was born in Chicago. The same is true of all the animals with names of cities. The animal is named after its birthplace.

Circus animals in winter. In winter, circus animals do not travel. This means that they are kept in warm, comfortable sheds during the cold months if necessary. Some circus people live in



Michigan. Others go south. The circus is an amusement for the summer months. During the winter, the circus animals and the circus people rest.

—NELL K. GLEASON

MATCHING WORDS

The story of *The Circus* had some hard words in it. If you can match each word in the first column with a word of the same or nearly the same meaning in the second, it will show that you understand the words. Number the lines on your papers from 1 to 8. After each number write the word from the second column that belongs with the word in the first column.

Column 1

1. Assistants
2. Leisure time
3. Performers
4. Menagerie
5. Amusement
6. Comfortable
7. Erect
8. Inclosed

Column 2

- Actors
- Upright or straight
- Fenced in
- Helpers
- Collection of wild animals
- Free time
- Pleasant
- Entertainment

POSTERS IN CARS

Do you like to read posters in cars? You can read as you ride. The posters will tell you when the circus will come to town. Animals, big and little, gaze back at you from the colored pictures.

On the posters you have seen a cheery-faced boy eating breakfast food; rain or shine, he smiles back at you. You have seen in the cars advertisements of enough food to last you for a year. Then, of course, you have seen posters advertising tooth paste, soap, and many other things.

The posters in this lesson are not about breakfast food or tooth paste or soap. These will tell you how to take care of your teeth.

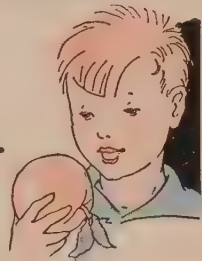
On each poster you will find the main topic in heavy type. This will make clear what the advertisement is about, just as the big letters on a circus poster make clear when the circus is coming.

Below are some questions. See if you can find the answers on the posters. You will save time if you look at the titles of the advertisements to see on which one you are likely to find the answers:

1. Why should you care for your teeth?
2. How should you brush your teeth?
3. When should you brush your teeth?
4. What tools do you need to clean your teeth?
5. Why should you go to the dentist?
6. How should you care for your toothbrush?

CARE FOR YOUR TEETH

1. They help you to eat.
2. They help you to speak plainly.
3. They help you to look well.
4. Decayed teeth cause sickness.



YOUR FRIEND THE DENTIST

1. Visit him three or four times a year.
2. Visit him *before* your teeth ache.
3. Have him fill your teeth if necessary.
4. He will help you save your teeth.

TOOTHBRUSH DRILL

1. Brush sides of teeth.
2. Brush inside of teeth.
3. Brush top of teeth.
4. Brush your gums.



TOOLS

1. Your *own* toothbrush, clean and fresh.
2. Tooth powder or tooth paste.
3. Pure drinking water.
4. Dental floss to loosen the particles of food between the teeth.

A CLEAN TOOTHBRUSH

1. Wash your toothbrush after you use it.
2. Dry it in the sun.
3. Keep it in a clean place.



TOOTHBRUSH TIME

1. In the morning brush your teeth and begin the day with a clean mouth.
2. After each meal clean your teeth of all food.
3. At bedtime brush your teeth, for they, too, like the ready-for-bed feeling.

SAFE OR SORRY

Every day the newspapers print a list of people who have been hurt or killed. This article will tell you how to keep your name off that list.

1. Of course you have read and heard much about the terrible World War that lasted from 1914 to 1918. Perhaps you have seen the little button worn by the men who went to France to fight for the freedom of people everywhere. Probably you have also seen moving pictures of the fighting in that war. If so, you have wondered how any of the soldiers ever reached home safely.

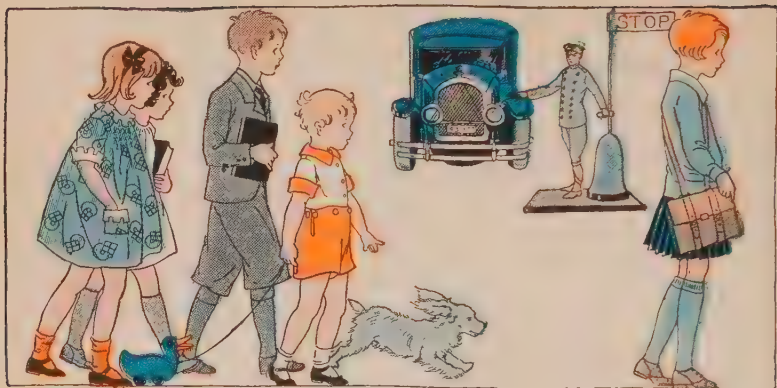
2. Do you know that more American people are killed every year by accident than were killed in that terrible war? The most dangerous weapon in America is not the rifle or poison gas, but the automobile. It moves silently at a high speed. There are so many that our streets are jammed with them. People on foot find it hard to get across the streets. So every day many people are killed by the machine in which we all like to ride.

3. It is easy to blame the automobile drivers for all these accidents, but it is unfair to do so. Many times they are not at all to blame. When they injure or kill someone, they feel just as badly about it as you would. Often a driver who has been in such an accident will never drive a car again because he feels so badly about the terrible accident.

4. Suppose, for example, a few children are playing tag or hide-and-seek among cars parked on the side of the street. The players are trying not to be seen, and the driver may not see a single one of them. Suddenly a boy dashes from behind a parked car right in front of an automobile coming along at a perfectly fair rate of speed. Who is to blame if the boy is struck? Or suppose a child is coming swiftly down a driveway on roller skates. He is struck as he glides out into the street. The driver may not be the least bit to blame. Again, suppose when a person gets off a street car he crosses behind the car instead of going to the curb. A driver meeting the car cannot possibly see him. It is easy to step from the sidewalk in front of an automobile. If anyone is hurt in doing this, he should not blame the driver of the automobile.

5. Perhaps the most common cause of automobile accidents is that people fail to look carefully both ways before crossing the street. Perhaps there have been times when you have been in such a hurry that you have done this very thing. Perhaps a car has whizzed past you within a few inches. It brought your heart into your mouth and made your knees tremble. Let us hope it made you not only thankful for your escape but also more careful.

6. One of the most important safety rules is to cross streets only at crossings. The traffic policeman stands at the busiest corners. He is there to keep people from getting hurt and to see that the traffic moves as fast as it can with safety. Of course, when you are on foot, you feel like jumping up and down as you stand on the corner and watch car after car go by. There seems to be no end of them, and you must get along to school or to the game. Perhaps you wish there were no such thing as an automobile. But if you are wise, you will waste no time with such wishes. Neither will you try to cross the street anywhere else than at a crossing. The policeman is there for protection to you and all the other people using the street. Even being



late to the game is not so bad as being gathered up in the ambulance.

7. There are all sorts of times when it is easy to forget and run a chance of being hurt. For example, you see your street car coming and you think you can catch it if you run. Or you are playing ball and you must make a quick dash to catch the ball. Again, someone is chasing you, and you make a quick turn to get away. Of course many drivers always slow down when they see children even if they are standing quietly on the sidewalk. That is what they ought to do and, of course, it's what you will do when you become a driver. But you never know that the car coming down the street has such a driver at the wheel. Then again, perhaps there

are trees, automobiles, or something else in the way so that the driver could not possibly see you.

8. At any rate, it is better to be safe than sorry or to have your fathers and mothers sorry. There is a rime—please do not call it poetry—that may help you to think and look. It is supposed to be on the tombstone of a man who was in a hurry.

Here lies the body of William Jay,
Who died maintaining his right of way;
He was right, dead right as he hurried along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

9. In the World War 48,900 American soldiers were either killed or died of wounds. We all hope that none of the boys now in school will be asked to enlist for another war. But every boy and girl can enlist in a war to cut down the long roll of street accidents.

CHOOSE THE BEST ENDING

Here are five sentences, each of which has three endings. Number your papers from 1 to 5, and write the best ending for each sentence.

I. Automobile accidents are—

1. always the fault of the driver.
2. sometimes the fault of the person injured.
3. always the fault of the person injured.

II. When a person gets off a street car he should—

1. cross the street behind the car.
2. stand by the car tracks.
3. go to the curb at once.

III. Before crossing the street one should—

1. look both ways.
2. look to the left.
3. look to the right.

IV. An important safety rule is—

1. to run across the street.
2. to cross the street in the middle of the block.
3. to cross the street only at crossings.

V. A careful driver—

1. drives very rapidly.
2. always drives slowly when he sees children playing on the street or near it.
3. drives slowly only at street crossings.

THINGS TO DO

A. Now turn to the beginning of this selection. You see that the paragraphs are numbered. Here are good names for the first three paragraphs:

1. Dangers of the World War.
2. Our most dangerous weapon.
3. Who is to blame?

Read the other paragraphs and write a good name for each.

B. Tell what is the main idea in paragraph 5; in paragraph 6; in paragraph 9.

Writing out the main idea in a paragraph will often help you in getting your lessons. If you have a hard lesson in history or geography, try writing out the main ideas in the paragraphs. After you have written your statement, read the paragraph over to see if you have said in a much shorter way what the paragraph says. Then read your short statements over carefully. See if you do not have a good lesson when you have prepared it in this way.

C. In committees of about five each, make rules that will prevent automobile accidents. After all the lists of rules are written, the chairman of the committees can make a single list. This list should contain the best statement of every good rule that was handed in.

One good rule would be:

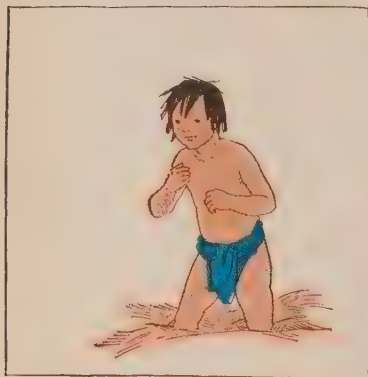
Never catch a ride on the rear of a moving truck.

D. For a week keep a record to show how well you keep the rules made by your class. A perfect mark is 10. Subtract 1 each time you break one of the rules. Keep your record just for yourself. It may help you not to forget.

E. Do you have a safety patrol in your school? If you do, count the number of small children that are guided safely across the street in the ten minutes before school. Why would a policeman be better than a student?

TELLING ABOUT OLD FRIENDS

You have met the people in these pictures in stories you have read. Do you remember where you met them? Write the numbers from 1 to 9 on your paper. Now write two facts about each of the pictures.

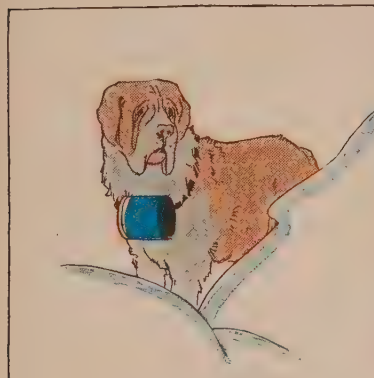




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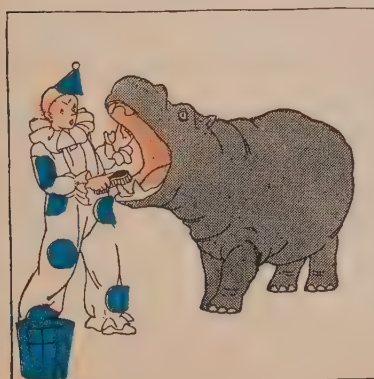
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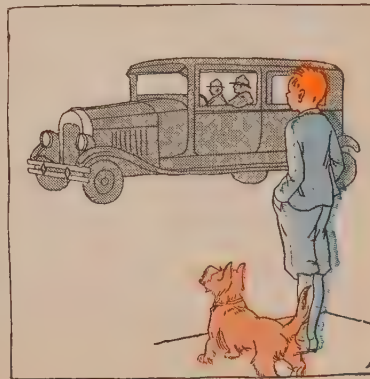
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7



8



9

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN?

Here are several unfinished stories which you may finish by answering the question, "What might happen?" The way you answer this question will show: first, how well you have understood the story; and second, how well your imagination is working. Of course you will not all have the same answers. If you read and think, you can give an intelligent answer.

1. The careless driver crossed the street when the red traffic light was shining.

2. Marvin and Lawrence were playing tag. Marvin hid behind a car that was parked near the sidewalk. A big truck swung around the corner.

3. While Mrs. Smith was shopping, she left her car parked on the wrong side of the street.

4. Harry and Bob were waiting in the park for a chance to swing. Both of them saw an empty swing at the same time, and both rushed to it.

5. Five girls were roller skating home from school. Vivian said that it was easier to skate in the street. All the girls skated out on the pavement. Automobiles filled the streets.



6. John had started a bonfire of leaves. A wind was coming up.

7. The baby had found the box of matches. She was sitting on the floor with it.

8. Bob had a pencil in his hand when his mother called him. He picked up his books and paper and put the pencil in his mouth.

✓ Read the rules of the Safety Council of your school. Did the stories told in class make you think of any new rules that your Safety Council should have?

ARITHMETIC PROBLEMS

Add Subtract Multiply Divide

Are you sure that you know when to add and when to subtract?

Are you sure that you know when to divide and when to multiply?

This lesson will give you help in getting the answers to problems. Many bright girls and boys fail in arithmetic because they do not *read problems carefully*. Read the first problem twice and then answer the questions below it. Do the same for problems 2, 3, and 4.

1. Jane had 16 cents. Her father gave her 10 cents more. How much did Jane then have?

1. What does this problem ask you to find?
2. Must you add or subtract to get the answer?
3. What is the answer?

2. Forest weighed 54 pounds. Arnold weighed 79 pounds. What was the difference in their weights?

1. What does the problem ask you to find?
2. Must you add or subtract to get the answer?
3. What is the answer?

3. The fourth grade used three dozen rulers. The rulers were sold at 3 cents each. How much money did all the rulers cost?

1. What does the problem ask you to find?
2. Must you divide or multiply to get the answer?
3. What is the answer?

4. There are 30 pupils in the fourth grade at the McCaskill School. The teacher has 90 sheets of paper for the room. How many sheets will each pupil get?

1. What does the problem ask you to find?
2. Must you divide or multiply to get the answer?
3. What is the answer?

You have worked these problems. Now try these. Answer the same questions for each problem, but on your paper write only the words, *add*, *subtract*, *multiply*, *divide*.

1. Our tallest orange tree is 31 feet high. We have a dwarf orange tree that is only 8 feet high. How much higher than this dwarf orange tree is our tallest tree?

2. The orange tree begins to bear fruit when it is 5 years old, and bears fruit until it is 50 years

old. For how many years does an orange tree bear fruit?

3. In an orchard the orange trees are planted in rows, the trees in a row being 25 feet apart. Draw a row of five trees. How far will the fifth tree be from the first one?

4. Before oranges are packed in boxes, they are sorted by machinery, the oranges of about the same size being piled together. The boxes are all the same size.

One box had 252 oranges in it. Another had only 98.

How many more oranges were there in the first than in the second box?

Which box had the larger oranges in it?

5. One year a large orange tree had 3,385 oranges on it. Another had 3,125 and another had 2,908. How many oranges did these three trees bear?

6. Six boxes contain oranges of the same size. Each has 196 oranges in it. How many oranges do the six boxes contain?

7. A box contained 246 oranges. What do they cost at five cents each?

— *Triangle Arithmetic*



EARTH MAGIC

You will often need to read stories printed like this one. The name of the person speaking is given just before he speaks. Other facts about the story are given in parentheses like this (). Stories printed this way are said to be in *dramatic* form. The plays used in the theater are printed this way.

CHARACTERS:

Ben and Elise and their little brother, Teddy.

Mrs. Wobble Witch, fat and jolly and dressed in a long black cape and tall peaked hat.

Witchabeth and Witchabel, her little girls, in short dresses and peaked hats.

Kinky, Winky, and Blinky, the goblin boys, in bright brownie-like costumes.

SCENE: A living room with French doors at center back. There are a desk phone, a radio, and a phonograph, and at one side Teddy is laying the tracks

for his electric railway on the floor. When the curtain goes up, Ben and Elise are bobbing for apples. They are not very successful and Elise picks up her book with a sigh.

Elise: It's no use, Ben. You can't have a Halloween party with just three people.

Ben (his mouth full of pop corn): Course not. I don't see why Mother had to be called away just as we were planning a party.

Teddy: Dad said we might go to a movie.

Ben: Well, who wants to go to a picture show on Halloween—or play the phonograph or—or listen to the radio—or—

Elise (throwing her book aside with disgust): You want to see witches on Halloween, not just read about them.

Teddy (looking up from his train): Are there any little witch children, do you s'pose, Elise?

Ben: Well, Ted, if there are, they're mighty lucky. When *they* want refreshments for a party, all they would have to do would be to say a charm— (*There is a tapping at the French doors.*) Gracious, what's that?

(*Cautiously he opens the doors and Mrs. Wobble steps inside.*)

Elise (screaming): Oh, it's a witch!

Mrs. Wobble (smiling): Yes, my name's Mrs. Wobble. Would you mind if I repair my broom inside here where it's light?

Ben: Of course not, but—but what's wrong with it?

Mrs. Wobble: It lost a straw.

Elise: I can't see what difference one little straw would make.

Mrs. Wobble: Your automobile can't go very far, can it, on a flat tire? (*The children shake their heads.*) Then how can you expect to ride a broom that's lost a straw?

Teddy: If it's a straw you want, we have lots of them in the kitchen. I'll get you one.

Mrs. Wobble (as Teddy runs out): Thank you, sonny. Isn't he sweet? Reminds me so much of the youngest goblin boy.

Elise: Well, I guess my little brother isn't like a goblin!

Mrs. Wobble: They're mighty good boys, I tell you. That's why I let my little girls invite them to visit the earth with us. The goblins are neighbors of ours upon the moon, you know.

(*She smiles at Teddy, who returns with several straws, and begins to mend her broom.*)



Ben: So that's where you witches and goblins live now. I always wondered why it was so much easier to read about you than to see you.

Mrs. Wobble: Yes, we've been living up there for quite a while—several hundred years, I reckon. Nice quiet place, too, but I do miss all the excitement you folks have on earth.

Elise: Humph! It's not very exciting just now.

Mrs. Wobble: Witchabeth and Witchabel think so, and the goblin boys do, too. I took them riding in a taxicab—and, oh, cabs are so much more comfortable than broomsticks—and then we went to the amusement park. (*Laughing.*) It was amusing too, because everybody thought I was an earth mother dressed up like a witch and that the children were just dressed up, too. We rode on the merry-go-round and on the shoot-the-chutes. My little girls were so excited that they almost left their broomstick steeds behind.

Ben (surprised): Hadn't they ever seen an amusement park before?

Mrs. Wobble: No, it's their first visit to earth, you see. We're allowed to come only on Halloween, and every year something or other has come up. Last year I was cleaning house. The year before the girls failed their final examinations in Moon Magic, and I didn't think that they deserved to come.

Teddy (as she gets ready to leave): You're not going already, Mrs. Wobble?

Mrs. Wobble: I guess I'll have to, sonny. I must find a radio, for the children will be so

disappointed if they have to go back to the moon without seeing one.

Ben: Why, we have a radio right here. If you'll tell me where they are, I'll go after your daughters and the goblin boys, and they can listen to ours.

Mrs. Wobble (fairly beaming at them, she is so pleased): Now that will just be fine. I left them at the picture show. Say, aren't those pictures wonderful? They *move*!

Ben (reaching for his cap): Don't know that I ever thought about it, but I guess they are. I'll be back in just a jiffy! (*He runs out.*)

Elise: Have some pop corn, Mrs. Wobble? (*She passes her the dish.*)

Mrs. Wobble (helping herself): Well, isn't that good? Makes you thirsty though, doesn't it?

Teddy: I'll get you a drink.

Mrs. Wobble: Never mind all that trouble, sonny, I can get one by just saying a very simple charm.

Elise (excited): You mean you can make a glass of water appear by just saying a few words?

Mrs. Wobble: Why, yes. Some of the charms are hard—that's why the girls failed in their examinations—but this one's simple.

✓

(Now Mrs. Wobble begins making strange gestures. In the pauses of her weird dance she wails and screeches, and as nearly as we can make out, this is what she says.)

Mrs. Wobble:

Wickery, quickery, tickery, bick!

Dickery, hickery, gickory, zick!

Komato, fomato, zomato, koo!

Womato, bamato, quanato, foo!

(Again and again she murmurs this.)

Elise: My goodness! Do you have to go through all that rigmarole just to get a drink of water? Why, all we have to do is to turn on the faucet.

Mrs. Wobble: But that's a very simple charm. I don't see how anybody could get water any quicker.

Elise: You just come into the kitchen, and I'll show you. (They exit, but we still hear them talking.) You don't have to say a word, you see. You just turn it on. (We hear the sound of running water and then Elise's voice again.) There you are! You have all the water that you want.

Mrs. Wobble (very much impressed): I never saw anything so wonderful in all my witchy life.

Do you suppose you could tell me the name of the book of magic that your father used? I'd like to start something like that up on the moon. (*As she talks, she and Elise walk back to the living room together, the witch's face beaming with interest.*)

Elise (a little doubtfully): Daddy hasn't any books on magic, Mrs. Wobble. Goodness knows, if he had, I might have found some way of having our Halloween party tonight.

Mrs. Wobble: He didn't think up that water faucet all himself, did he?

Elise (laughing): Oh, no! He just telephoned the city waterworks, and the men there did the rest.

Mrs. Wobble (sighing): You earth people have learned so many nice new words since I was here. Now, take *telephone*, for instance.

Elise: Oh, I forgot. Perhaps you don't have telephones upon the moon. (*She leads her over to the desk phone and explains it to her.*) You see, everybody has a number which is printed in this book. (*She holds up the phone directory.*) I take down this receiver and say the number that I want into this little mouthpiece. Then in about a minute the person I want answers.

Mrs. Wobble: But the person who answers isn't very far away, is he?

Teddy (looking up from his electric railroad): Sometimes. Last week, Daddy put in a long-distance call to New York.

Mrs. Wobble (who, evidently, never heard of New York): Yes, but you couldn't talk to anybody way over in that theater where we went this evening?

Elise: You just wait. (*She takes down the receiver.*) Central 8562. (*Pause.*) Is this the Criterion Theater? (*Pause.*) What is your feature picture for tonight? (*She puts the receiver to Mrs. Wobble's ear. Then she says "Thank you" into the mouthpiece and hangs up the receiver.*)

Mrs. Wobble: Well, I never! That voice told the name of the very picture I saw a while ago.

(*There is quite a hubbub now, for Ben, the goblin boys, and the Wobble girls are coming in.*)

Mrs. Wobble: Well, well, children, did you enjoy the picture show? (*Cries of "You bet!"*) *Mrs. Wobble turns to Elise and Teddy as she introduces the strangers.*) These are my little girls, Witchabel and Witchabeth, and these are the goblin boys—Kinky, Winky, and Blinky.



(The girls poise lightly on one foot and kick like ballet dancers. Very solemnly the goblin boys turn somersaults.)

Elise: Why—why—we're very glad to see you, but—but—would you mind telling me why you are doing that?

Winky (shocked): Hasn't your mother ever taught you to be polite when you're introduced?

Elise: Of course. But we curtsy!

(She shows them how. They laugh, and cry, "How funny!")

Blinky: Where is that radio you said you'd show us, Ben?

Witchabel (at the phonograph): Is this it?

Ben: No, that's the phonograph. *(He picks up a record to show her.)* You see, when the needle runs in the little grooves in this record, it makes music.

Witchabel (who can scarcely believe her ears at this marvelous bit of news): And you don't have to say a charm or anything to get it started?

Ben: No. Just wind it up like this!

Witchabeth (as he starts the phonograph): Isn't that music splendid? Let's dance!

(Each of them finds a partner in a twinkling, and they dance.)

Kinky (when the record comes to an end): Whew! That's a lot better than the cricket orchestras we have on the moon.

(He steps against the wall and suddenly the stage is in darkness.)

Why, what's the matter?

Ben (laughing as he turns on the electric light): You just opened the electric switch—that's all.

Kinky: Do you mean you can have light by just pressing that little button? (*Ben nods.*) Oh, let me try it! (*He switches the light on and off while the other visitors say, "Oh!" and "Ah!" and things like that.*)

Elise: That's nothing much. Most everything we have runs by electricity—even Teddy's toy railroad.

Teddy (eagerly): Want to see it work? It's a dandy!

(*They crowd around him and cry, "Oh, isn't it cunning!" and "Look at those trains go, will you?"*)

Mrs. Wobble: They have big trains like that, too, children, that they can really ride in.

Ben (who has been toying with his radio): The radio has electric batteries. Listen, I believe I have Los Angeles.

Radio: This is Station KFI, Los Angeles. (*He turns the dial. We hear the end of a song and then the announcement.*) You have been listening to Station KFJZ, Fort Worth, Texas.

Ben: Sometimes we get as many as twenty stations in one evening.

Mrs. Wobble: Can you get music or anything that you want out of it?

Ben (turning the dials): You bet we can. Listen, here's a good orchestra! (The strains of "Solomon Levi" float out into the room.)

Mrs. Wobble: That's just the music we need to start back to the moon. On to your broomsticks, children!

(The Wobble girls and goblin boys straddle their broomsticks and follow her around and around the stage in the broomstick dance. They sing to the tune of "Solomon Levi.")

We'll never forget the wonderful time

We've had this Halloween

And all the marvelous things we did

And the wonders we have seen.

We like your earth,

We think it's worth

Four moons, or six or eight,

At home, you know,

It's really so,

Our magic's out of date.

Good-by, good-by,

We're leaving for the moon.

Do come and see us!

We hope it will be soon.

If you really want to have some fun

And see magic every day,



You needn't try to find a witch,
A goblin, or a fay;
You needn't roam—
Just stay at home
And take in all the sights.
The magic ways
Of modern days
Bring nothing but delights.

(In the progress of the dance each of them shakes hands with the earth children and then follows Mrs. Wobble out through the French doors.)

Ben: We had a party after all, and we had magic.

Teddy: It was earth magic, too.

Elise (looking through the French doors and straining for a last glimpse of their recent guests): Oh, you needn't grin so, Mr. Man in the Moon. All your magic put together isn't half so wonderful as *ours*.

—FRANCES CAVANAH

THINGS TO DO

1. Name four things that surprised Mrs. Wobble.
2. Tell what you think "earth magic" means.
3. Why did Mrs. Wobble and her children think their magic was out of date?
4. How did the visitors ride to the moon?
5. Now, of course, you will want to act this play.

THE DEBT

The names of stories help to make them interesting. Sometimes the name tells the story in a few words. Sometimes the name is like a riddle which may be understood only when the story has been read.

This story might also have other names, such as

“Gathering Nuts,”

“Chester and the Squirrel,”

“Kindness to Animals,”

“Doing Right.”

After you have read the story, tell which name you like best.

It had been a wonderful season for nuts. The trees had been so loaded down that it was clear no nut-eating creature need go hungry that winter. Nevertheless, just for the fun of it, boys and squirrels went on hunting until there was scarcely a nut left on tree or ground.

Even then Chester Brown was not satisfied. He went out one last time with his big sack, trying to fill it somehow and add it to his store in the cellar.



After he had hunted in vain for a long time, he climbed up to a rocky ledge not far from a big hickory-nut tree. To his great surprise he stumbled on a hollow that reached back under the ledge, as big as a small-sized cave. It was half full of dry leaves.

"Ha, here's a find!" said Chester to himself.

He scooped up the leaves in great handfuls and threw them away. At the last handful he chuckled aloud; the whole bottom of the hollow was filled with big, ripe nuts!

Chester knew it was some little squirrel's whole winter supply that he had found, but the sun was nearly down and he was very hungry. So he set to work at once to change the stock from the hollow to his sack. There were just enough to fill the sack.

As he rose to his feet, he heard a shrill chattering not far away. Looking up, he saw an angry squirrel sitting on a branch of the hickory-nut tree, protesting shrilly. Chester hesitated. How would it feel to have a huge creature come and take his stock of nuts, he wondered. That would be hard to stand, he knew; in fact, he doubted whether he would stand it. But the next minute he had flung the sack over his shoulder and was off.

That night he dreamed that the little squirrel was chattering at his window. It was only a shutter scraping, but it woke him up. He lay for some time thinking about the matter of the nuts. The next morning he did not have the heart, somehow, to pour the nuts into the

big box with the rest of his supply. And all day he thought about the angry little squirrel face that peered down at him from the limb of the tree.

The second night it snowed silently for hours, and by morning there was a deep snow on the ground. At breakfast Chester looked up from his oatmeal and cream.

"Father, will this snow hurt things?" he asked.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "It's good for the wheat, and ——"

"I mean animals."

"The animals will stay in the barn."

"But wild things, like birds," stammered Chester, looking hard at his spoon.

"The birds have all gone South by now."

"But the—squirrels." At last the right word was out.

His father laughed. "Bless you, boy, we don't have to worry about squirrels! If the squirrels didn't have foresight enough to lay in a good supply of this year's huge nut crop, they have no one but themselves to blame."

Chester pushed away his oatmeal. "I have something important to do," he murmured, as he left the table.

Plowing his way through the snow to the barn, Chester loaded himself with an armful of straw, a shovel, and the sack of nuts, and then set off for the hickory woods. When he reached the rocky ledge, he knew by the tiny tracks in the snow that a visitor had been there before him. It was clear that the poor squirrel, hoping against hope, had come back again and again to see if a single nut had been left.

Chester's heart sank. "He must be nearly starved," was his thought.

The mouth of the little cave was choked with snow, but when Chester had shoveled it away, he found the hollow dry as a bone. He poured the nuts quickly into the hole and covered them deep with the straw he had brought.

"Whoop!" he said, as he straightened up. "I'm glad that's done!"

Just as he turned to go, he heard a slight stir behind him. Whirling round, he saw the little squirrel sitting on a limb, watching him. This time the little fellow was silent, but his black eyes were keen with interest, and he looked as if he could hardly wait for a chance to rush down and see what had happened.

"They're all back, old fellow!" Chester called.



"Every single one of them! If you don't believe me, come and count 'em yourself."

As he hurried back through the deep snow, he heard the happy squirrel chattering loudly, but this time his chatter had a friendly sound.

—CATHA WELLS

Courtesy of *The Youth's Companion*

A FEW QUESTIONS

1. Why did the author of this story call it "The Debt"? Which of the other names mentioned at first do you like best for the story?

2. What other good name can you give that would fit this story?

3. What might have happened to the squirrel if Chester had not brought back the nuts?

MISSING WORDS

Number your papers from 1 to 10 as usual. Choose from the list of words given below the missing words which belong in the numbered blanks in the paragraph. Write them after the numbers on your paper in proper order.

- | | | |
|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| 8 hesitated | 4 determined | 5 discovered |
| important | 1 continued | 4 protesting |
| 11 evidently | 3 content | 7 transfer |
| 2 scarcely | | |

The boys ✓ 1 to hunt for nuts until there was ✓ 2 a nut to be found. Even after Chester Brown had gathered a large store of nuts, he was not ✓ 3. He was 4 ✓ to fill another sack. Finally he 5 ✓ a hollow filled with nuts, which he started to 6 ✓ to his sack. Looking up he saw a little squirrel 7 ✓ shrilly. He 8 ✓, then continued to fill his sack. Next day when it snowed, he told his father he had something very 9 ✓ to do. When he replaced the nuts in the hollow, he discovered squirrel tracks. ✓ 10 the little squirrel had been hunting nuts for winter.

PARAGRAPHS FROM GEOGRAPHY

This is a lesson taken from a geography book. There are four paragraphs in this lesson, "Raising Rabbits in France." Before each you will find the title in black type. This will tell you what the paragraph is about. As you read, see how many facts you can learn about each topic.

When you write the answers to the questions after each paragraph, you may look at the paragraphs as often as is necessary.

RAISING RABBITS IN FRANCE

A French farm village. Jean Ribot is a French boy, fourteen years of age, who lives in a village near the Belgian boundary. His house is on the road from Calais, France, to Brussels, Belgium. In the village in which he lives there are only thirty houses. Two miles away across the level plain is another little village. Jean can see its church steeple from his own village. In France, as in nearly all parts of Europe, the farmers live in villages, with their houses and



barns close together, and they have their farms on the land surrounding the villages.

- ✓1. In what country does Jean Ribot live?
2. How do you know that he lives in a small village?
- ✓3. What word proves that the country is flat?
- ✓4. What is the chief industry of the people?

The rabbits' families. Jean and his little sister Susanne have some rabbit hutches in the shed against the side of the barn. Rabbits can live in small boxes or hutches. Jean and Susanne have four mother hares (big tame rabbits), each of which raised three families of children last year—fifty rabbits in all. Each rabbit weighed four pounds when it was sold. How many pounds would that be for all? Jean and Susanne had a snug sum of money, for they received twenty-five cents a pound for their rabbits. But that was all the money they had for a whole year; and they saved most of that, for every boy and girl in France is expected to have a bank account while still a child in school.

- ✓1. What are rabbit houses called?
2. How many mother hares did Jean and Susanne have?
- ✓3. Do the rabbits have big families?
4. For how much a pound does rabbit meat sell?

The rabbits' meals. In the summer time the rabbits are fed on weeds from the garden, and grass, and on beet tops from the field, but in the winter the bunnies eat potato parings and the same kind of grain and hay that is fed to the horses and cows.

- ✓ 1. What three kinds of food do the rabbits eat in the summer?
- ✓ 2. What three kinds of food do the rabbits eat in the winter?
3. Do the people buy the food for the rabbits from the store?
- ✓ 4. What other animals eat grain and hay?

The number of rabbits. There are rabbit hutches in nearly every back yard in the village and in the next village and in the next. Thousands of people in France and Belgium raise rabbits to eat and to sell, and thousands of tons are shipped across the English Channel every year. There they are bought and eaten by the people who work in the factories.

1. Prove that there are many rabbits raised in France and Belgium.
- ✓ 2. What words tell what is done with the rabbits?
- ✓ 3. To what countries are the rabbits shipped?

—J. RUSSELL SMITH

Text from *Human Geography, Book One*

THE PEOPLE OF THE DESERT EDGE—A GEOGRAPHY LESSON

This lesson is about people who live in far-away Arabia near the edge of the great Sahara Desert. You may have the same kind of lesson in your geography today. This is the way to study it.

First, look at the title. What does it tell you the lesson is about? Next, look at the pictures.

Now you are ready to look at the paragraph titles in this lesson. The first one is **Hakim, the Arab boy**. What are the others? Before you begin to read, you will know that you will find information about the topic which is at the beginning of each of the paragraphs. After you have prepared your lesson, use the side headings to help you think over what you have read.

READING TO FIND THE IMPORTANT THOUGHTS

Hakim, the Arab boy. When I first saw him, he was ten years old and was riding on a camel with his mother, Suleïma, and his sister, Suleika. The camel carried many bundles, too, for he is a great burden bearer, and the Arabs were moving. Hakim lived on the edge of the desert, which is a

place where there is so little rain that trees and gardens cannot grow. There is often enough rain on the edge of the desert to make some grass grow; but for many miles there may be no stream or spring. In such places it is often much trouble to find water to drink. The desert near Hakim's home is in Africa, in a country called Algeria.

See if you found the important facts in this paragraph.

1. How do you know that the camel is a very strong animal?
2. What fact about the weather makes a country a desert?
3. Where is the desert edge near which Hakim lives?

Moving. Hakim's mother was not alone. There were five camels altogether, and all were heavily loaded. They belonged to five families. Two small donkeys followed behind. They, too, had big loads, big enough to break their backs, you would think, but the donkey is a very strong little beast. Everything these people had, except their animals, was on these camels and donkeys. Hakim's father, Abdallah, was half a mile behind, driving a big flock of sheep and goats.



1. Name all the kinds of animals the Arab family had.

2. Why were the camels and donkeys heavily loaded?

Camping. Presently the camels stopped. The grown-ups unloaded the bundles and commenced putting up the tents. Hakim, his little friend, Yūssuf, and Suleika started out toward some bushes they saw in the distance, to find enough sticks to make a little fire.

Write two statements about the Arab camp at night.

A desert supper. In an hour the tents were up, and the delicious smell of broiling goat meat filled the air. By the time supper was ready, Hakim's father, Abdallah, had come up with the sheep and goats. His mother took an earthenware bowl and milked a couple of goats. For supper they had milk and meat and also some barley bread, heavy, and nearly as hard as stones. The only water they had was in a goatskin water bottle which they had filled that morning at a pool they had passed.

1. Name three things the Arab family had for supper.

The Arab chief. There were five tents in the group, four close together and one by itself about

thirty yards away. That was the tent of Ismail, the head man or chief, called the *Shēik*. He was a kind of little king. If the people had any difficulties, they came to him and he told them what to do. He had his tent by itself so that the other people could not overhear the business done there.

1. What is an Arab Sheik?
2. Why does the group of Arabs need a Sheik?

The day's work. The Arabs camped here ten days. There were five men, one of whom always stayed around the camp. Each morning one of the men went off a few miles with a camel and brought back earthen water jars and goatskins full of water. Another man went out with the flock of sheep and another with the flock of goats. The fourth man went out with the camels and donkeys. All of these animals hunted their living in the scanty grass and coarse bushes.

What did each of the five men do while the Arabs were in camp?

The boys' schooling. Hakim and Yussuf went with the men to learn how to take care of the animals. That was the boys' only schooling.

While the camels grazed, the men taught the boys how to track camels. Each boy learned to pick out the tracks of his father's camel from among many camel tracks. The boys had to run races to make them fleet and long-winded, so that they might be able to follow runaway camels. It is a terrible thing to lose your camel in the desert.

Hakim's father taught him to say over some chapters of the Kōran, the Arab Bible. Abdallah could not read, but he knew many chapters of this book by heart, and also knew many stories, of the kind that we read in a book called "The Arabian Nights."

1. Why was it important for Hakim and Yussuf to learn to take care of animals?

2. What did these boys have that was something like what you have in school?

MAKING AND ANSWERING QUESTIONS

You have had several questions on the paragraphs in the last lesson. Before you could answer them, you had to read the paragraphs carefully. That is the way you learn your lessons.

In this lesson you will learn to find the important thoughts in each paragraph. You will be asked to write questions and answers about each paragraph.

To help you, a few key words are given after the paragraph. Write a question and an answer for each key word or group of words.

The women's work. Suleima, Hakim's mother, and the other women went at their work. The girls helped them. One of the women sat down with a lapful of wool from the sheep. She took a stick, which she whirled somewhat like a top, and began to make yarn. We call this spinning. Another of the women spun goat's hair into a strong rope to tie the camel fast at night, and another one wove striped cloth of camel's hair. This was to be a tent, for all their tents were of camel's hair. After Hakim's mother had spun yarn for two weeks, she began to weave it into cloth for a long, white wool robe, or burnoose, such as all Arab men and boys wear. This one was for Hakim. She worked hard for a week to weave it. It would last for years when it was finished, because it was so strong and firm.

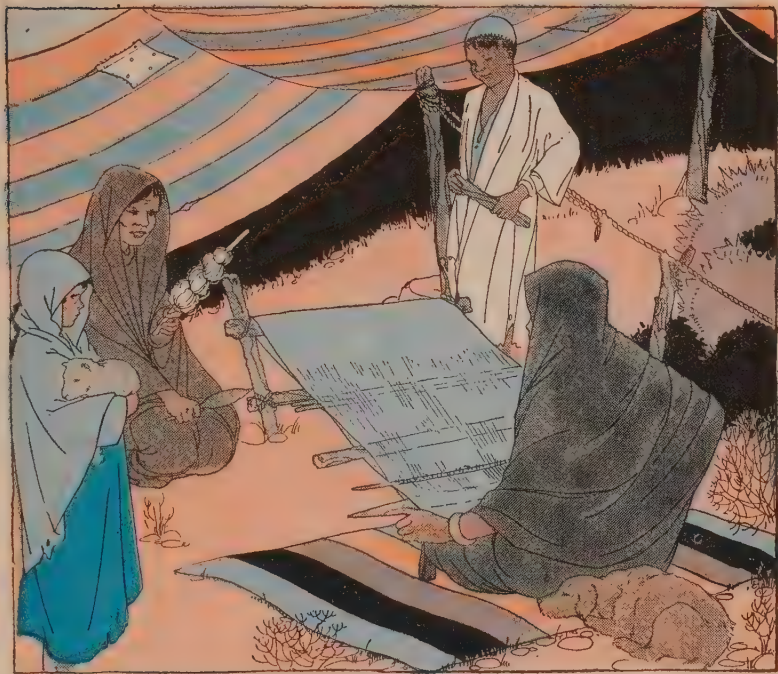
1. Spinning. 2. Rope. 3. Tent cloth. 4. Robes.

The rug. When Suleima had made all the ropes, sacks, halters, and clothes that her family needed, she began to make something to sell. She had kept the wool of the white sheep separate

from the wool of the black sheep. Thus she had white yarn and black yarn. She dug up a root and boiled it in a pot. White yarn, soaked in this water, became red. Some of the yarn she soaked for three days with some sticks from a desert bush, and it became yellow. Some she dyed green with a very precious powder, for which she had paid two goats and a sheep to some Arabs she had met the year before as they returned from a distant part of the desert. She now had yarn of five colors, white, black, red, yellow, and green, and she began to weave a rug. Although the rug was only seven feet long, she was six months in finishing it. When it was done, it was so valuable that she knew when she reached a town, she could sell it for much gold or goods, or with it she might buy a small flock of sheep or a donkey or two.

1. Color.
2. Size of rug.
3. Value of rug.

A life of constant moving. They did not do all of these things in one camping place. In ten days after they first made their camp, the animals had eaten all the food that could be found



within five miles. So they had to move again to get food for the flocks. Again Hakim climbed up on the camel beside his mother and the tents and the bundles. Twelve miles to the north they rode, until they came to some water, and again they put up their tents and cut thorn bushes and hunted firewood.

1. Why move?
2. Why stop?

Nomad campers. These people can never stay long in one place, because grass for the sheep and goats and donkeys and camels is so scarce that they soon eat up all there is in any one place. The people must keep moving. For this reason, we call them *nomads*.

The nomad Arabs of North Africa are called *Bedouins*. Hakim and his family were Bedouins. Their only wealth is flocks and herds and things they can carry when they move. No one ever has a piece of land of his own, except while he camps on it.

1. Nomads.
2. Wealth.

The barley crop. At the fourth camp, Hakim and Abdallah found the tent of their friend Selim. They had left him there in November when they started south with the coming of the rains. Before the Arabs had gone south, they had harnessed the camels to crooked pieces of wood and scratched up the earth a little and planted some barley. Selim and his family had camped by it all winter, with two watchdogs to keep other people's sheep and goats and camels from eating up the young barley plants. The

barley belonged to all six families, and the five families that went south took Selim's flocks along and cared for them.

1. Planting the barley.
2. Watching the barley.

Hiding the barley. They all came back in time to help harvest the barley. For a few days everybody was busy harvesting and threshing. Then each family had three big camel's-hair sacks full. That was more than the camels could carry along with all their other loads. What should they do with the barley? They had no house and they had to move. The only thing they could do was to hide the barley. After drying it well by spreading it out on blankets in the sunshine for several days, Abdallah and Suleima and Hakim worked all one night hiding theirs. After dark they put two sacks of barley on the camel, led him off to a secret place, dug a deep, bottle-shaped hole, lined it with six inches of straw, put in the precious barley, covered it with straw and earth, and carefully carried away in blankets all the earth that was left, so that no one could find their store. In the morning, they were back in their



tent, as though nothing had happened. The next fall as they went south again, they dug up the barley, safe and sound and dry.

1. The family supply of barley.
2. A safe place.

The visit to town. After the barley was harvested, our nomad campers, now increased by Selim's family, went roving on to the northward, always seeking pasture. After a while they came to a town and a railroad that the French people had built. The French rule most

of Algeria. In this railroad town, the nomads sold some sheep and wool, and Suleima sold her rug. With the money they bought rifles and cartridges, knives, beads for Suleika, and many other trinkets. Suleima wanted a teakettle and tin dishes because they are useful articles and light to carry. After much talk, Selim bought a little phonograph and some records, made in New Jersey. These were not easy to carry about in the desert, but Arabs dearly love music, and the family rejoiced at having enough money left over to pay for the new treasure. Hakim had been such a good boy and had worked so well at helping tend the sheep, that his father delighted him with a present of a tin watch. Soon the family started away again for another year of tenting in many places, and of living from their flocks and herds.

1. Selling.
2. Buying.
3. Something to enjoy.

—J. RUSSELL SMITH

From *Human Geography, Book One*

REVIEWING YOUR LESSON

The titles of the paragraphs in black type will help you to remember what is in each paragraph. Here

are thirteen questions which will help you to find out whether you have studied your lesson carefully. They are not in the order of the paragraphs in the story. Find the answers as quickly as you can.

1. In what country does Hakim live?
2. What animals are used in moving?
3. Why do the Arabs hide the barley?
4. What work did the girls do?
5. What is the work of the Arab chief?
6. What kind of work is done at camp during the day?
7. Why are the rugs so valuable?
8. How long do the people live in one place?
9. Why are the Bedouins called *nomads*?
10. What crop is raised by these tribes?
11. Why could not Eskimos live in Hakim's country?
12. What did Hakim get when he visited town?
13. What is the boy's schooling?

WHICH IS THE RIGHT MEANING?

The words in black type have been used in some of the lessons you have read. You should know the meaning of each one. Choose the word in each group that has nearly the same meaning as the word in heavy type.

1. Hesitate means—hurry, stop for a minute, run quickly, harm.
2. Protest means—agree, disagree, talk, scold.

3. **To christen** means—to name, to quarrel, to help, to harm.
4. **Satisfaction** means—enjoyment, cruelty, kindness, rudeness.
5. **To scamper** means—to walk, to sing, to run, to whistle.
6. **To invent** means—to talk, to shiver, to struggle, to make for the first time.
7. **Comfortable** means—pleasant, dreary, cold, cheerless.
8. **To gesture** means—to work hard, to speak, to motion, to look carefully.
9. **An avalanche** is—a mass of sliding snow and rock, a loud explosion, a slave, a policeman.
10. **A cobbler**—trims hats, mends shoes, bakes bread.
11. **Tremulous** means—shaking, strong, cruel, cross.
12. **To rejoice** means—to hope for something, to be glad, to be sorry, to come back.
13. **Difficulties** are—things that you find, strange people, hard things to do.
14. **Valuable** means—hopeless, worth very little, worth a great deal, easy to get.
15. **Bundles** means—pieces of wood, crops, a flock of sheep or goats, things tied together.



A LETTER FROM THE LAND OF GAY COLOR

Praha, Czechoslovakia.

Dear Elsie May:

How I wish you could be here! We are in the country whose name I never could pronounce—*Czechoslovakia*. I have learned the secret now. Czecho is just Cheko (Check-o)! So Mother, Frederick, and I are now in the capital city of Czechoslovakia (Cheko-slo-vă'kia).

We spent two days in the Slovak villages. The houses there are small, one-story buildings. They are low, made of logs, and roofed with wooden slats or thatched with straw. They are all either whitewashed or colored pale blue, green, yellow, or rose. They look like fairy-tale houses. The window frames are painted in gay colors.

We visited one of the homes. The housewife was very pleasant and cheerful. She served us bread and salt, which is the Slavic way of telling the visitors they are welcome. The black bread was very good! And what do you suppose was in the loaf of bread? The initials of the family

in the center of a heart. That is the way the village baker marks the bread. Ladslaw, her little boy, stayed with me all the time. He wasn't afraid of me at all. I called him Laddie because his name was hard to say.

The house was just like a play house, it was so very tiny. The ceiling was painted sky-blue. There were golden stars painted on it. Over the cupboards in the corner were strips of embroidered linen. The plates and cups of gay colors were used for decoration—some were hung on cords from the wall. Even the churn in the corner was painted, too.

But the streets in the villages! They were not meant for automobiles—they are real rivers of mud. Paving is a word they do not know, I am sure. Instead of horses, the people use strong, long-horned oxen. They made me think of the stories of the West, when the pioneers crossed the prairies and mountains with teams of oxen.

Oh, yes, there are great flocks of geese in the streets and in the fields. Boys and girls watch them. All of the cattle of the village are put in one pasture and one man watches them. Doesn't that seem odd? I wonder how the people know their own cows?

I like the way the people dress. The girls and women wear white dresses, embroidered in red and blue and yellow and green. We watched one woman weave the white cloth from flax. She told us that now some cloth is brought into the villages from the big factories in the cities, but that most of the Slovaks still make their own cloth.

When we were at the hotel in the Carpathian Mountains, we saw women bringing huge bundles of embroidery to sell to the tourists. I like to see them come, because it's like having a great package of embroidery floss unrolled. Mother bought yards and yards of it.

Oh, you should see the toys! They are wonderful. They are made of wood and are painted in the gayest colors. We bought a nest of twelve wooden eggs, all different colors. They fit together one inside another and the large outside egg is bright red. Won't Sister have a good time with them?

In one shop I found a wooden penguin with a head that turns and looks perky and real. I found Felix, the cat, there too, in shiny black. Little wire whiskers and a tail that wiggles make him seem almost alive. Mother has to remind

me not to play with these toys so much because I'll wear the paint off.

Now we are in Praha, the capital city of Czechoslovakia, and it is very different from the Slovakian villages. There are beet fields everywhere. There are breweries and barley fields. There are pottery works and clay pits. I wish you could see the lovely dishes—there are some just like those plates Mother has. Then there are glass factories. Mother would like to take some glassware home, but she can't carry everything she wants to buy. The glass balls and beads for our Christmas trees are made here too.

The Czechs seem to be better educated than the Slovaks. For a long while the Czechs lived in Austria and went to the Austrian schools. The Slovaks lived in Hungary and were not allowed to have many schools. Now, with their own country, both people will have more chances for education.

I'm going through an old castle here in the city this afternoon. I'll tell you all about it in my next letter.

With love,

Genevieve

—NELL K. GLEASON

On a sheet of paper, write the numbers 1 to 5. Choose the right ending for each of these five unfinished statements, and write it opposite the correct number.

1. The Slavic way of welcoming visitors is to serve—
ice cream and cake.
black bread and salt.
crackers and milk.
2. The tiny houses are—
gay and colorful.
plain and ugly.
dark and unclean.
3. The streets in the Slovakian villages are—
paved with concrete.
paved with stones.
unpaved.
4. The people in Czechoslovakia make—
toys and dishes.
chocolate and cheese.
watches and clocks.
5. The women in the Slovak villages—
buy cloth in small stores.
get all of their cloth from factories in the cities.
weave most of their own cloth.

WHAT IS WRONG?

Here are eleven paragraphs. In each one something is wrong. Find it. Don't laugh too loudly; you might disturb the other readers.

1. Margaret was getting ready to study. She took out her books, paper, and pencil. She turned out the light. She began to get her lessons for the next day.

2. Eva's mother was planning dinner. She was to have string beans, potatoes, veal chops, rubber, ice cream, and cake.

3. The rain was pouring down. Mrs. Gray closed all the doors and windows. She thought a fire would make the house more cheerful. So she built one in the bookcase.

4. The doctor came to see Vivian, who was ill. He came into the house quietly. He closed the door gently. He laid his music case on the table. He took his thermometer out and took her temperature.

5. Miss Ford had written a letter to her cousin. She folded it, put it into the pillow-

slip, and sealed it. Then she put on the stamp and dropped it into the mail box.

6. Florence and Loretta were playing in the snow. Both were dressed warmly. Loretta had on her winter coat, mittens, woolen scarf, and cap. Florence had on a heavy sweater, her nightgown, mittens, cap, and overshoes.

7. Ned's father had come home from work very tired. He had eaten his dinner slowly. Now he was resting in his big chair and reading the evening pencil box.

8. It was a July morning in Atlanta. The mocking bird was singing in the arbor. Nancy was very happy that morning. She hurried to put on her fur coat and sit down to breakfast.

9. Russell was catcher for his team. His team was up to bat. My, how he did want to win this game! The score was even. He took his place and began to catch.

10. Several books lay on the table among magazines and newspapers. Margaret did hate to see things in such a muss. She picked them up and put them in the bread box, where they belonged.

11. Robert was very tired that night. After supper he went to his room, threw off his clothes, put on his hat, and tumbled into bed.



A TWICE-THANKFUL COLONY

In the old, old days when people knew much less than they do now, many people believed in witches. We all admire the early settlers of New England who braved the dangers of the sea and the hardships of building homes in a new land, but we do not like to remember that they believed in witches. They were foolish enough to believe that a number of old women, who were perhaps a little queer, had evil spirits and were witches. Before they came to their senses, they had hanged some of these poor old women.

Here is a story of one of these women who was accused of being a witch.

You will enjoy this story all the more if you read it quickly and carefully.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, about three hundred years ago, and in every house in the colony great preparations were being made for the Thanksgiving feast the next day.

Old Margaret Fall looked lovingly at the two pies that she had just taken from the brick oven and placed on the table to cool. She smiled

happily down upon them, for she felt that she had much to be thankful for during the past year. Had she not the little home in the new country, where she could worship God as she chose? Moreover, she rejoiced with the rest of the colony for the wonderful harvest of corn that now stood in great shocks between the houses and the forest. And then there was that greatest blessing of all—that the little colony had been free from attacks of the murdering Indians for a long, long time. Indeed, many people believed that they were free from such dangers forever. It was no wonder, then, that the hearts of the people and the very air was filled with the spirit of thankfulness.

Margaret moved back to the fire and sat down to rest in its pleasant warmth. With smiling, happy eyes she gazed down into its brightness. Suddenly a soft, hurried knock sounded on the door. She rose and opened it quickly, for night had fallen and visitors were rare at such an hour. A look of deep surprise sprang into her face as she saw Sarah, the pastor's daughter, standing on the step.

"Child," she cried, "what are you doing out at night—and alone?"

The little maid pushed her way into the room and closed the door behind her. She was breathing hard as if from fast running.

"Margaret Fall," she said, and her voice shook. "My father sent me. He dared not come himself for fear Simon Allen would see him, and it would make matters worse. And, Margaret, he says—Simon Allen, not my father—that you are a witch."

"A witch! Margaret Fall a witch!"

"Aye, a witch! and he hath said more. He hath told my father that you did lay your hand upon his arm two Sabbath days ago, and so did bring upon him the grievous illness that did befall him that very night. O Margaret Fall, he says he will accuse you of witchcraft to the townsfolk after the great feast tomorrow."

The soft, rosy face of old Margaret grew suddenly white. Her gentle eyes grew wide with fear, and her wrinkled hands shook as they clutched the bosom of her blue gown.

"Art sure," she said tremulously, "that Simon Allen said this to your father of *me*, who has tried to serve God all the days of my life?"

"So my father bade me tell you." Tears streamed down the little maid's cheeks, as she



talked on quickly. "And he hath not stopped with telling my father. He hath gone among the neighbors all day, and my father hath learned that he hath got many to think as he does. But my father says it cannot be—that there are no witches. He hath sent me to say you are to come back with me at once, now 'tis dark, and while everyone is at supper, so that none will see. You are to hide in the little room under the roof of our house till the alarm is quieted, and till my father can reason with the people and make them see the error of their ways."

Poor Margaret! Without a word, but with the tears raining down her face, she took the little maid's hand and set out. Her poor,

trembling limbs hardly supported her. Fortunately the distance was short, for the pastor's house was in the middle of the little town next to the church.

That night she knelt at the window of the little loft and looked with tearful, prayerful eyes over the moonlit cornfields stretching off to the edge of the woods. She could see the long tables already set up under the trees for the feast on the morrow. Time and time again she bowed her white head and whispered:

"Be merciful unto me, O God, for my soul trusteth in Thee. Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast."

Thanksgiving Day dawned at last. The air was filled with sunshine and with something more, too. It was filled with strange rumors. Old Margaret Fall had gone away. She had ridden over the housetops on a broomstick! Simon Allen had seen her with his own eyes! She was without doubt a witch, and when she came back, if she ever did, she must be put to death at once!

Sarah heard the news as she stood with her father at the door of the little log church. She

heard Simon ask him to make particular mention of witches in his sermon, and especially of Margaret Fall. But the pastor had merely frowned and walked into the church. Every man and woman and child in the town except old Margaret was gathered there to give thanks for the great blessings received by the people through the year.

For two hours the pastor had preached before the word *witch* dropped from his lips. What he intended to say was never known, though many guessed afterward, for the church door burst suddenly open. High above his voice rose an old shrill one:

"Indians! Indians! Behind the corn shocks!" And old Margaret fell a trembling heap on the floor. There was an awful silence.

Then Simon Allen's voice rose, "Woman, you and your evil companions hath brought this calamity upon us. Witch! where wast thou last night?" He caught her roughly by her frail shoulder and brought her to her feet. An angry murmur rose from the startled people. The pastor's voice was heard above it:

"In my house, Simon Allen! Cease thy foolish prating! She be no more witch than thou. To



arms, men, and follow me. Margaret, brave woman, I leave my daughter to thy care if I return not. Forward, men!" and so saying he strode, gun on shoulder, out of the little church, followed by a full hundred strong and sturdy armed men. And so much did they outnumber the painted enemy behind the shocks of corn

that the wily redskins fled as they approached. At the sight the pastor cried:

“Let us give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy. Yea! let us give thanks that through His handmaiden, Margaret Fall, He hath brought us forth in time to meet the foe!” And a full hundred voices cried, “Amen!”

—B. ETHEL WEBB

OUTLINE HELPS IN TELLING STORIES

The questions given below make an outline of *A Twice Thankful Colony*. Read them over and recall all the facts of the story needed to answer them. Plan to have a story-telling period following this reading lesson. Appoint different members of the class to tell parts of this story from the outline.

1. Why was Margaret Fall thankful?
2. Why did Simon Allen think that Margaret Fall was a witch?
3. How did Margaret Fall spend the night?
4. How were the colonists saved?
5. How was Margaret Fall saved?

Discuss the stories told and decide which story teller was helped most by the outline.

In this story many of the customs spoken of are quite different from those we use. Make a list of the New England customs mentioned in this story. How do they differ from the customs we follow?

Some of the practices of these early Americans seem unusually strange to us. Find one practice in this story which has not been used in our time. Why do you suppose such a practice was given up?

Can you find in the story any other instances of outgrown practices?

The boys and girls in the early days of this country had many exciting times. If you would like to know about them, read:

“Colonial Twins of Virginia,” by Lucy Fitch Perkins.

“Lads and Lassies of Other Days,” by Lillian L. Price.

“American Twins of 1812,” by Lucy Fitch Perkins.

ARTIFICIAL SILK

1. Nearly everyone likes to wear things made of silk. Women and girls have dresses, stockings, gloves, ribbons, and many other things made of silk. Men and boys wear silk neckties, silk socks, and coats with silk linings. Silk garments are much more common now than they used to be.

2. Probably you know that real silk is made by a worm. This worm is much like the common caterpillar that you have often seen. Perhaps you have seen a caterpillar that has spun a covering around himself and gone to sleep. If you have kept one of these where you could watch it day after day, you have seen it burst its covering. A butterfly with beautiful wings appeared and flew away.

3. There is a worm called the silkworm that spins its cocoon much as the caterpillar does his. The cocoon of the silkworm is put into hot water. Then the thread that makes the cocoon is wound off to make into silk. In China, in Japan, in France, and in many other countries millions and millions of these silkworms are

raised to get the beautiful silk from the cocoons. From it our silk dresses, ribbons, stockings, and many other garments are made.

4. But this kind of silk costs a great deal of money. For this reason many skilful men have tried to make artificial silk. They have tried to make it out of cotton by different ways of treating cotton yarn. Some of the silk made in this way looks very much like real silk. But silk made from cotton in this way is not so strong as real silk and generally does not wear so well.

5. Not many years ago these clever men found a new way to make artificial silk out of cotton or even out of wood. Just think of it! A door or a table does not look much like a silk dress, does it? Yet the wood in the door or table or chair might have been used to make the silk that a girl would wear as a dress.

6. These men found ways to make out of cotton or wood a sort of sticky jelly that was much like the substance that the silkworm uses to make its cocoon. They found that they could make this substance out of sawdust and many worthless things.

7. This jelly-like mass is forced through very fine holes in glass or steel. It comes out in

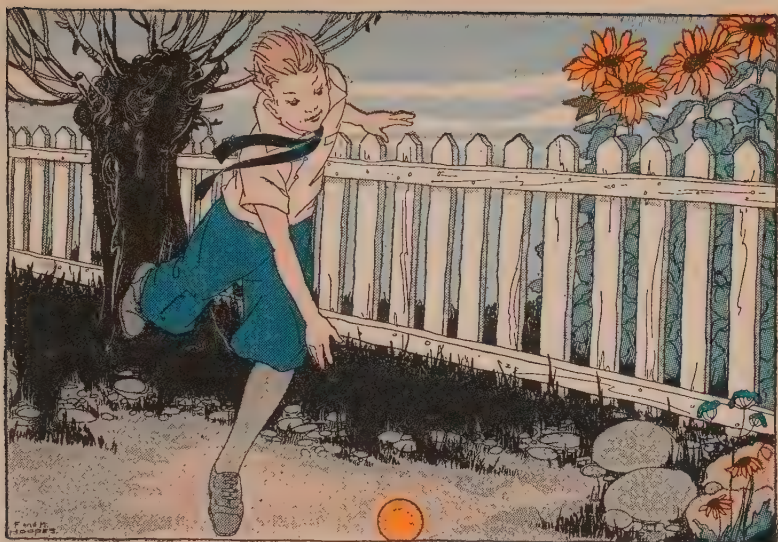
threads the size of fine hair. These little wet threads are then put into a bath which makes them hard and tough. Then they are dried, spun into heavier threads, and woven into cloth.

8. Artificial silk has more of a gloss or shine than the real silk from the silkworm. When it was first made, it was not nearly so good in many ways, but it has been greatly improved in the last few years. As ways are found to make it better and better, more and more of it is used. It costs much less than real silk, and many people can have silk clothing who could not afford real silk.

MATCHING PARAGRAPHS AND TITLES

The following titles of the eight paragraphs in this selection are not in the right order. Read each paragraph again, and find a title for it in the list below. Write on your paper the paragraph number with the letter for the name of the paragraph opposite it.

- a. The silkworm.
- b. Artificial silk from wood.
- c. The caterpillar and his cocoon.
- d. Making the jelly into thread.
- e. Artificial silk and real silk.
- f. Artificial silk from cotton yarn.
- g. The jelly made from cotton or wood.
- h. Silk garments for everyone.



A HAPPY SURPRISE

Here is another speed test. See if you have become a faster reader since the last test.

Turn to the rules for the first speed test on page 12. They will help you to do this one.

The long train on which Dwight was travel-	8
ing had been standing at a little way station	16
for half an hour. Something was wrong with	24
the engine. But Dwight did not care. He	32
was watching a freckle-faced boy, about his	40
own age, playing ball by himself in a little	49
yard not far from the track. The boy was so	59

used to trains that he did not look up, but 69
kept on playing. At last, however, he saw 77
Dwight at the window of the nearest coach. 85
They grinned at each other. 90

Without knowing it, Dwight cupped his 96
hands as if he were waiting for the ball. 105
"What kind of ball is that?" he called. 113

"Red rubber!" the freckled boy called 119
back. Then he added, "Want to look at it?" 128

Before Dwight could answer, he had raised 135
one arm and tossed the ball. Dwight caught 143
it. He pulled out his own pocketknife. "This 151
is what I play with on the train," he said. 161

The freckle-faced boy looked eager. "I 168
never have had a knife," he said, grinning 176
cheerfully. 177

Just at that moment someone called the 184
freckled boy quickly, and he turned to run. 192
"I'll be back in a second!" he called to 201
Dwight. 202

The red rubber ball was not much of a 211
ball, Dwight thought. It already had a 218
hole in it, and the bounce was nearly gone. 227
He was so busy looking at it that he did not 238
notice when the wheels slowly began to 245
move. All at once he looked up. The train 254

was well under way, and the little yard and the freckled boy were far behind.

"I've carried off that boy's ball!" cried Dwight in dismay. He told his father what had happened. "I don't even know his name," he added.

"I'm afraid there's nothing we can do but wait till we come back this way two weeks from now," his father said. "The train always stops here for a few minutes for water."

About two weeks later, when the long train stopped again at the way station, Dwight was looking out anxiously. There was no one in the yard.

"What shall I do?" he said. He held the ball tight. There was something heavy inside it, and a string with a note tied to it hung from the hole. The heavy thing was a slim new pocketknife with three bright blades. The note said, "I had to put something in the ball to give it weight, so it wouldn't fall in the wrong place. Keep the knife."

The precious minutes were flying, but Dwight did not like to throw the ball without seeing the owner. If he only knew the

boy's name, he could call. Then all at once 453
 he remembered his face very distinctly— 459
 round and jolly and peppered with freckles. 466
 Perhaps they called him "Freckles," for fun! 473
 He leaned out of the window and put his 482
 hands to his mouth. "Ho, Freckles!" he 489
 called. 490

Instantly the jolly face appeared at an open 498
 upstairs window. It looked surprised, and 504
 then pleased. The signal was given for the 512
 train to move; there was not an instant to 521
 be lost. 523

"Catch!" cried Dwight. 526

The other boy made ready, and the red 534
 rubber ball flew through the air. The boy 542
 in the window caught it squarely. 548

He looked more puzzled than ever at sight 556
 of the string and the note. Then Dwight, 564
 gazing back as the train moved faster and 572
 faster, saw him jerk the knife out of the ball. 582
 The freckle-faced boy broke into a broad 590
 grin. He leaned out of the window of the 599
 little house and waved with all his might to 608
 the boy at the window of the speeding train. 617

—NANCY BYRD TURNER

There are fifteen sentences in this list. Some are true. Some are not. Can you choose the true statements without looking back at the lesson? Copy the numbers of the true sentences on your paper.

1. Dwight was traveling on a long train. ✓
2. Something was wrong with the engine. ✓
3. Dwight was watching the girls play ball.
4. The girls saw Dwight watching them and grinned at him.
5. Dwight cupped his hands for the ball. ✓
6. The ball was a blue cloth one.
7. Dwight caught the ball. ✓
8. Dwight showed his pocketknife to the freckled boy. ✓
9. The freckle-faced boy said that he had two knives.
10. The freckled boy was called away. ✓
11. The train started before Dwight knew what was happening. ✓
12. Dwight was sorry that he had the ball. ✓
13. Dwight came back three months later.
14. He returned the ball with a pocketknife. ✓
15. The present made the freckled-faced boy happy. ✓

Find the number of words you read in a minute. If you have forgotten how to do this, turn to the directions on page 12. Write this score in your notebook after your first score.

How much have you improved?

If you have not improved, turn to page 19 to find out what you should do to help yourself become a faster reader.

PINE TREE

Have you ever played Pine Tree? If you have not, you have no idea how much fun it is. In the afternoon, when you are feeling sleepy and Oh! so tired, how would you like to play a standing-up game. What a rest it will be!

The leader stands before the class. When the leader says, "Pine Trees," everyone stands. The players stretch their arms above their heads. They stretch and stretch! They keep the tips of their fingers together so that the pine tree will be pointed at the top.

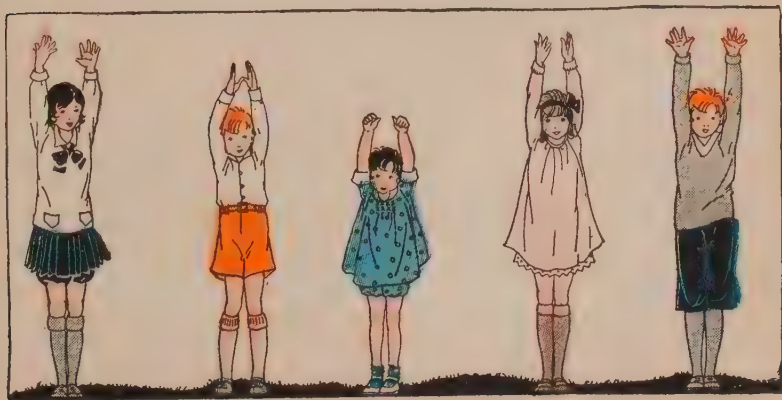


The leader will say, "Up! Down!" until he sees your pine tree is straight and tall.

"Wind in the tree tops!" is the next direction. Then the branches should wave in the breeze. Your arms are the branches. The wind is growing stronger!

"Strong wind!" is the next command. Your branches will sway in the breeze. The branches, of course, are your arms. But the storm grows worse. The last direction is most fun!

"Storm in the woods," the leader should say. Then that strong young pine tree must bend and bow with the breeze. The whole tree—top, branches, leaves, and trunk—sways with the wind. If you play the game twice, you will find that you are wide-awake and ready for work.



CHOOSE THE RIGHT WORD

Number the lines on your paper from 1 to 10, and write after each number the correct word for the paragraph with the number.

1. The kitten was soft and warm as she snuggled up in my lap with half-shut eyes and purred her contentment to the fire.

What word best describes the kitten? **Cross, faithful, comfortable, graceful.**

2. Old Mother Hubbard
 Went to the cupboard
 To get her poor dog a bone.
 When she got there,
 The cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.

What word describes the dog? **Satisfied, hungry, fat, contented.**

3. Margaret saw that her mother was taking a nap, so she tiptoed to the door and closed it.

The voices of the children playing in the living room might have awakened her mother.

What word describes Margaret? **Careless, happy, vain, selfish, thoughtful.**

4. Arnold saw an elderly woman on the corner. She seemed afraid to cross. He touched his cap and asked if he could help her across. She was very grateful and thanked him for his kindness. He told her that he was glad to help her, took off his cap, and hurried away.

What word best describes Arnold? **Cheerful, boisterous, courteous, unkind.**

5. The dog held the stick so firmly in his jaws that Tom could not get it away from him. Tom pulled and pulled, but the dog held on tightly. At last Tom decided to let the dog keep the stick.

What word best describes the dog's grip? **Weak, light, pleasant, strong.**

6. The horse whinnied softly. The boy went up to him and petted him. The horse arched his neck and seemed to ask for more attention. The boy stroked his mane and gave him some sugar.

What word best describes the horse? **Wild, beautiful, gentle, vicious.**

7. The baby had pink cheeks, a little fat face, plump little arms, and dimpled knees. She was crowing happily to herself. When her mother lifted her from the carriage, she laughed.

What word best describes the baby? **Pale, healthy, weak, cross.**

8. The basket-ball game was a hard one. Both teams played well. The players were about the same size and they played a fast game. The Reds won.

What word describes the game? **Interesting, dull, slow, unfair.**

9. Charles was reading an interesting book. His mother called him and asked him to go on an errand for her. Charles put a slip of paper in his book to keep the place and started at once, saying, "Yes, mother, I'm coming."

Which word describes Charles? **Insolent, obedient, contrary, unfortunate.**

10. You have finished your dinner. You wish to go outside to play. You say, "Please, may I be excused?" When your father or mother gives you permission, you leave quietly.

What group of words tells about you? **Ill-tempered, well-mannered, quick-witted.**

PROVE YOUR ANSWER

In the front part of this book is a Table of Contents. See if you can remember the name of the selection about which each of these questions is asked. Then turn to the Table of Contents. See how quickly you can find the answers to the questions.

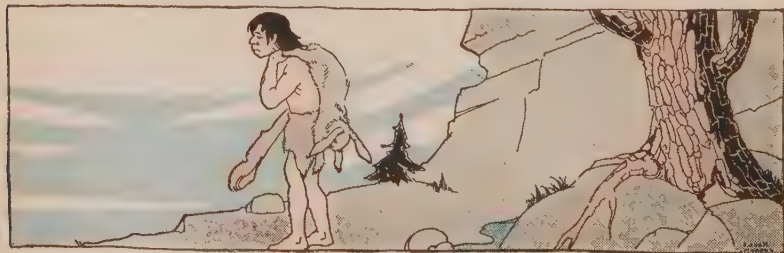
1. Find one sentence that tells why the automobile is the most dangerous weapon in America.
2. How did the French children, Jean and Susanne, earn money for their bank account?
3. Why did Chester Brown return the nuts?
4. What did Mrs. Wobble think one must do to get a drink of water?
5. Do the Arabs move with moving vans?
6. How do Indians keep wild rice safe until they want it?
7. Name three interesting facts about the homes of the Czechoslovakians.
8. Why was Margaret Fall frightened?
9. From what is artificial silk made?
10. What did Dwight give the boy who owned the red rubber ball?

THE NEEDS OF MAN

Long before you began to read, you heard stories of animals. Perhaps you began with the little red hen and were glad that she found some wheat. Even if you set a trap for the mice in your mother's pantry, you always wanted the city mouse and the country mouse to get home safe and sound. Peter Rabbit is a friend you would not harm for the world even if he does steal things from the garden.

You also are fond of big, awkward Mrs. Bear and her cunning, playful little cubs. You have gone with the sly, clever fox, hunting for a chicken dinner. Of course you wanted him to get away from the dog, and he usually did.

Did you ever stop to think what these animals were all doing most of the time? What was the

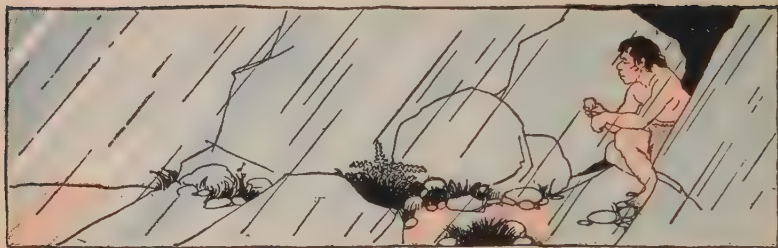


little red hen hunting for when she found the wheat? Why did the country mouse go to the city? Why did Peter Rabbit risk his neck day after day in the lettuce beds?

How many have guessed that all these animals were hunting for food? Of course they were. And if you had to live in the woods, that is just what you would be doing. Indeed, if you found no one in the house when you went home from school, you would begin to hunt for food before many hours. It is the first thing we all need. The things we must have if we are to live are sometimes called the *needs of man*.

What do you think is the need next in importance to food? Animals do not feel this need. Mother Nature supplies it for them. Does this help you to guess? People everywhere have to work for it. In very warm countries it is not so important as it is in cold countries. To meet this second need, men use cotton, wool, silk, and

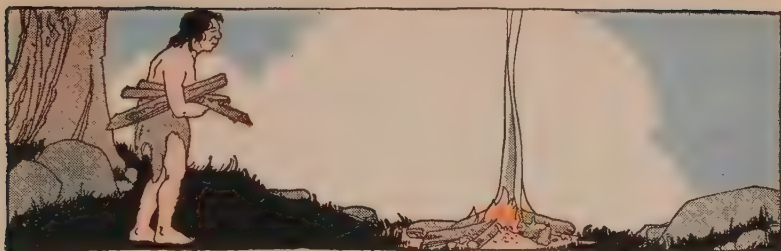




the skins of animals. Now you can all guess the name of this second need. It is clothing.

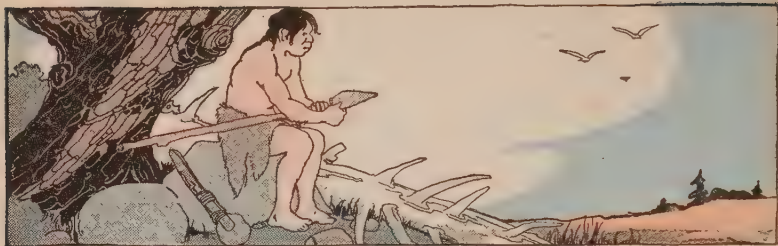
The third need is a little like the second. It is different in one way because many animals, like the beaver and the rabbit, work for it much as they do for food. Man meets this need for the animals that work for him, like the horse, the cow, the dog, and the cat. These are called domestic animals. Hundreds of thousands of years ago man met this need by finding a cave in the rocks. Later he made a frame out of small trees and put the skins of animals on it. Then he built huts out of clay with roofs of boughs and grass. Then he gradually learned to use logs, bricks, stone, and many other materials. Yes, the third need is shelter.

The next, or fourth, need of man is one that the wild animals do not have at all. Your dog and cat enjoy some extra comforts because you give them the means of satisfying this need.



Probably there was a time when man did not know that he could cook his food and heat his cave. Now we have told you what this fourth need is. You will say *fire*. It would be better to say *fuel*, for that is what man must find if he is to have a fire. Write *fuel* after the number 4 on your paper.

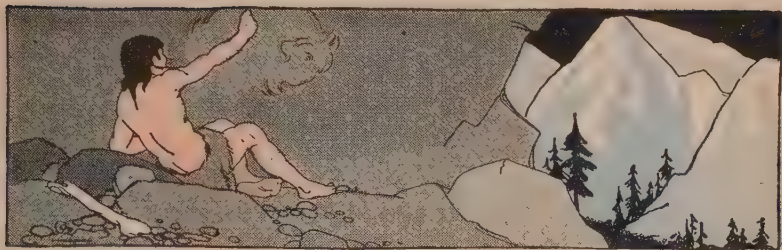
Probably you know something of the beaver who is the most wonderful builder in the animal world. He cuts down trees with his teeth. He carries mud and stones, and builds wonderful dams on streams and then builds his house, usually right in the ponds made by the dams. But there is this difference between man and the beaver and all other animals. Man makes and uses tools. Think of anything you eat, drink, or wear. It was either made or brought to you with the help of tools. Sometimes it is said that the difference between man and the lower animals is that man makes and uses tools.



Man has a sixth need that is somewhat different from these five. You would never guess it. Perhaps some people would say it is not a need at all, but you won't agree with them. Man's sixth need is playthings.

Man has thousands and thousands of different kinds of playthings. They may be almost anything—a baby's rattle, a ball, a doll, a bicycle, or an automobile, a radio, a piano, or a steam yacht. A book may be a plaything to amuse us with a story, or it may be a tool that shows us how to get food, clothing, shelter, and the other things we need.

It is not always easy nor is it necessary to decide between the tool and the plaything. But we should miss most of the joy of living if we had no playthings. You can easily think of playthings you use. If you will think a bit harder, you will see that your father and mother and their friends have as many as you do, only they



call them by other names. Whether we say a thing is a plaything or a tool depends upon its use.

Think of the men and women you know and of the things they do as a business or occupation. You will find that they are busy providing for one or more of these needs. Take the farmer, for example. He spends most of his time providing food or clothing for himself and for others. He raises much more wheat, corn, vegetables, and cotton than he needs for himself. Of course he cannot use all his cotton or wool to make clothes for himself and his family. But he does not raise the things he needs to build a house to provide his own shelter. Neither does he raise his own fuel, the fourth need, nor tools, the fifth. How is he to provide for these last three needs? Of course he sells his extra food or clothing and gets the shelter, fuel, and tools that he must have.

Think about the daily work or occupations of other people you know. The storekeeper is pro-

viding for the needs of people by bringing together in a convenient place things people need. We could not ourselves go to a farm for our own butter and eggs, to Brazil for our coffee, nor to Florida or California for certain fruits. No more could we go to a factory for our clothing or tools, nor to a mine for our coal.

Now someone asks about the railroads. Of course you will answer at once that the farmer of Iowa or Minnesota cannot himself bring his corn or wheat to us. Neither can the owner of a factory himself carry or *transport*, as it is called, his mowing machine or his reaper to the farmer. So the railroad, the steamship, the truck, the canal boat—all those things that furnish transportation are really working to supply these six needs of man.

Food, clothing, shelter, fuel, tools, and play-things—these are the needs of man. In school you are learning about these needs. You are getting ready to do your share in providing some of the things other people must have for these needs. For your work in providing for others you will be paid so that you can meet all six needs for yourself.

—WILLIAM DODGE LEWIS

WRITING ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Number your papers from 1 to 8 and write the answers to the following questions:

1. Which need does nature provide for animals? Men have to work for it.

2. What is it that we could live without, but which adds much to our pleasure?

3. Which need is of most importance to both men and animals?

4. Which need do wild animals usually provide for themselves? Men supply this need for their domestic animals and themselves.

5. What is it that men need and animals do not? It is the greatest mark of difference between men and animals.

6. What is it that wild animals do not seem to need at all, but which adds much to the comforts of people and their pets?

7. How are the things we need brought to us?

8. Name some of the occupations that help to supply your needs.

THINGS TO THINK OUT

1. If you were lost alone in the woods, what would be the first thing you would look for?

2. Write a paragraph telling the way man provides for the third need of some animals. What would be a good title for this paragraph?

3. Think of a cave man fighting a tiger. What would he use that no animal ever uses?

4. Of course you cannot live long without water to drink. The author of this selection thought that water belonged under one of these five needs. Under which one of them would you place it?

Number your columns from 1 to 6 like this:

1	2	3
<u>Food</u>	<u>Clothing</u>	<u>Shelter</u>

What will be the headings for the columns numbered 4, 5, and 6? *houses*

Now read the list of words. Under which of these six headings should roller skates appear? Of course you will say, "playthings." Write roller skates under number 6.

Now place every word in the column where it belongs.

roller skates	<u>bicycle</u>	gingham	file
<u>plow</u>	corn	<u>radio</u>	<u>carrots</u>
houses	<u>coke</u>	apples	garage
coal	trout	harrow	<u>doll</u>
<u>hammer</u>	<u>piano</u>	oil	barn
wheat	furs	<u>butter</u>	screw driver
wool	bread	meat	paper dolls
wood	<u>sewing machine</u>	ball	mittens
sweater	bow and arrow	silk	<u>gas</u>
<u>knife</u>	<u>potatoes</u>	linen	shoes
<u>eggs</u>	coat	saw	milk

LEARNING TO BUILD WORDS

To make a doll's dress, you need cloth and thread. To build a toy airplane, you need wood and nails. But to do either, you must know how. When you build words, you must know how just as you must know when you sew doll clothes or when you build toy airplanes.

Words have beginning and end helpers. You must know what these helpers mean. A helper that comes at the beginning of a word is called a *prefix*. *Unkind* is the word *kind*, which of course you know, with the *un* as helper. *Unhappy* is the word *happy* with the *un* as helper.

You know that unkind means *not kind*. You know that unhappy means *not happy*. You know that unwilling means *not willing*. What does the helper *un* mean?

Be sure you know the words below. Then try to build other words to add to this list:

1. unhappy is *un* + happy. It means not happy.
2. truthful
3. able
4. hurt
5. fair

P
Prefix

STORIES TO ACT

Here are some stories to act. Read them all carefully. When you have done so, choose one which you would like to act. Then read that story again so that you will know what you are to do. If you want help, look on page 30. Try to act so well that the class will forget you and the classroom and see instead the person you are trying to be.

1. The clock struck twelve. The little maid started violently, suddenly stopped dancing, and fled from the great ballroom.

2. The huntsman crept softly up to the little house and peered into the white-curtained window. He drew back quickly and beckoned to his hidden comrades to join him.

3. With both hands the old man clutched the bundle on his back. He walked with a weary step to the bench and sat down, placing the bundle beside him. He lifted his worn hat and wiped his forehead with his old red handkerchief.

4. The boy walked down the street whistling loudly. Suddenly he stopped, listened, and

looked about him. He moved quickly to a doorway and picked up a miserable little kitten. He examined its fore paw, then very gently tied his handkerchief about it.

5. As John walked down the road, he stumbled over a big stone. He stopped, reached down, and tugged at the stone with all his strength. At last he was able to lift it to the side of the road.

6. Mary was pretending to be grown-up. She tied an old curtain around her waist, fastened a flower in her hair, and put a necklace around her neck. Then she sat down before a table and made believe she was playing the piano and singing at the same time.

7. At the sound of the music, Jack ran to the open window and leaned out. As the flag was carried by, he quickly drew back, stood erect on both feet, and brought his hand to salute.

8. The farmer dug at the roots of a weed with his hoe. Then he reached down and gave the weed a jerk. As he held it up, he shook the loose dirt from the roots, and flung the weed away.

9. The fourth grade were out in the woods on a hike. The class came to a camping place. The

campers who had left had not put out their camp fire. There was no water near, but two boys of the class threw sand on the burning coals. They stamped on the sand until the fire was out. Then they went on.

10. Jennings was the leader of the band. He arranged the members of the band in place. He gave the signal to begin. The music started. He beat time while they played the tune.

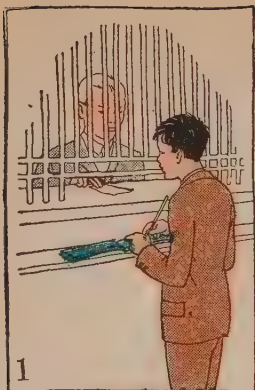
11. When George was going home from school, he saw some small children playing inside a house. One ran toward the street. An automobile was coming swiftly. George ran and caught the child before she reached the curb.

12. Charles saw a broken telephone wire that had fallen across a trolley wire. He stood some distance and warned everybody coming along until a policeman arrived.

PICTURE MATCHING

Write the following words on a piece of paper. After each word write the number of the picture which best fits each word.

city	business	victory
army	leisure	travel
money	reading	science



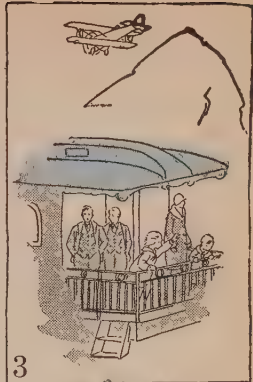
1

MOVIE



2

READING



3

TRAVEL



4

CITY



5

VICTORY



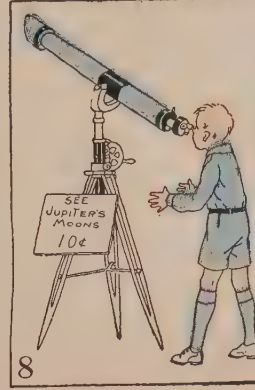
6

BUSINESS



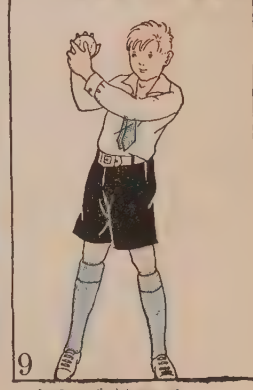
7

ARMY



8

SCIENCE



9

LEISURE



OLD MARY

Here is a story which you will find very interesting. It has a number of difficult words in it, but you will be able to understand them enough to enjoy the story. The way they are used in the story will help you to understand their meanings.

Old Mary is a mother bear, of the kind commonly called "brown," who lives and raises her families on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. For more than five years I have met her there every summer at the "bear pit" in Giant Forest.

When I say I have *met* her, I mean that I know Mary—she doesn't know I am there; at least, I hope she doesn't. To meet her face-to-face would be anything but fun, for when she stands upright, Old Mary is quite a bit over six feet tall.

She brings her babies daily, during the tourist season at Giant Forest, to the "bear pit." There the animals are fed with the scraps from the tables of the inn and the camps.

Some years she brings twins, some years triplets; but whether she hunts food for two or three, Old Mary always finds plenty. Her babies are always well fed and healthy.

Last year, when I went up to Giant Forest, I found my camp site just as I had left it the last October. There were the posts, waiting for my tent cloth. There was the cupboard I had built the year before, the armchair I had nailed together from broken bits of tree branches, the bench I had made from half a log, with its bark still on. There was the rough frame to hold my camp bed, and the shelf to support my oil cook-stove.

Jim, one of the guards who feed the bears at the "bear pit," came by to gather up the garbage.

"How are the bears this year?" I asked him.

"Hungry," replied Jim. "I don't need a bell to let them know it's supper time. They're all there, waiting for me when I bring up the pails."

"Is Old Mary back?" I asked him.

"*Is she!*" laughed Jim. "She's right there with all four feet, and the cutest pair of cubs you ever saw. They're my favorites this year—I've even named them."

"What names?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I've named the darker of the two 'Jimmy' for me. He's so playful that he's always getting into trouble. Old Mary has her hands full, bringing up a son like that."

"And the other?"

"The light-brown one has such good manners," he laughed, "that I've named her Susy, after my pet sister at home. Little Susy is mamma's pet, too. Old Mary is mighty proud of her. She gives little Jimmy all the spankings—and he needs them. Want to come up now, and see?"

Of course I did, and we went.

The "bear pits" at Giant Forest are not "pits" at all—just a cleared place on the edge of the forest quite a way from camp. Even so, hungry bears quite often prowl at night about the camps, looking for food. The cook at the inn tells of having a dozen berry pies stolen by the bears one night. And a locked automobile, which was full of food, was once wrecked by Bruin so that he might feast upon the goodies inside. However, the bears are mostly well-behaved enough to wait for their food—and Jim, at the "bear pits."

When I first used to go to Giant Forest, the food for the bears was dumped out on the flat

rocks. But it was hard to keep things clean that way. Now there is a trough which runs around three sides of a square of about twenty-five feet.

I watched Jim empty the scraps in piles along this trough. The bears were watching, too. They peeked out at him from behind the trees. As soon as he had finished, they came swinging down the slope of the clearing where the trough is. Jim was right. They did look hungry. The tourist season was just opening and they had been finding their own food.

"They'll all be good and fat by July," Jim said. "You must stay on that side of the fence."

"But what a queer fence," I replied. "Anybody could easily step through between the wires. Besides, it just runs along about one hundred feet and stops. Any bear that was too big to come through between the wires could walk down to that post and step around the end of the fence. It wouldn't keep any bear in."

"That fence isn't supposed to keep the bears in," said Jim. "It's to keep the tourists out. You never know what foolish thing a tourist may be going to do. Why, some of them seem

to think that just because this is 'Uncle Sam's' park, and no one can carry a gun, that all these animals are pets. I tell you, ever since one clawed me last year, I don't go too near to them. We put up that fence and those bleacher seats just to stop the visitors to the park from coming too close to the bears. However well-mannered a bear may be, he doesn't care for social affairs at mealtime. You'd better go and sit on the bleachers while you watch them feed."

I did as Jim told me. I always obey these Forest Rangers. They seem to know everything about things in the wilds. It is their care, knowledge, and faithfulness which keeps the National Parks for the use of all the people.

"There comes Old Mary, now," Jim called to me across the fence. "She has the babes-in-the-woods with her."

Sure enough! Old Mary was coming. Her great bulk swayed from side to side as she came into the clearing, followed by her this-year's twins.

Jim and Susy were as cunning a pair of cubs as you'll find anywhere. Jimmy was as dark as Old Mary herself; Susy was a golden brown. They followed their mother like good little bears.

When she reached a point about one hundred feet from the feeding place, Old Mary stopped, lifted herself on her haunches, sniffed, and screwed her nozzle into a very ugly-looking snarl. She did this to warn off other bear mothers who were bringing their babies, also, for supper at the trough.

At this, all the other mothers stood up on their haunches, sniffed, screwed their nozzles up, and snarled. It was very amusing. They looked like naughty children making faces at each other.

Then the mothers seemed to think that there would be less trouble if they placed their babies apart, and carried food to them from the trough. Each mother chose the place where she thought her cubs would be safest. Old Mary was very clever about it. She chose a big tree down very close to the fence. She seemed to know that her cubs were in much less danger from the people on the public side than from the other bears on the bears' side. She led her cubs to the foot of this tree and made a little rumbling noise. It seemed as though she were saying:

"Now, children, sit down here and be good. I'll go over there and bring you some of that



good-smelling food. Sit still." Off she started for the trough.

The cubs sat down obediently beneath the tree. That is, Susy did. Jimmy only "made believe." His mother's back was hardly turned when he decided that he, too, wanted to visit the trough. He sniffed toward Susy, but she was sitting very still, just where Mary had told her to. Jimmy stopped, then started to follow his mother. He seemed to know that he was being disobedient, for he took the greatest pains not to be seen or heard.

But he couldn't fool Old Mary. Her sharp ears caught something. Swiftly she turned on him with a soft, "Ouff!" That was enough for Jimmy. He fell over himself getting back to his place beside Susy, who sat so still, looking so good. Jimmy snuggled up close to her. He seemed to think he might thus fool Old Mary into thinking he hadn't moved.

But Jimmy couldn't fool Old Mary. She swung her head at him and scolded him in bear language. Jimmy shivered and snuggled all the closer to angel Susy. It was easy to see that he was afraid of his mother.

Old Mary started the second time for the trough. Jimmy sat still for a few minutes. Then his sniffing little brown nozzle caught the smell of food. It was too much for him. Again he stole after his mother.

This time he got much closer before she saw him. When she did, she gave him a slap that sent him spinning. He scurried back to the well-behaved Susy and sat down whimpering.

But it couldn't last. The strain on him was too great. He just *had* to know what smelled so good. For the third time, he decided to try to follow his mother.



By this time Old Mary was at the trough. Several big bears sniffed and snarled at her, in protest at her presence. She was so busy replying to these ugly remarks in kind that she did not see her son until he stood beside her at the trough. He was eating a bit of bacon rind; when she did see him—oh, me—oh, my! Her snort of rage sent chills all over me. What it did to Jimmy I can only guess. No little boy bear in all the world ever ran faster from his mother's anger than Jimmy did then. He ran so fast that his hind legs seemed to pass his front legs; and

Old Mary ran after him. The look in her eye plainly said:

“A spanking!”

Jimmy and Susy knew well what was coming. Susy knew that she had been good, but did Old Mary know it? Susy took no chances. She hiked up that tree as fast as if she had committed all of Jimmy's sins and some of her own besides.

Up she flew and out upon a branch to the right. Up came Jimmy and out upon a branch to the left. Up came Old Mary, almost as fast as her children.

You could see that Jimmy hoped she wouldn't know which one had been naughty. But she did. You can't fool Old Mary. And the awful things she said to him! All the little bears on the ground below ran into the forest and hid; and all the mother bears stood up on their haunches and watched. Perhaps they wanted to learn how Old Mary kept order in her family. They learned.

Out she came upon the left-hand branch. Jimmy backed out farther and farther away from her, till he had got out to the small end of the branch; and she followed till their noses were almost touching.

Old Mary growled and thundered her wrath. Jimmy shook and shivered in fright. The branch swayed this way and that, till the two bears had to cling with all their claws to stick on.

They might have stayed thus for a long time, but Old Mary's anger made her forget that she was far out on a branch of a tree, high in the air. She lifted her great paw and gave Jimmy a clip on the side of the head that sent him spinning into space. Down he fell in a brown, furry ball. Up he bounced like a rubber one and made a bee line for the tree. Without losing a single count for breath, he started up the tree again. That was all very well for Jimmy—he was young and could stand punishment, but Old Mary was in trouble. She was much too far out on the small end of the branch. The force of her blow at Jimmy had upset her. The branch swung back and forth dangerously. Old Mary was frightened. She clawed desperately to keep her hold.

Suddenly, with a sharp snap, the end of the branch broke off, and poor Old Mary fell to the ground. It knocked the wind out of her. Across the fence, I saw Jim taking the count for her.

“One, two, three—”

Good Old Mary! Before the count of four, she sat up and looked about her. Above her, side by side in the safety of the tree, sat Jimmy and Susy, looking down at Mother. Old Mary rose unsteadily and started in bear language to give them a piece of her mind.

I fled down the path to my camp. If I stayed, I knew I should burst into shouts of laughter; and I had no wish to have Old Mary chase me out on to the small end of a branch. I have a wholesome respect for Old Mary.

—ALICE C. D. RILEY

WHO IS WHO?

The words in the list given below tell about the three main characters in the story. At the top of your paper write the headings—"Old Mary," "Susy," and "Jimmy" as shown below. Under each heading write the numbers of the words and phrases that describe or belong to each character.

1, obedient; 2, whimpering; 3, disobedient; 4, wrath; 5, growled and thundered; 6, self-righteous; 7, playful; 8, clawed desperately; 9, good manners; 10, rose unsteadily; 11, shivered in fright; 12, naughty; 13, golden brown; 14, great bulk; 15, a brown furry ball; 16, clever; 17, ugly looking snarl; 18, sniffing little brown nozzle; 19, "made believe"; 20, snort of rage.

Old Mary

4

Susy

1

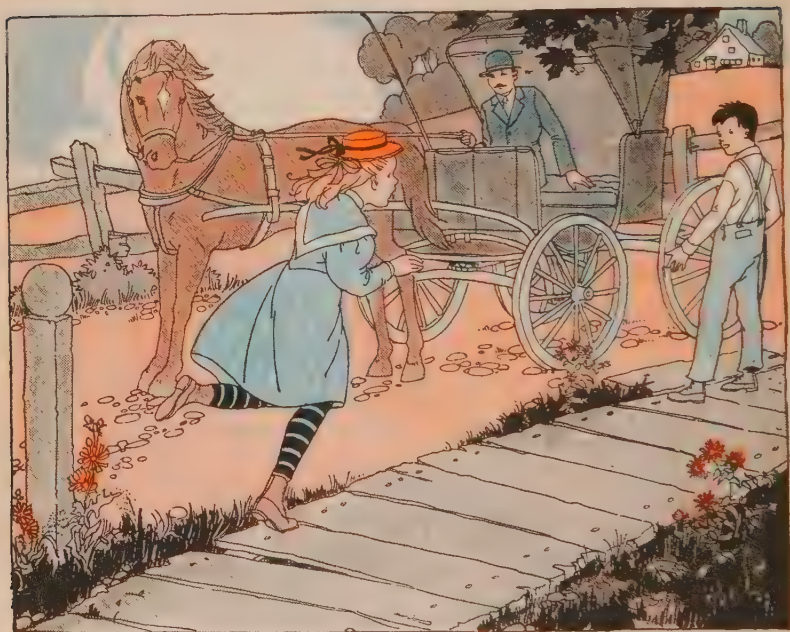
Jimmy

2

DOBBIN AND THE AUTOMOBILE

Have you ever stopped to think how many things you have that your grandmothers and grandfathers did not even know about when they were children? How should you have liked to live in the days when there were no radios, no airplanes, no moving-picture shows, and no automobiles? We are so used to these things that we think nothing of them. This story will help you to realize what a difference automobiles have made to us.

As you skim along the road in an automobile, you find it hard to believe that less than forty years ago men had none of these wonderful machines. They had to go from place to place in wagons drawn by horses. One of these wagons, or buggies as they were called, usually had a seat large enough for only two people. While many of them had covers that could be put up or folded down, they gave little protection from rain or snow driven by a hard wind. As you rush along in your car, protected from wind, cold, and rain in your little glass house, try to think how new all this comfort is and how different from what used to be.



For example, suppose we take a little trip of thirty miles at the time your grandfather was a young man. Let us imagine that we are going to Grandfather's home for Thanksgiving. First we must be sure that Old Dobbin, the horse, has had his breakfast of hay and oats. We say breakfast, because no one would start to drive thirty miles after dinner. You say that you can go thirty miles in your automobile in an hour. Of course you can; but it was an all-day

trip for old Dobbin. So, you see, you will have to start the day before Thanksgiving or very early Thanksgiving morning if you are to be on time for the turkey.

Now we must put on the harness, and hitch the faithful horse to the buggy. He may jump and dance around in his hurry to get started; so you should be ready to go as soon as he is "hitched up." He will not wait as your automobile does. If you were to leave him, he probably would ramble off after something to eat; or if he were a lively young animal, he would run away and smash the buggy.

Once started, your horse would trot at what seems pretty fast for him, say ten miles an hour. People seeing you go so fast would say, "Isn't that Mr. Jones a terrible driver? He will surely kill his horse."

But you would not keep going at the rate of ten miles an hour very long. Even if the horse could keep up the pace, you surely would find roads where he must walk. Thanksgiving comes late in the fall, and there would be great stretches where the mud was from three to ten inches deep. The wheels would throw perfect sprays of mud over you, the buggy, and Mr. Dobbin if you

tried to drive fast. And of course it would be very hard for him to trot if his hoofs were sinking into the mud at every step. Then, too, he would have to walk up the hills or he would soon tire out. And if he did not walk down the steep hills, he would stumble and wreck the buggy.

Your horse might go five or six miles or even more the first hour, but few horses could make thirty miles in five or six hours. Probably it would take a good part of a day for the trip. When you reached Grandfather's, you would be tired and so would Dobbin. Now he must be unhitched and unharnessed, rubbed down, and blanketed. You must not feed and water him at once because he would be too warm, but after an hour or so you must go back to give him water, hay, and grain. Before going to bed at night, your father or someone else must go to the barn and put plenty of straw in the stall for Dobbin's bed and see that he is all right. In the morning, too, he must feed and water the horse. Then he must use the curry comb and the brush to "clean him off." Before starting he would have to put on the harness and hitch him to the buggy.

So, you see, you have a pretty easy time of it now. Your father runs the car out of the garage, and it never thinks of galloping away until you are all ready. Then he pushes the starter, and buzz goes the engine. He throws it in gear, and you drive merrily along at twenty-five or thirty-five miles an hour, up hill and down to your journey's end. You can forget all about the weather. If it rains, you put up the curtains or the windows. Soon you are at Grandfather's.

When you reach Grandfather's, your father does not have to think about his car again. He simply runs it into the garage and stops the engine. He must look out for three things, water, gas, and oil; but he can attend to all these in a few minutes at any filling station along the road. Dobbin had to have food and water regularly. The automobile, on the other hand, can be washed and oiled whenever it is most convenient.

You may have started from home at noon, but you made your thirty-mile trip easily and have arrived in plenty of time for the Thanksgiving dinner. You don't need to hurry now. You can have a good visit after dinner. You know that the trip home will take only an hour instead of all day. You can return Thanksgiving day or

early next morning. Best of all, neither you nor the automobile will be tired out by a long, tedious journey. Aren't you glad you live in the day of automobiles?

— WILLIAM DODGE LEWIS

THINGS TO DO

1. An automobile is generally built to carry five people.
Does such a car carry more or fewer people than a buggy?
2. Why is an automobile more comfortable than a buggy?
3. About how long does it take an automobile to go as far as a horse could go in a day?
4. Why did the author write this story:
 - a. To teach a lesson.
 - b. To tell about an adventure.
 - c. To give information.
5. Arrange the following list of words:

Some of these words Dobbin would know; some he would not know. Arrange in separate columns the words which make you think of Dobbin and the words which make you think of the automobile.

filling station	grain	trot	starter	garage
whip	sedan	hoofs	blanket	gas
hay	buggies	batteries	harness	oil
unhitch	oats	engine	gear	jump
horn	engine	curry comb	curtains	dance

GET A HORSE

The first automobile race in America had begun. From the starting line, two automobiles clattered forward. They were the first "horseless carriages" the people of Chicago had ever seen.

Crowds lined the streets. They saw two machines that looked much like the carriages usually drawn by horses, except that there were no horses. A motor and a tank filled with gasoline were to take the place of the faithful animals. The four wheels were like those of ordinary carriages, but the seats rose a little higher. Instead of reins, the drivers were using a steering rod.

The two cars gasped and groaned. They rattled on slowly, side by side. A crowd of men and boys followed. This was to be a race of ninety miles! Suddenly one of the cars stopped; the driver could not start it again. He tried and tried, but nothing would make it go.

"Get a horse! Get a horse!" yelled the crowd.

But the driver was too busy trying to find the trouble with his machine. He didn't have time to listen. If only the automobile would move!



“Get a horse!” the crowd shouted.

By this time the other automobile had reached the corner. The crowd ran after it. Just then this automobile stopped, too.

“Get a horse!” the crowd roared with delight.

This driver did not need any. He found the place where a bolt had dropped out of the motor. He repaired his car and it moved on.

He had not traveled twenty feet when the automobile stopped again. This time it took ten minutes to find what was the matter and start the car. At length it rattled on once again. The other car left behind was now repaired and followed close, but once more it stopped. It could not be started again, and so was out of the race.

Of course the first car now had every chance to win the race. It did. But what a race! It took eight hours and forty-eight minutes to cover ninety miles. During the race the winning automobile stopped ten times for repairs and several times more to take on gasoline and cakes of ice. The ice was used to cool the engine.

All of this happened back in 1895. Imagine such a race today. And remember that this change has come in just a few years.

—SAMUEL BERMAN

-
1. Where was this race held? When?
 2. Why did the crowd yell "Get a Horse!"?
 3. How long did it take to cover ninety miles?

THE GIANT'S NEW YEAR

You will be asked to write a title or heading for each of the parts of the story.

This is a story that you should be able to read rapidly.

I

Many years ago there lived in a certain country a Count. His home was in a beautiful castle. He owned many acres of land. There was a time when he was very rich. On New Year's Day the Count and Countess gave many useful presents and toys to the children of the neighborhood. They also gave away their money to people who were needy and honest. In time they gave away so much money that the Count had to sell his lands and his forests. He grew poorer and poorer until the Countess had to sell the gold and silver plates for the table.

After a while they had so little money that they had to send away all their servants, except one old man who had been with them for many a year. Then the poor Count and Countess had

a hard time to find enough food and clothing for themselves and their one faithful old servant.

II

One evening near the end of December the Count and Countess were sitting together after their frugal supper in the great dining hall of the castle. It was lighted only by some dry knots of wood burning in the fireplace.

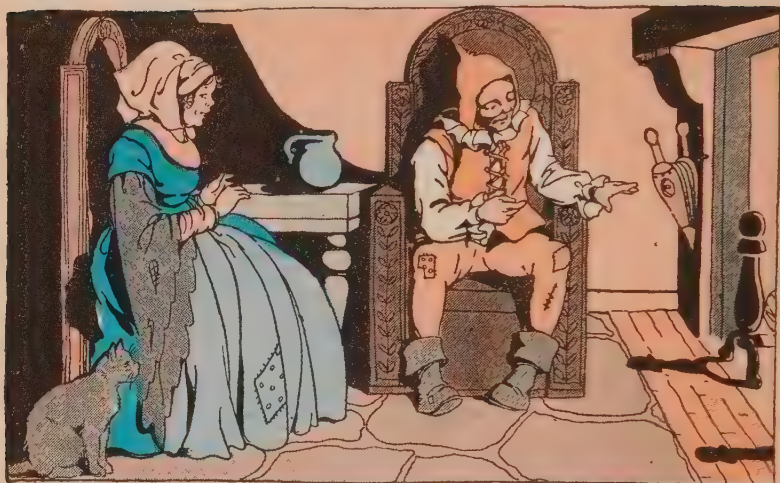
"This year, dear husband," said the Countess, as she pulled her chair nearer to the hearth, "we cannot invite the poor children."

"Why not?" asked the Count.

"Because we cannot give them anything. We have no presents nor clothes for them, and nothing to make them happy."

"But, then," replied the Count, "how disappointed they will be when they come for their usual entertainment. They have no other pleasure the whole year and have got accustomed to this and really expect it, the poor children. I will sell something to the neighbors, and we can give them some presents and refreshments."

"I'd like to know what you intend to sell," said the Countess. "I don't think that we have anything left that we can spare."



"We still have the old family bed. It is made of costly wood, ornamented with gold and silver. I can get a good deal of money for that."

"You're going to sell the family bed?" cried out the Countess. "The bed in which so many of your ancestors have slept and died! The only bed that we have left!"

"That doesn't matter. You can sleep on the sofa, and I'll sleep on the floor."

"On the floor at your age? Do you want to catch your death of cold?"

"But what if the children don't get their feast?"

The Countess had nothing to say, and so she kept quiet.



III

On the morning of this same day a young giant came into the forest not very far away from the Count's castle. Suddenly, a little fairy jumped on to the forefinger of his right hand.

"Well, well!" she exclaimed. "How is it that I find you two hundred miles away from your home? Tell me why you are taking such a long walk."

"I have very important business," he answered. "I am out to seek my fortune."

"Where are you going now?" asked the fairy.

"I am going to see if my grandfather's uncle is dead yet. I am one of the first heirs, and the old man is very rich. When I get my share of the inheritance, I'll be free from care for the rest of my life."

"I think," said the fairy, "that it's not a very nice way to live, to be looking for somebody's death."

"That's true," replied the giant, "but I have been waiting since the time when I was very little."

The fairy looked at him amazed. "It seems impossible that you were ever small," she remarked.

"Yes, indeed; when I was a child I was not any bigger than a horse."

"And I was the size of a bean," laughed the fairy.

The giant laughed, too, but at the word "bean" he remembered that he was hungry. "I'll have to stop somewhere to beg something to eat."

"Let's both go, but not to the same place," suggested the fairy. "You certainly look as hungry as a wolf."

"Well, at the end of the forest, about fifty miles from here, there's a big house. I will go there," said the giant, "and you can go to the Count's. I'll go with you to the edge of the woods. When you have finished eating, come back to this oak tree, and we will go on together again. The Count is very poor, it is true; but he'll have enough for a fairy to eat."

So the giant placed the fairy on the ground, and while she went toward the castle, he strode alone to the big house in the valley.

IV

In two or three hours they met again at the same place. The giant picked up the fairy and put her on his forefinger, and they walked on.

"You told me the Count was poor," said the fairy, "but you ought to see with your own eyes how poor he is. As I came in, they were just at dinner, and sitting by a cold fireplace. They

spoke confidentially together, and I didn't want to disturb them, so I jumped up on the table to pick up something myself. Their dinner was certainly very meager. For me there was plenty, because I am satisfied with crumbs; but even these were so hard and dried up that I could hardly bite them. When I heard what they were telling each other, I understood their poverty."

"Do you think that it's nice to listen when other people are talking to each other?"

"Perhaps not," responded the fairy, "but let me tell you. They were talking about a New Year's feast, and about presents which they used to give the children in former years. Although they are so poor, they are going to do it this year, too."

"Where will they get the money to buy presents?"

"The Count is going to sell the family bed."

The giant cried out in amazement, "What? Is he going to sell the famous family bed of the noble Rugger family so as to be able to give presents to the children?"

"Yes."

"Really! I never heard of such a thing before. How sorry I am for him! We must prevent it."

As they were pitying the fate of the noble family, they came to a fork in the road where their ways separated.

"God be with you, fairy," said the giant. "I'll leave you with your sisters. We shall meet again when I get back."

"If you prefer, I will go with you," answered the fairy. "I should like to know what it looks like in the castle which belongs to your grandfather's uncle. Nobody will notice my presence."

"Come on, then," replied the giant.

V

So they went on together, and presently reached the castle gate, before which there sat a fierce-looking guard on watch. He was a big man, but he came up only to the giant's knee.

"Guard!" cried the giant, "how is my grandfather's uncle, the famous Giant Tamorig?"

"He died a month ago," was the answer, "and his property has been divided among his heirs."

"That is not possible. I am an heir, and I have not had any of it."

"I can't answer for that," said the guard. "I was given orders to give this reply to everybody."



"Who told you to?"

"My lord Somarig, the sole heir."

"Somarig?" cried the giant. "What a cheat he is! He is only a cousin nine degrees removed on the wife's side. Where is he? Take me to him."

"I believe he's not receiving any visitors to-day," replied the guard.

"Open the door, or I'll crush you," roared the giant.

The fierce-looking guard turned pale, and opened the door wide so that the giant and the fairy could go through. There, in a large room, sat another giant, old and wrinkled. When he saw the young giant walking toward him, he seemed to shrink into his chair and move closer to the fireplace where the logs crackled merrily.

"Somarig!" cried the young giant, "how dare you take possession of this castle?"

"My cousin wished it so," answered the frightened giant.

"Say, rather, that you have ousted all the heirs and stolen everything."

"Not really; everyone got his share."

"I'm one of those who did not get anything, and I will have what belongs to me. Come with me, so that I can take it."

"I cannot; I am sick. I will send the steward with you."

Somarig rang the bell, and there came in a little man with a big head, whose rumpled hair was white as snow on one side, and black as ink on the other.

"Here's another heir," said the old giant in a tired voice, as he seemed to shrink deeper into his chair. "Let him choose, give him his share."

VI

The steward led him through a string of rooms filled with weapons.

"If I should choose from among these, I would have to have a lot of wagons to get them out with. Isn't there anything else in the castle?" inquired the young giant.

"Everything else belongs to my master."

"Let me choose, or else—"

The steward led him into other rooms in which there was some furniture.

"That's pretty," said the giant. "I'll mark with chalk what I pick out for myself, and you can send it to me."

"Yes," said the steward, "I'll send everything to you when you go away."

Thereupon the giant took a piece of chalk, and marked so much that it would be enough to furnish a whole castle. Then he asked, "Where is the money?"

"Sir," cried the steward in terror, "there isn't any money here."

The giant made no reply, but picked the little man up by the feet and shook him so thoroughly that a huge key fell out of his pocket.



“Ha, ha! The key to the gold! Now be quick, or else I will find it by myself.”

As he was stepping down into the cellar of the castle, the steward came running after him in desperation. The young giant unbolted the door and walked into a vault, where he saw heaps of gold and silver arranged along the wall. He marked dozens of them with the chalk.

"Very well, sir," said the steward, "I will send it to you when you go away."

"What is in these little rooms?" he asked.

"Those are diamonds, sir. Mark as many as you want."

"I will pick out one," said the giant to the fairy, "and it shall belong to you."

"To me!" cried the steward, who did not see the fairy.

"Oh, thank you," said the fairy, overjoyed. "I am very fond of diamonds. How happy I am that your grandfather's uncle is dead!"

"Don't talk that way," the giant cautioned her. "There are many things that it is not good to talk about." And when he had finished marking things up, he turned to the steward and said: "I will not make you any trouble. I will take some of the things away myself. See that you send me everything I have marked. Really, this castle with everything in it belongs to me."

So he put a purse full of diamonds in his pocket, swung a bag full of money over his shoulder, and went out without another word. When he came to the room in which the old giant was sitting, he stood for a moment, and said to him, "I'm taking my share of money."

I have picked out for myself some other things, and you must send those to me. Do you understand?"

The old giant looked sadly at the bag of gold which the young giant was carrying on his arm, and sighed, but made no reply.

"What will you do with such an immense fortune?" the fairy asked him when they were outside the castle.

"One part I will take to the Count," replied the giant, "so that he can give the children a royal entertainment. The rest I will take care of in my castle."

VII

The morning of New Year's Day was clear and beautiful, and the poor old Count woke up in good humor. He walked to the window, and beheld a long train of children, who were coming to his castle, with a band of music. He and the Countess went out on the terrace.

"There are more of them than usual," cried the Countess. "How can we give them enough? There are certainly more than a hundred of them."



Meanwhile the troop came into the castle. First of all walked the giant with the fairy; then came four or five musicians and, finally, a big procession of gaily dressed children in pairs.

"Go ahead, dear children," the Count greeted them. "I am glad to be your host. But you, my big friend, how can you get through my door?"

"Count," cried the fairy, who straightened herself up on the giant's finger, "I want to make you a proposition."

The good man stared at her in wonder. "What kind of pretty little fairy is that?" he asked. "Tell me, what is your plan?"

"Well, let us go into the big hall of the castle. We would like to dance."

"I am afraid that you wouldn't like it in there," he answered. "It is full of dust and spiders' webs. It is many years since anyone has stepped into it."

"But I would so much enjoy dancing around in the hall to the music of the band!"

"Well, then, if you want to," answered the Count, "go ahead."

So the Count and Countess fell in line at the end of the procession and went through the



courtyard up the grand staircase and walked into the hall. The giant opened the door and went in and nobody in the world was as surprised as the Count and Countess were to see how easily he and the fairy went through the door.

But they were more surprised at what they saw in their old hall. In the middle of the hall

stood a great table full of fancy cakes, toys, and clothes. Neither the Count nor Countess could say a word. The giant took them by the hands and led them around and around. On every present was written the name of the one it was for. Among other things a beautiful brocaded dress was there for the fairy.

It took a long while to give out all the presents, but when it was done, the fairy called out in her clear voice, "Now we're going to dance."

The band began to play at once, and all the children started to dance. The Count, the Countess, and the giant were all happy, and the fairy looked on with pleasure as the happy children danced. When the music stopped, the giant opened another door and called out:

"Now walk into the dining room. The grateful children invite the Count and Countess to a banquet. You have given them pleasure so often that now it is their turn."

Gently and tenderly the children pushed the Count and Countess into the big dining hall, where there stood a long table covered with the most delicious food. After the meal the children danced again, and they stayed until evening. But before they went home, the Count spoke a

few words to them, and to the giant he said, "I shall never be able to repay you."

VIII

The giant wanted to make some answer, but the fairy interrupted him. "You can repay him, my dear Count," she said. "You have no children, and you are getting old. He is all alone in the world, and he is rich and can be very useful to you with his big, noble heart. He can move over and live with you, you have such big rooms, and you will all be happy together."

"Would you adopt me as your son?" asked the giant.

"Heartily, gladly," was the answer.

Then the giant kneeled down, the Count stepped up on the table, and laid his hand on the giant's head with his blessing.

"Now adopt the little fairy, too," said the giant, as he embraced the Count and the Countess.

"I cannot be adopted as your child," she answered, "but I will come very often to see how happy you are, and the children shall have a beautiful New Year every year."

"So long as we live?" cried the Count and Countess.

"So long as I live!" added the giant.

Now, when the Count and Countess walked into their bedroom, they found the old family bed there again, and it glowed in a mysterious light.

"What a beautiful New Year's Day it was!" cried the good Count.

—From *Fairy Tales of All Nations*

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

I. Answer the following questions in as few words as possible.

1. How did the Count and Countess use up their wealth?

2. After their wealth was gone, how did the Count plan to get money for the children's New Year party?

3. What was the young giant's important business?

4. How did the fairy learn of the Count's plan?

5. What do you think was making Giant Somarig sick?

6. How did the young giant use part of his wealth?

7. How did the Count repay the young giant?

II. You have named paragraphs in some of the selections in this book. Now you are going to think of names for longer parts of this story. The part after the Roman I might be named *The Poor Count and Countess*. Reread as much of the story as is necessary to help you to write names for each of the parts.

THE RULES OF THE GAME

Read to find out:

1. Why we must have rules in a game, in school, or on the highways.
 2. Why these rules or laws may be called "agreements."
-

Did you ever try to play a game without any rules? Suppose it were a game of ball, for instance. If there are no rules, of course there will be no umpire. The batter hits the ball and one of the fielders catches it.

Someone says to the batter, "You're out. Give the next batter a chance."

But the batter says, "I want to bat again."

He refuses to give up his place, and finally the pitcher throws another ball. This time the batter hits a grounder. But he stands still in his place.

"Run to first base," you shout.

"I don't want to run to first base," answers the batter. "I am having a fine time, doing just what I want to do. Throw the ball and I will hit it if I can."



Of course, you cannot have a ball game in this way. Neither can you play any other game without rules. Take so simple a game as blind-man's buff. Suppose the one to be *It* says, "I don't want to be blindfolded." You simply cannot have a game of blindman's buff.

If, like Robinson Crusoe, you lived on a desert island all by yourself, you would not have any-

one else near you and, of course, could get along without any rules. If a single other person came to your island, you would have to make some agreements that would really be rules or laws. If ten other people came, you would need more laws or rules.

A law is much like an agreement. Four boys may agree to go fishing at seven o'clock tomorrow morning. They may also agree to divide up the fish evenly, no matter who catches them. One boy named Charles agrees that he will furnish an automobile to take the party to the stream where they are to fish. Now suppose Charles says to himself next morning, "I would rather sleep until eight o'clock and get ready to go fishing at nine."

The other three boys must either wait until nine o'clock or find some other way to go. Suppose they wait. Suppose, too, John catches nine fish and each of the others catches one. The agreement was, you remember, that they should divide the fish equally, no matter who caught them. But John says, "I caught these nine fish. Why should I give them up and have only three?"

Of course, you answer, "That was the agreement when we started out."

What are the other two boys likely to think of Charles and John? If they will not keep their agreements, no one will go on a fishing trip with them nor have anything else to do with them.

Laws are like agreements, because people have found out that such rules are necessary if the people are to live and work together. In a free country like ours we choose men to make these laws for us. This is necessary, because we cannot all meet to make the laws. So everyone who can vote has his share in making the laws because he helps to choose the men who make the laws. When one has part in making a law, he should think of it as an agreement how things should be done.

After the laws are made, there must be someone to see that they are obeyed. This is why we have to obey fathers and mothers and teachers and policemen.

It is the same way in school. Suppose when you first went to school, there had been no rules or no one to see that the rules were obeyed. Do you think you could have learned to read? Of course, you hardly knew that there were any rules, but you soon learned that there were times when you had to be quiet and do certain things.

Again, suppose there were no rule that each person should take his or her own hat and coat when school is out. What a scramble there would be at the close of school! But if there were no rules, there would be no set time for school to begin or end, and pretty soon there would be no school at all.

You can go right on supposing if you want to. Suppose, for example, there were no rule that an automobile driver should keep to the right when he meets another car. Suppose he paid no attention to the traffic officer or the traffic light. Suppose when you went home tonight, someone else had moved into your house. Well, suppose we all agree that rules are a pretty good thing to have after all.

A FEW RULES

1. Make a list of the rules you have to obey at home.
2. Make a list of the rules you have to obey at school.
3. What laws do you have to obey on the street?
4. What laws do you have to obey if you ride a bicycle?
5. What rules do you need in order to leave the building?

6. Ten boys of about the same age are going to spend an afternoon together. They wish to play ball. Tell some of the rules they must make.

7. In a certain village some of the people have cows, pigs, and chickens that run in the streets. What rules, or laws, should the village council or board make?

8. Six girls are going to spend three weeks camping together. Tell some of the rules they must make.

9. The fourth grade is going to take a trip on the bus or street car to a bakery to see how bread, cakes, and cookies are made. Tell some of the rules that they may have to obey.

10. Two sisters, Mary and Ruth, are given a bicycle as a gift. Tell some of the rules that they may have to make so that each one has a fair chance to use it.

11. In a pioneer village there are thirty children. All the parents wish to have the children taught to read and write. Before they can have a school, what must the parents do? Write down in order the things they must do.

12. The eighth grade is planning to have a Traffic Club. What are some of the rules the club must make to help the other grades to leave the building quietly?

13. A rule or law should be fair to everybody. Why is the law that one should cross streets only at crossings fair to drivers of automobiles and people walking? Why is the law against fast driving in cities and towns fair to automobilists and residents? Why is the rule against tardiness fair to the tardy pupil and the rest of the class?

ANOTHER PREFIX

On page 163 we learned about a group of words with the beginning helper or prefix *un* which means *not*. Can you remember some words with the prefix *un*? What does *unpleasant* mean? What does *unkind* mean? Try to write four words with the prefix *un* which do not appear on page 163.

We are going to learn about words with another prefix. You know that *reread* means "to read again." *Rebuild* means to build again. What does *reappear* mean? Then what does *re* mean in these words?

Write the meanings of the following words:

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Regain | 5. Recapture |
| 2. Reopen | 6. Repaint |
| 3. Resound | 7. Reset |
| 4. Redecorate | 8. Rewrite |

Perhaps you can add other words to this list.

SEEING THINGS

If anyone should ask you if you could see well, you would probably say that your eyes are very good, thank you. But it takes more than good eyes to see so clearly that you understand all that you see. After you read this selection, try to decide whether you are the kind of person the selection tells about—an observant person.

There is an Eastern proverb, "The wise man has two eyes; the fool has two spots on his face." Of course eyes are given us to see with, but not all of us use them. It is possible, for example, to sit a long time with the eyes looking at the page of a book and even reading the words without knowing a single thing that it said on that page. Have you ever done such a thing? If you have, your mind, with which you really see, was thinking of something far away.

The person who really sees with his mind as well as with his eyes is one whom we call *observant*. In other words, his mind is open as well as his eyes.

One of the fables told by the slave Æsop, who thousands of years ago amused and taught the people of Athens with his stories, was about an astronomer who walked out night after night to gaze at the stars. Once, as he was wandering near the city, star-gazing as usual, he failed to notice where he was going, and stepped into a well. Right in he went, splash! and there arose a great hullabaloo, till someone, hearing the man's cries of distress, ran to the well and rescued him. The wet and bedraggled astronomer told his rescuer just how the accident had happened. All the comfort he got was, "My good fellow, while you are gazing at the sky and trying to understand the mystery of the stars, you fail to see the common objects just before you." That astronomer is a good example of a person who is not observant of things close at hand.

Among the best observers in the world are the American Indians. They never let the tiniest object escape their notice. One day a hunter went out to shoot deer. The meat of the deer, *venison*, is dried by the Indians and pressed into cakes which they call *pemmican*. When the hunter came home, he found that some pemmican he had stored away on the rafters of his hut had

been stolen. He searched the hut carefully, and then went off to the wood. Meeting some woodcutters, he asked, "Have you seen a little old white man with a short rifle and a small bob-tailed dog?"

"No," they said. "Why do you ask?"

"Because he stole my pemmican," said the Indian.

"Why didn't you stop him?"

"Because I didn't see him."

"Then how do you know he was a white man?"

"Because the prints of his toes turned out when he walked." (An Indian's turn in.)

"How do you know he was old?"

"Because his steps were uneven."

"What showed he was little?"

"He made a pile of stones on the floor of my hut to reach the pemmican."

"How do you know his rifle was short?"

"There's the mark of the butt on the ground, and the barrel scratched the bark of one of the logs, showing the length."

"And how do you know the dog was bob-tailed?"

"Because he sat on the floor of my hut and his tail, as he wagged it, made a circle in the dust."

Such an observant person deserved to catch the thief and get back his pemmican.

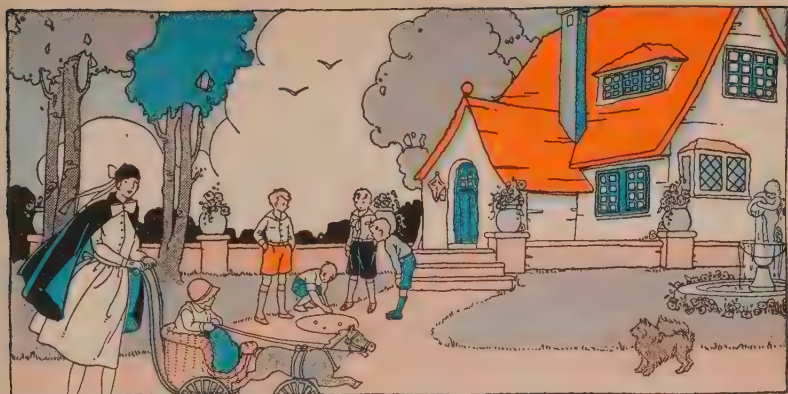
—AMY B. BARNARD

Adapted from Talks with Children About Themselves

CHOOSE THE RIGHT ENDING

Number the lines of your paper from 1 to 9. Beside each number write the correct ending for the sentence with that number.

1. With your eyes you (feel, see, talk).
2. The observant person is one who sees with (his mind and eyes, ears and eyes, nose and eyes).
3. The astronomer walked (at noon, at night, at dusk).
4. He studied (the trees, the birds, the stars).
5. He was not careful and fell (down the stairs, into a hole, into a well).
6. The Indian is very (observant, careless, slow).
7. The observant person finds his eyes give him (pain, pleasure, work).
8. The Indians use pemmican, which is (dried rabbit meat, pressed chicken, pressed venison).
9. Keep the answer to this question to yourself. Do you think you are observant? Why?



USE YOUR EYES

Take a careful look at this picture and then cover it with your hand. Now place a piece of paper or a book over the picture and keep it covered while you answer these questions.

Make a quick sketch in answer to each question. When you have finished answering all the questions you will have a reproduction of the picture.

How many stories high is the house? How many windows has it?

Is there a fence? Is there a gate?

How many trees are on the lawn? Where are they?

How many people are there on the street?

What are the boys playing?

Look at the picture once more and see how well you remembered.

Now close your book and write a list of all the things you left out of your picture.



MOLLIE MEETS THE UNWISEMAN

Here is a nonsense story that everybody loves. It is divided into five parts and you will be asked to name each part.

I

Mollie had been romping in the hay all the afternoon. With her were Flaxilocks, the French doll, and young Whistlebinkie, the rubber boy. He had got his queer name from the fact that he had a whistle set in the top of his beaver hat. Flaxilocks and Whistlebinkie could stand a great deal of romping, and so also could Mollie.

On the whole, however, the little girl was not so strong as the dolls were. For this reason, along about five o'clock, she settled herself down comfortably on the shaded side of the haystack, with a great pillow of sweet-scented clover grass under her head. It is not to be wondered at that Mollie should begin to ponder. Now it is a curious thing, but Mollie always has queer adventures when she ponders. Things happen to her then which happen at no other times, and

which also, so far as I know, never happen to other little girls.

It was this way upon this particular afternoon, as you will see when you read on. She had been pondering for three or four minutes when almost directly at her side she heard a sob.

"Who's that?" she asked, sleepily, gazing around her.

"Who's what?" said Flaxilocks, sitting up and opening her great blue eyes so suddenly that something inside of her head seemed to click.

"Somebody's sobbing," said Mollie.

"I guess not," returned Flaxilocks. "We are all alone here. Nobody could have sobbed unless it was Whistlebinkie. Whistlebinkie, did you sob?"

"No," said Whistlebinkie, "I can't sob because I haven't any sobber to sob with. I only have a whistle."

"Maybe I dreamed it," said Mollie, satisfied for the moment, and then the three threw themselves back on the hay once more and began their pondering anew.

They did not ponder very long, however, for in a few moments Flaxilocks rose up again and remarked:

"I heard a sob myself just now, Mollie."

"So-di," whistled Whistlebinkie, through the top of his hat.

"Whistlebinkie," said Mollie, severely, "how often must I tell you not to talk through your hat, but through your mouth? 'So-di' doesn't mean anything. It isn't English. If you will only remember to use your hat to whistle through and your mouth for conversation, everyone will be able to understand. What do you mean by 'So-di'?"

"So—did—I," said Whistlebinkie, meekly, this time using his mouth as Mollie had told him to do.

"Then you heard the sob?"

"Yes—ma'am—plain—as—can—be," returned Whistlebinkie.

"And no wonder," observed Flaxilocks, pointing one of her kid fingers off to her left. "Why shouldn't we all hear a sob when there is a poor little maid weeping so near at hand?"

"So there is," said Mollie, looking toward the spot at which Flaxilocks was pointing, where there sat a pretty little shepherdess with tears streaming down her cheeks. "Isn't it queer?"

"Very," said Whistlebinkie. "Shall I give a whistle of surprise, ma'am?"

"No," said Mollie. "I'm not surprised enough for that."

Then she got up and walked over to the strange little girl's side, and taking her hand in hers asked her softly why she wept.

II

"I'm little Bopeep," said the stranger. "And I've lost my sheep, and I don't know where to find them."

"Oh, is that all?" asked Mollie.

"Isn't it enough?" returned Bopeep, gazing with surprise at Mollie through her tears. "They were all spring lambs and I'm very much afraid some hungry man may have stolen them away and drowned them in the Mint Sauce Pond."

"Dear me, how dreadful!" cried Mollie.

"Shall I give a whistle of terror, ma'am?" asked Whistlebinkie.

"No, don't," said Flaxilocks in a rather impatient tone. "Save your breath. We ought to help Bopeep to find her flock."

"That's so," said Mollie. "Would you like to have us do that, Bopeep?"

"Oh, it would be very sweet of you if you would," sobbed the little shepherdess.



"Well, let us be off to find the sheep," said Mollie. "Which way did they go, Bopeep?"

"They went every way," said Bopeep, her eyes filling with tears again.

"I don't see how that could be," said Flaxilocks, "unless one quarter of lamb went one way, and another another, and so on."

"Oh, it was easy enough for them," said Bopeep. "There were four of them, and one went north, one south, one east, and one west. If they had all run off together, I could have run away with them, but as it was, all I could do

was to let them go. I love them all equally, and since I couldn't favor any special one, or divide myself up into four parts, I had to let them go."

"Perflyawfle," whistled Whistlebinkie through his hat.

"Whistlebinkie!" cried Mollie, reprovingly.

"Puf-fick-ly or-full," said Whistlebinkie distinctly through his little red rubber teeth.

"Well, I say we keep together in looking for them, anyhow," said Flaxilocks. "Because it's bad enough to lose the sheep without losing ourselves. It seems to me there being four of us we can find the first sheep four times as quickly if we stick together, as we could if we went alone. That of course means that we'll find the four sheep sixteen times as quickly as we would if we went alone."

"I don't quite see that," said Bopeep.

"It's plain enough," observed Flaxilocks. "Four times four is sixteen."

"Oh, yes," said Bopeep. "I see."

"Sodi," whistled Whistlebinkie. "I mean so—do—I," he added quickly, as he noted Mollie's frown.

So the four little folk started off in search of the missing sheep. Whistlebinkie and Flaxi-

locks ran on ahead. Mollie and Bopeep, with their arms lovingly about each other, followed.

"Did you ever lose the sheep before, Bopeep?" asked Mollie, after they had walked a little way in silence.

"Oh, my, yes," returned Bopeep. "I'm losing them all the time. It is a part of my duty to lose them. If I didn't, you know, the nursery rime couldn't go on."

"And you always find them again?" Mollie put in.

"Always. That's got to happen, too. If they didn't come back and bring their tails behind them, the nursery rime would be spoiled again."

"Then I don't see why you feel so badly about it," said Mollie.

"I have to," replied Bopeep. "That's part of my business, too. I sometimes wish old Mother Goose hadn't asked me to look after the sheep at all, because it keeps me crying all the time, and I don't find crying very pleasant. Dear me, where are Whistlebinkie and Flaxilocks going? They mustn't go that way. The first place we must go to is the home of the Unwiseman."

"The what?" demanded Mollie.

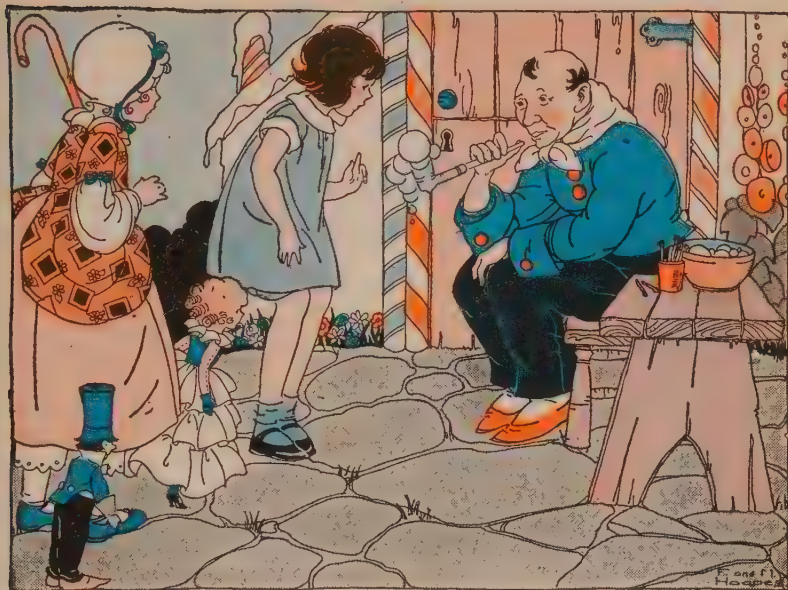
"The Unwiseman. He's an unwiseman who doesn't know anything," explained Bopeep. "The rules are that we go to him first and ask him if he knows where the sheep are. He'll say he doesn't know, and then we'll go on to the little old woman who lives under the hill. She'll know where they are, but she'll tell us wrong. Hi! Whistlebinkie and Flaxilocks! Turn off to the left, and stop at that little red house under the oak tree."

"There isn't any little red house under the oak tree," said Mollie.

"Oh, yes, there is," said Bopeep. "Only you've got to know it's there before you can see it. The Unwiseman lives there."

III

Whistlebinkie and Flaxilocks did as they were told, and, sure enough, in a minute there appeared a little red house under the oak tree just as Bopeep had said. Mollie was delighted, it was such a dainty little house, with its funny gables and a roof made of strawberry icing. The windowpanes were shining like silver, and if Bopeep was not mistaken, were made of sugar. But funnier still was the Unwiseman himself, a



queer-looking, wrinkled-up, little old man who sat in the doorway trying to smoke a pipe filled with soapsuds.

"Good afternoon, O Unwiseman," said Bo-peep.

"Hoh!" sneered the Unwiseman. "This isn't afternoon. It's day before yesterday morning."

Mollie giggled.

"Hush!" whispered Bo-peep. "He doesn't know any better. You can see that he doesn't know anything by looking at his pipe. He's been trying to smoke those soapsuds now for a week.

The week before he was trying to blow bubbles with it, only he had corn silk in it then instead of soapsuds. That shows what kind of man he is."

"What can I do for you today, Bopeep?" asked the Unwiseman as he touched a lighted match to the suds. Of course the match immediately sputtered and went out.

"I wanted to know if you had seen anything of my sheep," said Bopeep.

"Let's see," said the Unwiseman. "Let's see. Sheep are what? They aren't anything like telegraph poles or wheelbarrows, are they?"

"No," said Bopeep, "they are not."

"Then maybe I have seen them," said the Unwiseman, with a smile of satisfaction. "Maybe I have. Several things went by here day after tomorrow that weren't a bit like wheelbarrows or telegraph poles. They may have been your sheep. One of the things had four red wheels on it—have any of your sheep got four red wheels on them?"

Whistlebinkie rolled on the ground with laughter as the Unwiseman said this. But the queer old gentleman did not seem to notice it, so that no harm was done.

"No," said Bopeep. "My sheep had no wheels."

"Then I must have seen them," said the Unwiseman. "There was a thing went by here a week from next Tuesday noon that hadn't any wheels. It had two legs and carried a fan, or a fish pole—I couldn't tell which it was—and it was whistling. Maybe that was one of them."

"No," said Bopeep again, shaking her head. "My sheep don't whistle and they have four legs."

"Nonsense," said the Unwiseman, with a wink. "You can't fool me that way. I know a horse when I hear one described, and when anyone tells me that the thing with four legs and no whistle is a sheep, I know better. And so, my dear, since you've tried to make fun of me you can go along. I won't tell you another thing about your old sheep. I don't know anything about 'em anyhow."

Whereupon the old man got up from his chair and climbed the oak tree to look for apples.

IV

The party went on to the little old woman who lived under the hill, and Bopeep asked her if she knew anything about the sheep.

"Yes," said the little old woman, with a frown which frightened poor Whistlebinkie so that he gasped and whistled softly in spite of his efforts to keep quiet. "Yes, I've seen your sheep. I know just where they are, too. One of 'em's gone to the moon. Another has been adopted by a girl named Mary, who is going to take it to school and make the children laugh. Another has sold his wool to a city merchant, and the fourth has accepted an invitation to dinner from a member of Congress. He will reach the dinner at half-past seven tonight on a silver platter. He will be decorated with green peas and mint sauce. Now get along with you."

Mollie felt very sorry for poor Bopeep as she listened to this dreadful statement. She was very much surprised to see Bopeep smiling through it all.

"Why did you smile?" she asked the little shepherdess as they started home again.

"Because I knew from what she said that she knew that the sheep were safe—but she lives on ink, and that makes her disagreeable. She just wanted to make me feel as disagreeable as she does, and that is why she told me all that nonsense."



"The horrid thing!" said Mollie.

"No," said Bopeep. "She isn't really horrid. It's only because she lives on ink that she seems so. Suppose you had to live on ink?"

"I'd be horrid, too," said Mollie.

V

"There they are!" cried Bopeep joyfully, and sure enough there were the sheep. They had brought their tails behind them, too. They were grazing beside the haystack where Mollie had been pondering.

"I am very much obliged to you for your help and company," said Bopeep, "and now as it is six o'clock, I must drive my sheep home. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Mollie, kissing the little shepherdess affectionately.

"Good-by," said Flaxilocks, sinking back on the clover pillow, and closing her blue eyes again.

"Gubby," whistled Whistlebinkie.

"Wasn't it queer?" said Mollie later as they started home again.

"Very," said Flaxilocks.

"Queeresperiensieverad," said Whistlebinkie.

"What's that?" cried Mollie.

"Queerest—experience—I—ever—had," said Whistlebinkie.

"Ah!" said Mollie. "I didn't care much for the little old woman, but that funny old Unwiseman—I'd like to meet him again."

—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Adapted from *Mollie and the Unwiseman*

SOMETHING TO DO

1. Write titles for the five parts of this story. Were you able to write the titles without reading any of the story over again?

2. Make a list of the characters in this story.

MAN'S FEATHERED PARTNERS (I)

Read this selection with great care, but not too slowly. You are going to test yourself to see how carefully you read.

Every one of us has many helpers. The policeman, the fireman, the letter carrier are helpers provided by the city or by the whole country. The milkman, the grocer, and the storekeeper get their living by bringing us things that we must have. So they, too, are our helpers. Sometimes people who work together or do business together are called partners. A partner helps us to do something.

Mother Nature has given man many helpers. Among these helpers or partners we find the birds. These feathered partners have not been looked upon by man as helpful until within the last few years. When your grandfather was a small boy, people thought that birds did more harm than good. But today we know better, and every state of our country has made laws to protect birds. Did you know that it is nearly always against the law to kill a bird?

A great man, John Burroughs by name, did much to prove to people that the birds were really "Feathered Partners." He is known far and wide as a man who knew a great deal about birds. His long, useful life was given to teaching all of us to love birds and other living things. The birds, trees, plants, and animals were all his friends.

We know that nearly every one of our birds is useful and does something that helps mankind. Even the crow, the English sparrow, and the hawk and owl are useful.

If birds are our partners, we should know how they help us. So let us put the birds into groups which will help us to see the useful work they do.

THE AIR POLICE

Birds could always fly. Long before men learned to fly in airplanes, the birds knew how to fly high and far. Perhaps some day there will be so many planes flying that there will be traffic officers in the air as there are now on the streets. But birds have had a kind of air police as long as there have been any birds. These air police birds help to keep the air clear of tiny pests that trouble us, such as mosquitoes and gnats.



Of the air police, our best known feathered officers are the swallow, the purple martin, the chimney swift, the nighthawk, and the whippoorwill. These birds feed largely upon the insects they catch in the air, some of them flying hours at a time with their large mouths wide open, through swarms of mosquitoes or gnats.

TOP-STORY SERVANTS

Other birds, such as the many kinds of warblers and the vireo, keep the high branches of our trees with their tiny twigs and green leaves free from small insects. Some of the insects that ruin trees are too large for the little warbler and the quick vireo. So another force of larger feathered partners take care of the caterpillars, webworms, beetles, wireworms, gypsy moths, wasps, bugs, plant lice, grasshoppers, and locusts. Some of these larger birds are the black-billed cuckoo, the



yellow-billed cuckoo, and the Baltimore oriole. If it were not for the birds, these pests, or harmful insects, would strip our trees of leaves and fruit.

THE HOUSEKEEPERS

Then there are the birds that look after the trunks, branches, and bark of the trees. Several kinds of woodpeckers, and the nuthatches, creepers, and chickadees are in charge of this important work. From dawn to dark, these busy workers hunt the pests that try to hide high up in our trees.

Down on the ground floor we find many enemies of man, which feed upon plants that we need for our own food. They spoil our gardens, our vegetables, berries, and kill our flowers. To see that destructive worms and insects such as grubs, maggots, cutworms, and army worms are kept down, Mother Nature has given us another



army of feathered workers. The meadow lark, the blackbird, the crow, the robin, our native sparrow, the chewink, the brown thrasher, and the woodcock take care of the ground floor.

Then there are the housekeepers who keep our fields and lawns from being overrun with weeds. The wren, the song sparrow, the goldfinch, the lark, the cowbird, the grackle, the bobolink, and the bobwhite eat many of the seeds from the weeds which would otherwise sprout and grow until they choked and killed all of the beautiful and useful plants.

— FERNALD M. WILLEY

TEST YOURSELF

Close your book and write answers to these six questions. Then open the book and correct anything you had wrong. Add anything that will improve your answers. Draw a line under all that you add. Then you can see whether or not you read carefully.

1. Why does the author of this selection call the policeman, the fireman, and the letter carrier our helpers?

2. Why have laws been made to protect birds?

3. Why are certain birds called the air police?

4. Where do the top-story servants work?

5. Where do the housekeepers work?

6. Write the names of three birds under each of these headings:

Air police

Top-story Servants

Housekeepers

MAN'S FEATHERED PARTNERS (II)

If you did poorly on the test, see if you can read this lesson more carefully than you did Part I of **Man's Feathered Partners**.

HEALTH OFFICERS

How about a health department? There are birds that clean up garbage and other things that are unhealthful to us. The birds that eat the things that would cause sickness if left around, are called scavengers. Even the English sparrow, troublesome as he is, helps in this work. Many of the birds in the other departments above the ground floor also help out in keeping our yards and streets free of unhealthful things. In some parts of the world birds known as vultures, buzzards, condors, and carrion crows are



scavengers. Where these birds live, the people often are not so careful as they should be. Dead animals are often left where they die. They would cause much sickness were it not for these huge birds.

On the water and along the shore, dead fish washed up by the waves are cleaned up by bird scavengers known as sea gulls. Many disagreeable and unhealthful things are removed by these graceful birds.

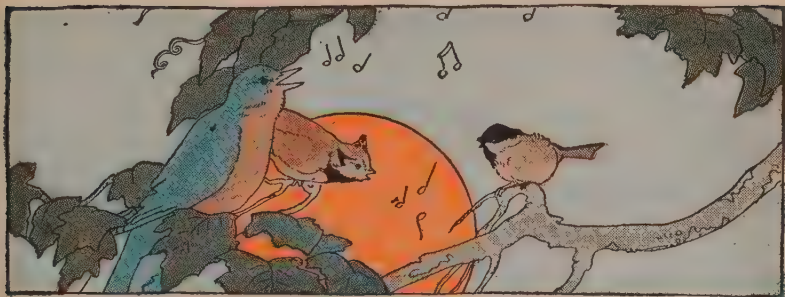
CARPENTERS

Our household would not be complete without carpenters to help keep it in shape. Woodpecker Bros. & Flicker are a well-known firm of bird-carpenters. The red-headed woodpecker, with his dazzling suit of black and white and his bright red cap, is the best known of the company. His brothers, the hairy woodpecker, the downy wood-



pecker and the yellow-bellied woodpecker are as good as the red-head at their trade, but not quite such gay dressers. The other partner, the flicker, in his khaki-colored suit is a busy carpenter, too.

Each of these birds has a strong, long bill that serves as hammer, chisel, pick, drill, and also as drumstick. With their sharp little claws firmly gripping the scales of bark on the trees, Woodpecker Bros. & Flicker hammer, chisel, and drill merrily away. Sometimes they hollow out a neat nest for a family of birds. At all times they are busy drilling after the insects, grubs, and borers that hide so deeply under the bark that the housekeeper birds cannot get at them. The long, wirelike tongue helps the long bill to spear the insect or worm which is trying its best to kill our beautiful trees. These birds can find plenty of food even after the top-story servants and



housekeepers have done their best. What is important to us is that they save our trees.

THE FEATHERED CHOIR

Mother Nature has given us nothing more wonderful than the great choir of feathered songsters. Early morning in the woods, when the sun is just peeping through the tree tops, is the time for the best bird concerts. Hundreds of little voices are raised together in joyous song.

Every bird has a song of some kind. Our best known singers are the mocking bird, the goldfinch, the lark, the thrush, the wren, the brown thrasher, and the song sparrow.

Of course, we can more easily study the song of our tame canary. Just how does he sing? Birds sing by means of a set of soft rings, or half rings, in the throat. Ducks and other fowls have

but two small half rings, and so are able to make only a squawk or "quack." The better singers all have many rings inside their throats. All birds are able to start and stop the song by opening and closing the bill. Watch your canary and notice how he sings.

The parent bird teaches the young bird to sing by holding his own bill close to the youngster and singing or humming softly. This is known as the "whisper song," and all young birds sing in this manner. As their voices grow stronger and they learn to flutter the lower bill, the young birds begin to trill and twitter.

So we find that our feathered friends, the birds, are not only beautiful to look at, but also are useful partners for mankind. Besides this, the songs of our birds are reason enough for us to protect the birds about us.

— FERNALD M. WILLEY

TESTING YOURSELF AGAIN

1. Why does the author call sea gulls and other birds scavengers?
2. What is the best time of day to hear birds?
3. Write the names of three birds under each of these headings:

Health Officers

Carpenters

Singers

SUFFIXES

Words that have beginning helpers are words with prefixes. Words that have end helpers are words with suffixes.

Suffixes, like prefixes, change the meaning of the words to which they are added. Recall how the prefix *un* added to the word *happy* makes it mean *not happy*, and the prefix *re* added to the word *read* makes it mean *read again*.

Trustful means full of trust. *Faithful* means full of faith. What does *graceful* mean? What does the end helper *ful* mean then?

Build other words to add to this list:

1. graceful
2. cheerful
3. trustful

A suffix can completely change the meaning of the word. The word *careful* means full of care. In place of the end helper *ful*, put the end helper *less* and *careless* will be the word. How different it is in meaning !

Less means *without*. *Graceless* means without grace or charm. *Careless* means without care. What does *friendless* mean? *homeless*?

Build other words to add to this list:

1. friendless
2. worthless
3. homeless

THE FOUNTAIN ANGEL

Not often will you read so fine a story as this. You will enjoy it if you read it rapidly. But you must not read it so fast that you will miss the important parts. There are 1616 words in the story. Can you read it in about 9 minutes and get a perfect score on the questions at the end?

It was called the Orange Garden, and in the middle stood a beautiful fountain. The water flowed from a horn held in the hands of a child figure carved in marble, and fell down with a soft splash into a fluted shell beneath. Out of this it rippled again into a marble basin, round which the grass grew so green that the flower beds shone like jewels in a brilliant setting.

Great orange trees, in tubs, stood on each side of the path that led from the old red-roofed Palace to the fountain, and white benches with banks of flowering plants stood behind them.

In the summer evenings many of the townspeople came and walked in the garden, enjoying the soft air and listening to the murmur of the

fountain. At the same time their children played round the stone basin and, as they looked up at the marble child, wondered how it felt to be so high up, and to stand so very still all day! Was his little hand never tired of holding the horn?

And then, when the twilight fell, and the stars peeped out one by one, the moon shone softly, and the scent of the orange flowers filled the air—was he not very lonely there; was he not afraid? He never seemed frightened, for a smile dimpled his baby face; and old, old people told their grandchildren that he had always been the same.

“He can never change,” they said; “he is like one of the little angels.” So the children called him the “Fountain Angel.”

Now the Fountain Angel had many friends, and the chief of them all was Hermine, a poor little lame girl, who lived with her grandfather, Bernhardt, in the gray stone cottage just outside the Orange Garden. Old Bernhardt was one of the Duke’s gardeners, and Hermine had lived with him ever since she was a baby. She could remember no other relatives, and as she could not run about and play with the other children, she made the Fountain Angel her only friend and



playmate, and spent all her spare minutes by his side.

One evening, late in the summer, old Bernhardt lay ill in his cottage. The moon was shining brightly over the Orange Garden before Hermine came through the iron-scrolled gates with the slow tap, tap of her little crutch stick, and seated herself wearily on the grass beside the fountain. The air was so warm, and she had been working so hard all day, that she fell asleep with her head against the cold marble.

It must have been many hours later that the child awoke with a start, wondering where she was, and why her bed had suddenly become so hard. It was bright moonlight. She rubbed her eyes, jumped up with the help of her crutch stick, and walked slowly round the fountain.

The water splashed in the moonbeams, the shell and the rocks that supported it shone in the soft light—but the Fountain Angel was gone!

Hermine stood with her eyes growing round with astonishment. Gone! Had someone stolen him while she was asleep? Had the earth opened and swallowed him? What, what had become of him?

"Are you looking for me, little friend?" said a child's voice at her elbow.

She turned quickly, and there in the path stood the missing Fountain Angel.

He carried a watering can in his little hand, and his face was so sweet and childlike that Hermine quite forgot to be frightened. She found herself sitting by his side on one of the white benches by the orange trees before she realized what she was doing.

"You are wondering why I am here, little Hermine," he said, as he slipped his hand confidently into hers, and looked up at her with soft gray eyes. "You do not know that every night as the clock strikes one I have the gift of life bestowed upon me, and can descend to earth to be indeed the good angel of the fountain.

"This power was given me as a reward for the faithful labors of my master, the great sculptor who made me. Many, many years ago he designed and carved me from a block of purest marble, and then presented me as an offering to the town in which he was born. So faithfully had he loved and studied Nature, and so truly had he used his powers for noble ends, that his last prayer was granted him. Then he died

happily, knowing that I should be allowed to carry on his good deeds and loving care for others.

“For the last hundred years I have tried faithfully to fulfil his wishes. I have carried water to fill the buckets and tubs of all the good neighbors round the Orange Garden; I have watered the gardens of all those who were poor or busy; I have brought fresh life to the plants and flowers.”

Hermine had listened to the Fountain Angel with growing interest; now she seized her crutch stick, and jumped from her seat eagerly.

“Oh, let me help you!” she cried. “I know I can never work so well as other children because I am lame, but *please* teach me to be useful and show me what I can do!”

“Yes, you shall help me, little friend,” said the marble child. “Poor old Bernhardt is too old now to water his garden himself, so I do it every night for him, and you shall help.”

He put a watering can into Hermine’s hand exactly like the one he carried himself, and when she had once filled it at the fountain, she noticed that it always remained full of bubbling water.

So there they worked together, the little girl and the Fountain Angel. In and out among the banks of flowering bushes tapped Hermine’s



crutch, and in and out darted the white form of the marble child. As they watered the flowers, a beautiful scent of fresh, moist earth and orange bloom rose upon the air. Hermine's heart was filled with joy as she thought how happy she was to be allowed to share in such a good work!

"And now, little friend, you must go home and sleep," said the Fountain Angel, "for I have to carry water to the houses of all the sick and poor in the town. You could not help me there;

I have to go and come so quickly. Before you go, bathe your lame foot in the fountain; its water has a gift of healing. Good-by! Tomorrow we shall meet again."

He waved his hand affectionately toward Hermine, and went away through the iron-scrolled gates.

Left alone, she sat dabbling her foot in the cool waters of the fountain. She thought over all that the marble child had told her, till the clock in the Palace tower struck three. Then she started as she realized how late it was!

She pulled on her little wooden-soled shoes, and hurried to her grandfather's cottage, letting herself in as gently as she could, so that she might not disturb him. He was still sleeping quietly; and as soon as Hermine's little tired head touched the pillow, she was in the land of dreams.

Old Bernhardt grew rapidly better, and was pleased and surprised, on his first visit to the Orange Garden, to find that everything was in perfect order, and the ground moist, as though just after a heavy shower.

"How thick the dews have fallen," he said to Hermine, as he seated himself contentedly on one

of the white benches. "It is a happy thing for me, for it would have tired my old back sorely to begin to water the orange tubs this morning."

Hermine smiled with delight, and nodded toward the Fountain Angel. She would have liked to laugh out loud, but remembered that her grandfather might ask what amused her.

"Really it all looks very well, considering the time of year," said the old gardener. "I might just do a little sweeping up, and then leave it. It is wonderful how heavy the dews are, now the autumn comes on."

Hermine left her grandfather with a broom in his hand, and went back again to the little cottage. She worked very hard to keep everything clean and neat, and that day her foot felt lighter and more easily moved than she could ever remember it.

"Oh, I wonder if the Fountain Angel will *really* cure me," she said to herself, as she scrubbed away at the black chest in which she and her grandfather kept their Sunday clothing. "How beautiful it would be to be able to run about like other children!"

Again that evening Hermine went into the Orange Garden, and for many evenings after.

Every night she helped the Fountain Angel in his work, and every night she bathed her lame foot in the healing water.

Her grandfather noticed, with astonishment, that she had put aside her crutch stick. Before very long she was able to run about as merrily as any of the children she used to long to play with on the grass by the marble Fountain.

It is many, many years ago now that little Hermine grew well and strong, and went away to a new country. There children with blue eyes like her own clustered round her knee in the soft summer twilight, but the Orange Garden remains unchanged. The scent of flowers still fills the air; the water drips with the same soothing splash into the marble basin, and there, with his old sweet smile, stands the marble figure of the "Fountain Angel."

— FANNY BARRY

CHOOSE THE BEST ANSWER

Number your papers from 1 to 10, and select the correct endings for each of the following sentences:

1. Hermine, the little lame girl, lived—
 - a, with her father.
 - b, with her grandfather. ✓
 - c, with her other relatives.

2. Her only friend and playmate was—
 - a. old Bernhardt.
 - b. a little child who came into the garden.
 - c. the Fountain Angel. ✓
3. The gift of life was bestowed on the Fountain Angel so that he could descend to earth—
 - a. to water the flowers. ✓
 - b. to visit the sick children.
 - c. to play in the Orange Garden.
4. The sculptor designed and carved the Fountain Angel—
 - a. from a block of granite.
 - b. from a block of wood.
 - c. from a block of purest marble. ✓
5. Hermine listened to the Fountain Angel—
 - a. with absorbed interest. ✓
 - b. with impatience.
 - c. without much interest.
6. The watering can which the Fountain Angel gave Hermine to water the flowers—
 - a. ~~had to be~~ filled many times.
 - b. always remained full of bubbling water. —
 - c. was large enough to water the whole garden.
7. After the Fountain Angel had finished watering the garden—
 - a. he went back to the fountain.
 - b. he carried water to old Bernhardt.
 - c. he carried water to the houses of the sick and poor.

8. The Fountain Angel told Hermine—

- a. to drink some water from the fountain.
- b. to bathe her lame foot in the fountain. ✓
- c. to bathe her face in the fountain.

9. When old Bernhardt saw that the garden was wet, he thought—

- a. that it had rained.
- b. that Hermine had watered it.
- c. that the heavy dews had moistened it. ✓

10. After a while little Hermine's lameness—

- a. became worse.
- b. disappeared entirely. ✓
- c. was not quite so bad.

How long did it take you to read the story? Are you a slow or rapid reader?

CHOOSE THE MEANING

Number your papers from 1 to 8. Write the first word in each sentence given below. Then select and write after it the word that has most nearly the same meaning.

✓ 1. **Confidingly** means—softly, sadly, trustingly, angrily. X

✓ 2. **Descend** means—to come down, go across, go up, go around. X

✓ 3. **Bestowed** means—lost, presented, taken, returned. X

✓ 4. **To disturb** means—to please, to trouble, to make happy, to make sad. X

5. **Contentedly** means—comfortably, roughly, uncomfortably, eagerly. X

6. **Astonishment** means—horror, grief, joy, surprise.
7. **Supported** means—climbed, held up, carried, dropped.
8. **Affectionately** means—roughly, cheerfully, lovingly, happily.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Can you remember the answers to the questions below? Write your answer opposite the numbers on your paper.

1. Which words have something to do with Dobbin?

self-starter, gallop, hitch, gas, curry comb

2. What was the central thought of the Red Rubber Ball?

3. Tell in one sentence what the giant did for the Count, the Countess, and the children.

4. Can you name the six needs of men?

5. When are bears most dangerous?

6. In what lesson did you learn about rules and agreements?

7. Where did you meet these words:
canal boat, cheese, market, tulips

8. Whom did Bopeep and Mollie go to visit?

9. Which stories are good stories to act?

WHY BOOKS HAVE INDEXES

Your Geographies, Histories, and other books are filled with interesting facts. Sometimes you want to use some of these facts and need a quick way of finding them. For example, in geography you may wish to find out something about *bamboo*. If you had to hunt through your entire book for this information, it would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. But fortunately this is not necessary. Do you know a quick way of finding all that your geography has to tell you about bamboo?

Most of our books of information are supplied with indexes which are always at the back of the book. Which of your books have indexes? Does this book have one?

Look at the sample index on page 263. Read the words beginning with *A*. How many words begin with *B*? With what letter do the next three words begin? Find the words beginning with *D*. Without looking at the index, tell what words you think you will find next. Glance through the rest of the index. How are the words

arranged? The words in every index are arranged in alphabetical order as they are in this one.

Find the following words in the sample index as quickly as you can:

Dutch	Holland	lemons	icebergs
Eskimos	beavers	Lowell	frigid zones

Find *Ireland* in your sample index. Notice that it tells you two things about Ireland:

1. How to pronounce the word.
2. On what pages you will find your information.

Find *Holland* in your index. You will find the numbers 220, 237–242 given. The dash between 237 and 242 means that all of the pages from 237 to 242 will give you information about Holland.

On how many pages does the index tell you you will find information about Holland?

Copy the list of words given below. Then turn to your Geography book, and look up each one of these words in the index. Write after each word the page numbers given in the index.

Atlantic	bay	boats	salt
food	corn	dikes	olives

Now can you tell why most books have indexes?

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TURN ON THE LIGHT

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea time and before you take
your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up
the street.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1. A half dozen of us boys were sitting one evening on the porch of a camp in the woods. We had been tramping, fishing, and rowing all day. Now we were tired enough to keep quiet. The rising moon threw a wide silver path across the lake. It was so still that one of the boys

whispered, "Did you hear that fish turn over in his sleep?"

2. Suddenly there was a loud noise down by the boat house. Was someone trying to steal a boat? We were glad that the camp colony had put in electric lights. Our leader pushed the button. Flash! went the electric light at the boat-house door.

3. Our boats were safe, but we saw the thieves just the same. They were having a wonderful time with a lunch box that one of the boys had carelessly left just inside the open door. One of the little thieves had knocked down a paddle. Now the light showed us a mother coon and her two cubs blinking in the blinding glare of the lights.

4. If it had not been for that flash of light, the noise of the falling paddle would have kept us shivering with fear for several minutes. When the man who lived in caves hundreds of thousands of years ago heard such a noise at night, what did he do? Probably he took a pine knot, lighted it at his camp fire, and went his smoky way down the path. The light of his pine torch would show his enemy just where the cave man was. Suppose instead of the three coons the

enemy we were looking for turned out to be a grizzly bear or a tiger. Why would our electric light, that could be turned on a hundred feet away, be much better than the cave man's pine torch?

5. Thousands of years later someone found a way to twist dry grasses together for a light. Later on, when these were soaked in oil or grease, they burned brightly. Perhaps after more thousands of years someone placed one end of his twisted grass in soft grease and lighted the other end. After this, the torch could be made to burn much longer. We don't know how many hundreds of years this kind of lamp lighted caves, tents, and cabins.

6. Of course the lamp was gradually improved. First probably a better wick was made of wool or cotton. For a long time the lamps were dishes or bowls of oil with wicks floating in them. Then metal of some kind was placed around the open wick. This kept the light from running back and setting the bowl of grease on fire. But after thousands of years more a glass chimney was placed around the blaze. This made the light burn much more steadily.

7. You have read of the whaling ships and the brave sailors that sailed them. Far into the

frozen seas they went to catch the largest animals in the world. The whale is lucky enough to wear a warm, thick overcoat of blubber or grease just under his skin. It was unlucky for him, however, that this blubber made an excellent oil for the lamps of a hundred years ago. Men caught whales chiefly for the oil. The whale's luck turned when kerosene oil was found to be much better than whale oil for lamps.

8. But there was another kind of light that was much easier to carry around than the crude lamps of early times. This was a candle, which could be carried anywhere. It would not spill the grease, and the grease was so solid that it would not catch fire. The candle certainly was a wonderful invention.

9. Probably the first candles were very small. They were little more than an extra big wick smeared with heavy grease. Of course candles are easily blown out by the wind. Another bad thing about the candle is that it will drip grease on anything that happens to be under it. One of our poets in describing a dance in the time of your great grandfather tells of—

“The candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on headdress and shawl.”

This was bad for the shawl, but, nevertheless, the candle was a useful kind of light until a very few years ago.

10. Of course you remember how wonderful the radio first seemed. You could hardly believe you were listening to music made a hundred or five hundred miles away. But this was no more wonderful to you than the first gas light was to people a little more than a hundred years ago. Probably people of that time talked of the wonderful new discovery of a way to burn air for lights.

11. Gas lights are among the many things common to us that Washington never saw. When he was President, a great reception was given for him in Philadelphia. More than two thousand candles lighted the hall. A few dozen gas lights or modern electric lights would have lighted the rooms much better.

12. Leerie, about whom you read in the beginning of this story, trudged with his ladder from one kerosene street lamp to another. After gas took the place of oil, he still plodded from lamp to lamp in the cities to light the gas. Gas lights were better for streets than smoky old oil lamps. But a new way of lighting came

in the time of your own grandfather. Dear old Grandfather! What a lot of new things he saw—bicycles, automobiles, phonographs, airplanes, radios, electric lights, and so many machines that you could not even name them all in fifty pages of this book.

13. The first electric lights could hardly be used for homes. But one of them gave more light than a hundred of Leerie's gas lamps, and poor Leerie lost his job. A man at the power house simply turned a switch, and, presto! miles of streets were brighter than Leerie ever could make them.

14. All this was fine, but that magician, Thomas A. Edison, made up his mind to light all the homes of the country with electricity. Month after month he worked, often all night long, before he invented the light bulb he wanted. It was called "a hairpin in a bottle." The one that so surprised Mrs. Coon and her cubs was a much better hairpin and a much better bottle than Edison's first one. In fact, all of Mr. Edison's inventions grew better as the wizard kept on "playing with them."

15. So, as soon as it grows a bit dark, "push the button." What we now use instead of the

cave man's pine knot glows with a strong, steady light. It does not smoke; it cannot be blown out; it can be placed where it is needed, and it will not set fire to anything around it. Aren't you glad Mr. Edison kept at his work until he found the right way to make this wonderful light?

—WILLIAM DODGE LEWIS

MAKING A SUMMARY

A summary is a short way of saying something. A good summary tells the most important part of a longer statement. This longer statement may be a paragraph, a part of a selection, or a whole story. When your teacher calls on you to recite, she really expects you to give a summary of a part of a lesson.

A summary of the first three paragraphs of this selection would read something like this:

Some tired boys at a camp in the woods were alarmed by a noise in a boathouse a short distance away. The leader pushed a button and lighted up the boathouse. This showed that the noise was made by some coons searching for food.

Read paragraph 5, page 266. Here is a summary of this paragraph. Early man found that dry grasses twisted together made a good light. Later he soaked the twisted grass in grease, and still later learned to put one end of the grass in grease and light the other end.

Read one of the other paragraphs in this selection and be ready to give a good summary.

MATCHING PICTURES

Find a paragraph for each of these pictures.



1



2



3



4



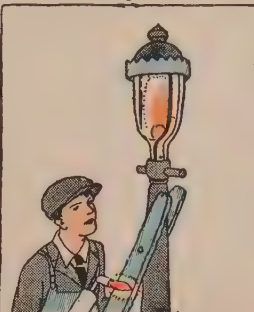
5



6



7



8



9

PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES

All the words below have either beginning or end helpers. You remember that beginning helpers are called *prefixes* and end helpers are called *suffixes*. There are words that have the prefix *un*, which means *not*. There are words with the prefix *re*, which means *again*. There are words which have the suffix *ful*, which means *full*. There are words which have the suffix *less*, which means *without*. Can you sort these words? Can you tell what each word means?

unkind	reopen	repaint	toothless
unfold	unhappy	harmless	forgetful
unwilling	unwrap	graceful	spiteful
unselfish	untruthful	unload	pitiful
ungrateful	restless	careful	fearless
unlock	wasteful	helpless	careless
unobliging	friendless	unhurt	handful
trustful	pitiless	masterful	homeless
worthless	penniless	regain	reappear
reread	unable	recapture	redecorate
rebuild	rewrite	reset	resound
unarmed	unpack	unbend	unbroken

There are many other prefixes and suffixes for you to learn later.

BETTY AT CAMP

"So you are off to camp?" chuckled Uncle Billy, eyeing Betty's small trunk all tagged and ready for the journey. "Now who is going to play ball with me this summer? But never mind, never mind, you will learn a fine lot of things there and have plenty of mosquito bites to write home about. Have you packed some patience in with your pocket handkerchiefs and some good nature in with your toothbrush and a little elbow grease with the gum shoes? And——"

"Why, Uncle Billy!" broke in the little girl. "You talk as if I were going to school. Camping is just fun, you know and besides, my trunk is all packed. You don't expect me to pack it all over, do you?"

"Well, what *have* you put in it?" inquired Uncle Billy, dropping into the armchair.

"Shall I tell you everything?" asked Betty, "every single thing?" Then, as Uncle Billy nodded, she began counting them off on her fingers. "Well, first, there are four white middy blouses, four blue middy blouses, and a dress.

I am taking the dress because, you know, we might have a party. Then there are two pairs of black bloomers and two pairs of blue bloomers, some white skirts, a warm red sweater, and two pairs of sneakers. Do you know what sneakers are, Uncle Billy? There is a pair of high shoes for hikes, a raincoat and hat, a bathing suit, some underwear, a sewing box, a camera, a tennis racket." Betty paused for breath and then went on—"a woolly kimono, four sheets, four pillow cases, a pair of double blankets, a pair of thin blankets, and a steamer rug, for Daddy says Cape Cod is sometimes chilly at night."

"Cape Cod!" cried Uncle Billy in delight. "Why, that is where the Christmas candles and cranberries come from and the finest clams and codfish and everything else jolly beginning with a C. It is too bad there's no more room in that trunk though." Uncle Billy sighed as he pulled a package out of his pocket and began to untie the string.

"But there's plenty of room in my bag," laughed Betty as she pounced upon the package. "Oh, Uncle Billy, it's a flash light!"

"Of course it's a flash light!" said Uncle Billy. "I'm not going to have you lost in a fog!"

"Do they have fogs on Cape Cod?" asked Betty, her eyes dancing with excitement.

"The finest fogs outside of London, and unless you write to me with this"—Uncle Billy held up a shiny, new fountain pen—"I shall know that you are lost in a fog. So be sure to write to me, and be sure to look for the Christmas candles!" With a quick hug, Uncle Billy said good night, and Betty ran upstairs to put the flash light and fountain pen into her hand bag.

It seemed to the little girl that morning would never come, but at last it did come. Soon she was on the train waving to Daddy and Mother on the platform. She felt a little scared as the engine pulled out and carried her away from them. But the ten other girls who were bound for camp were so jolly, and the big college girl who was taking care of them was so friendly that soon she began to enjoy herself.

The trip from New York City, where Betty lived, to Boston did not seem long at all. After lunch in the station, a lunch which seemed more like a birthday party than anything else, they boarded the train for the Cape. It was very interesting to Betty to know that she was traveling on the long arm that Massachusetts curves



out into the bay. Camp Wellfleet, as Betty explained to the little girl sitting beside her, was right in the bend of the arm. It did not look far on the map, but it was a long way on the train, so that it was almost dark when the

campers arrived. The air smelled so sweet and spicy that Betty half expected to see Christmas candles growing on the pine trees. A merry crowd of girls with swinging lanterns met them, took their bags and umbrellas, and marched them gaily toward the woods.

Through the trees Betty caught a glimpse of the bay and of a white sailboat skimming out toward the setting sun. She saw great white sea gulls flapping lazily overhead, and heard the waves beating on the shore. Following the twinkling lantern of her guide, Betty felt like another Christopher Columbus.

"What makes the air smell so good?" she asked.

"Partly the sea, partly the pines, and partly the bayberries," the girl with the lantern answered. She paused, picked a handful of waxy, green berries from a shiny-leaved bush, and held them out to Betty. "They make the bayberry Christmas candles out of these," she explained, for she had been to camp before and so knew about such things. "My name's Jane; what's yours?" she asked.

By the time Betty had told her name, they had reached a cheery log building on the edge of

the woods. It was the main lodge, and Betty thought that she had never been in a jollier place. A big fire burned at one end. All about stood small tables, just now set for supper. How good the steaming clam chowder and hot biscuits tasted after the long trip, and how interesting it was to be eating supper with girls from all over the United States! Afterwards the older girls sang for the newcomers, and then, as it was late and the travelers were tired, they all started for bed.

It was strange to go to bed in the woods, but that is just what they did. Under the pines, scattered about, were a dozen small lodges. Each lodge had a wooden floor and a roof with wire-screened walls to keep out the insects and let in the air. A lodge held a councilor and six girls, and each girl had a small cot and a bureau to hold her belongings. The lodges themselves had funny names. As Betty peered up at the sign over her door, she saw that she was in "The Crow's Nest."

Jane winked at Betty as she said: "Didn't you say your last name was Crowley? Girls! Three cheers for 'The Crow's Nest.' Now we're quite shipshape."

As Betty undressed by the flickering lantern, she shivered a little in the wind, and wondered how it would seem to sleep out in the woods. But when she was snug in bed, the soft murmur of the little waves on the shore below, the rustle of the pine trees overhead, and the brisk, salt breeze frisking about put her to sleep so quickly that she had not time to wonder long.

— RUTH FLUMLY THOMPSON

LISTS AND PICTURES

1. List the articles Betty packed in her trunk.
2. Make a list of the "C" things found at Cape Cod.
3. Draw a small square for the station in New York City. Draw it in the lower left-hand corner.
4. Draw the railroad beginning at New York City and going in a straight line to the upper right-hand corner. Make a square there for Boston. Draw an inch line to the lower right. Make a small square there for Cape Cod.
5. Make a list of the things Betty saw at camp.
6. Draw a square for the big lodge. Draw smaller squares for the small lodges. How many are there?
7. Draw a diagram or plan of the inside of the big lodge. Put a figure 1 where the fireplace was.
8. Show by small squares where the tables were.
9. Draw a diagram of the interior of one of the small lodges. How many people did each lodge hold? Make crosses for the bureaus and squares for the cots.

HELP BETTY UNPACK

When Betty went camping, she took a trunk filled with clothing, bedding, toilet articles, and articles for her play and rest hours.

She had four drawers in her bureau. In one of her top drawers she decided to put her toilet articles; in the other the things she would use during her play and rest hours. In one large drawer she put her clothing; in the other her extra bedding. Make four columns on your paper and head them as shown below. Then sort Betty's things for her by putting the right things in each column.

Toilet articles.	Articles for play and rest hours.	Clothing.	Bedding.
kimono	sheets	camera	
bathing suit	tennis racket	sewing box	
tooth paste	hat	skirts	
underwear	flash light	fountain pen	
sweater	middies	umbrella	
clothes brush	pillowcases	stationery	
dress	raincoat	book	
blankets	bloomers	comb	
toothbrush	steamer rug	nail file	

CAN YOU FIND THE ANSWER?

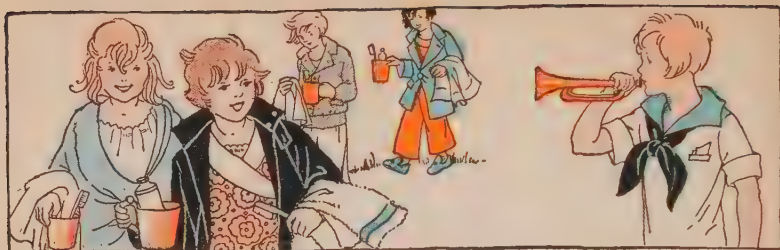
Before your parents decide on a camp for you for the summer, they wish to know many things. Below there are ten questions they will ask. Read these questions.

The answers to these questions are found in Betty's letter to her uncle.

Read the letter Betty wrote, beginning on the next page. Then turn back to these questions and answer them briefly.

CAMPING QUESTIONS

1. Who looks after the girls?
2. What instruction do the girls receive in managing a canoe or a rowboat?
3. What are the rules about using a canoe?
4. How near the ocean is the camp?
5. What activities are provided for the girls?
6. How many rest periods do they have each day?
7. What habits of neatness are the girls taught?
8. What is done for the health of the girls?
9. Please outline briefly a day in camp.
10. Why do the girls enjoy camp life?



A LETTER FROM CAMP

This is the first letter Betty wrote Uncle Billy with her new fountain pen. It will tell you many interesting things about the camp, and the fun the girls had.

Camp Wellfleet,
Cape Cod, Mass.

July 2, —

Dear Uncle Billy,

There was a fine, thick fog this morning and we had to dress by lantern light. The bugle blew at 6.45, and we all tumbled out of bed, put on our kimonos, slippers, and raincoats and rushed out to the wash house. It is almost half a city block from our cabin, and we have to pump water to wash in. Jane and I were first, for we had your flash light, so we did not get lost in the fog nor tread on any hop toads. The pump water is dreadfully cold and makes my nose red. This is the song we sing about washing:

“When you are older
You will grow bolder—
And take it colder
Up to the shoulder, Br—rr!”

But I washed only my face and hands this morning. We must hurry with our dressing, for at seven we have setting-up exercises just like the soldier boys. Then comes breakfast in the big lodge, and we eat like soldier boys, too. From eight o'clock until ten we rest and clear up our lodges. The Crow's Nest is going to try to get the prize for neatness.

You are not a landlubber like me. For that reason you would have known that the girls were not thinking of the nest of a crow when they called our lodge “The Crow's Nest.” You would have known that they were thinking of the place away up on the mast of a ship, where a sailor stands and looks out over the sea for ships and icebergs and whales and things like that. Now our lodge is at the edge of the camp, on the side nearest the ocean. Near it is a little opening in the pines, the very spot, as everyone says, to keep a good lookout. Capt'n Jimmy, one of our councilors, says it was a very lucky thing that I was assigned to this lodge, for no seaside

camp would be shipshape without a crow's nest. And wasn't it a good thing my name was Crowley? Don't forget to address your letters to "The Crow's Nest, Camp Wellfleet."

There is another girl here named Carrie O. Swift. We call her "Speedy" and she is. She made two home runs for our team last night. We play baseball almost every evening after supper, and I wish you were here to pitch for us.

But I started to tell you about a day in camp. After the councilors inspect the lodges, we divide into groups. Some go rowing, some work in the garden, and some go out in "The Romp." This is our motor boat, and I steered her all by myself yesterday. When you want the boat to go to the right, you turn the wheel to the left, and when you want the boat to go to the left, you turn the wheel to the right. Isn't that queer?

As this is a seaside camp, we must all learn to swim, row, paddle a canoe, and handle a sailboat. Won't it be fine when I can do all of those things? At twelve o'clock we swim; that is, some of us do. The girls who cannot swim are called "sinkers"; the ones who can swim a little are called "side-wheelers." I am only a

sinker, but I am trying hard to be a side-wheeler, for we cannot go into the canoes until we can swim out to the raft.

At one o'clock we have dinner, and you have no idea how hungry swimming makes you, nor how thirsty. I swallowed nearly a gallon of the bay and found it pretty salty. Of course, when I learn to swim really, I'll be on top of the water and not down on the bottom with the clam shells. After dinner we rest for an hour, then we take a long hike or go fishing. I got three bites today and they weren't "skeeters" either, they were fish. As a result of my fishing trip my nose is so sunburned that it will light the whole cabin, so that we won't need any lantern.

Monday we hiked all the way across Cape Cod. It is about five miles here from the bay side to the ocean side, and there are lovely pine woods and lakes between and a great many cranberry bogs. The sky here is bluer than anywhere I have ever been, and the people browner. The houses are white and terribly tiny, but they all have rosebushes climbing up to the windows and little walks marked out with sea shells. Capt'n Jimmy says that the Cape Codders, being mostly seafaring folk, are not used to much room



afloat and build their homes small and tidy like ships' cabins. On the ocean side of Cape Cod the sand dunes are as high as our houses at home and are covered with beach grass, bay-berries, and a purple flower that looks like

heather, but is called sea lavender. I never knew that dunes were just sandy hills on the beach, but now I have slid down seven dunes, and climbed up ten and know all about them. We ate lunch on the beach and there was plenty of sand in the sandwiches. Some sea gulls and a crab came without any invitation and I found some of the loveliest sea shells!

Tonight we are going to have supper on a point where there is an old wrecked ship. It will be a fine place to build a fire and tell pirate stories. We will go in "The Romp" and come home by moonlight. I can hardly wait. O Uncle Billy, I *do* love camping. Please send me a mouth organ, as I have been elected to play in the camp band.

Your loving niece,
Betty

P. S. How do you think you would like camping?

— RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON

1. Turn back to page 281 and write answers to the questions.

2. Write a short paragraph telling why Betty's lodge was called "The Crow's Nest."



HOW TO MAKE A TELEPHONE

Would you like to make your own telephone on which to call your playmates next door?

These are the things you will need:

An old kid glove.

Two *small* wooden boxes about three or four inches square.

A piece of sandpaper.

A few small tacks.

A piece of paraffin.

A ball of hard cord.

This is the way to make your telephone:

Saw off the ends of both boxes. Smooth the edges with sandpaper. Cut two squares from the wrist of the kid gloves. These squares should be the size of the ends of the boxes. Soak the squares in water for a few minutes.

While the leather is still wet, stretch the squares over the ends of the boxes. Tack the leather to the boxes every three-eighths of an inch. It will be tight as a drum when it dries because as

leather dries, it shrinks. Wait until the leather is thoroughly dry, and then coat both squares of leather with melted paraffin. When this is finished, you will have two small drums, each open at one end with leather across the other end.

Make a small hole in the center of each drum. Wax the string with paraffin. Be sure the string is just the right length to reach from window to window. Run the string through the hole in the drum of one box and knot the end so that it will not slip through.

Stretch the string tight and fasten it in the drum of the second box. Do not let the string touch anything. One of you can hold one box or receiver and talk while the second one listens.

TELL HOW

1. What things will you need?
2. What should be done with them?
3. See if you can remember these directions well enough to make a telephone at home that will work.
4. Have you made anything at home that you liked to play with? Did you have a good time making it? Your classmates will be glad to hear about the way you did your work. Perhaps they can tell you a new way to do something you found very hard.

MARCO POLO

Read to find out why the author wrote this story. Which of these three things was he trying to do:

1. To amuse you?
2. To tell you some interesting history?
3. To tell about spices?

Many, many years ago the people of Europe did not live so well as we do now. Their meals were not so good. They knew nothing about some of our most delicious foods. The women's dresses were not so beautiful, for there was no silk. All clothes were made of wool or linen or leather. Just think for a moment what a difference that would make.

But a change was coming. A black-haired, bright-eyed Italian boy was about to take a long journey. His father and his uncle were merchants of Venice, that famous city of Italy whose streets are canals on which boats take the place of carriages. These two men, the Polo brothers, had lately returned from a journey to the Far East. They had seen strange sights. They had had wonderful adventures, and they told tales

of the wealth of the Great Khan and of the riches of Cathay, which was another name for China.

Scarcely anyone believed their stories. They told of cloth made from worms. This cloth shone and rustled, and was more beautiful than any cloth ever before seen. They also told of spices that gave a new and delicious taste to food of all kinds; of a white sand that made bread sweet; of gold and jewels in great quantity; of books written in a strange language by men of great learning. All of these things were told by the Polo brothers and were not believed except by the boy Marco. He believed, and was never tired of hearing over and over again the wonderful stories of his father and uncle.

But they were merchants and they wanted to buy things they could sell at a good profit. If they could bring back to Europe these wonderful Eastern goods, everyone would want to buy them. This was a way to make a great deal of money. Yes, there would be rich profit in such trading. Clearly, the brothers must again journey to the East and this time bring back more than strange tales. A caravan of strange goods would speak louder than all their wonderful stories.



Marco was a big boy, a young man in fact. He too was to be a merchant. Would he not learn much from a journey to the East, to this land of the Great Khan, in the company of his father and uncle? The Polo brothers thought he would, and you may be sure Marco thought so too. He was wild with excitement when he was told that he might go. He could hardly believe his good fortune. He was to see with his own eyes the wonders of which he had heard so often.

They set sail. Down the Adriatic into the Mediterranean Sea, past the Greek Islands, and eastward to the Syrian shore went the ship.

On land again, sometimes on horses, sometimes on camels, often on foot, over sandy plains, hot deserts, high mountains, broad rivers, but always eastward they journeyed. The journey was not easy. Men of small courage would have turned back. They fought with native tribesmen, with brigands, with storms and floods, with hunger and thirst, with almost unbearable heat, and with bitter cold. Many men would have lain down and died. The Polos went on and won through at last to the court of the Great Khan.

Here Marco learned that his father and uncle

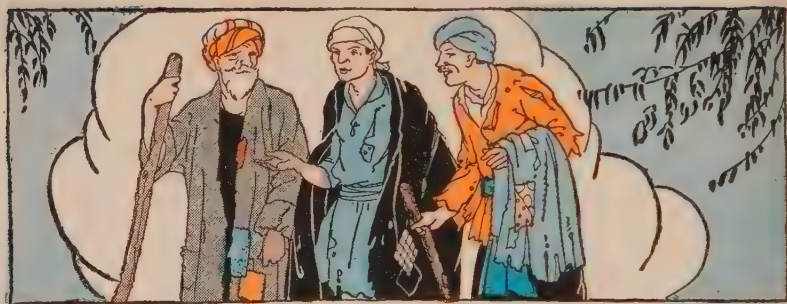
had spoken the truth. Kublai Khan was the most powerful ruler in the world. His empire stretched from the desert of Gobi to the Yellow Sea, from the snows of Siberia to the banks of the Ganges River. His court was splendid with silk and gold, with wisdom and beauty. Marco had never seen anything like this.

He became the friend of the Great Khan. He lived in China seventeen years, but he never forgot Italy. He longed for the water streets of Venice. He wished for his friends whom he had not seen for so long. But most of all he wanted to take back silk and spices and sugar and jewels that they might be known by the people of Venice, and through them by the people of Europe. In his imagination he saw a great trade established with the East. He saw the wharves of Venice piled with the strange bales and packages of Eastern goods. He saw them carried to the cities of France and Germany and England. He saw the profit that would come to the merchants of Venice and to the Polo family. He saw riches and honor and yet more riches for his father, his uncle, himself.

After living in China seventeen years, Marco and his father and uncle took their leave of the

Great Khan. The Emperor was surprised that anyone would be so foolish as to want to leave China with its riches and its wisdom. The princess of China wept. She would have Marco Polo stay always in China. Did he not have wealth and honor and happiness? Yes, he had wealth and honor, but happiness—he was not so sure he was happy. He longed for home, and Venice was his home. He would go back to Venice, across the rivers, across the deserts and the mountains, back to the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. There a ship would take him westward to Venice. The dangers of the journey he knew, and he feared these dangers less than the thought that he would never again see his home.

And so the Polo brothers and Marco left the court of the Great Khan and journeyed westward toward the setting sun and—Venice. With them on the backs of camels they carried bundles of silk and spices, of sugar and precious stones. To avoid capture by brigands and thieves they dressed poorly and begged for their food. Under their ragged clothing they concealed the most valuable of their wares. At last they came home. Again they had wonderful tales to tell. This time they showed the glossy silk. Their friends



were given sugar to taste and spiced meats to eat. Rubies and emeralds gleamed in rings of gold upon their fingers. These things had to be believed, and so the stories which the Polos told were believed too.

Marco decided to write a book of his travels. This book was written by hand, for there were no printing presses, but the book was copied and many persons read it. Many others heard of it and of the wonderful stories which it contained. You may be sure these stories lost nothing by being passed from mouth to mouth, and it was not long before Paris and London and the cities of Germany knew of Marco Polo's journey. This knowledge was the beginning of that restless wish to find the land of the Great Khan, the famed Cathay, where were the spices, the jewels, the gold, and the sweets. Finally the

search for this wonderful land led Columbus to discover America.

—ALBERT LINDSAY ROWLAND

PRETEND

Pretend that you are Marco Polo. Tell your classmates about your adventures. Make your tales very real and very thrilling.

Different members of the class may tell different parts of Marco Polo's voyages and adventures. Vote for the best story teller. Find what made his story so real.

Some pupil may choose to tell about the great adventurer when he was a young boy listening to the stories told by his father and his uncle.

Some other pupil may prefer to be Marco Polo on his voyage to the court of the Great Khan.

Be sure to show Marco Polo in China with his friend, Kublai Khan, and later in Venice telling about his travel.

Some pupil will have great fun pretending that he is the Great Khan. What kind of man was he? How will you act if you are the Khan; if you are Marco Polo?

Could you put your stories together and make a play? Perhaps you can dress like Marco Polo or like the Great Khan.

TURN TO THE TABLE OF CONTENTS

Use the Table of Contents to find pages where these questions are answered. Copy the number of these questions on your paper. After each number write the title of the lesson in which you would look for the information. On what page does it begin?

1. What three rules did the library book give?
2. What lesson told you how to cross streets?
3. Where did you meet the Swiss shepherd boy?
4. Who picks the wild rice?
5. In what lesson did you read about the Arabian people?
6. Is artificial silk as expensive as real silk?
7. What was the secret of the Fairy Egg?
8. Where did Betty camp?
9. In what story did you meet Mollie? Give the names of two other characters in this story.
10. In what ways are the birds your helpers?
11. In what story did you learn where the bears live in the winter?
12. Where were the gaily colored toys made?

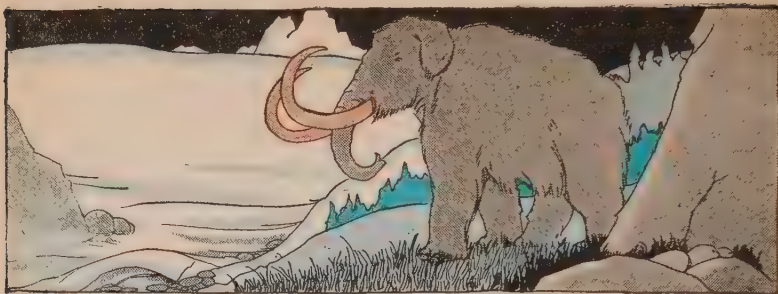
ANIMALS OF LONG AGO

Many strange animals lived thousands of years ago. They were much larger and more dangerous than the animals of today. Read of them carefully but quickly. You will be asked to answer some questions.

Time was when men lived in dark, damp caves hollowed out of rocks. All winter long they crouched around their fires with only a torch for a light. The wind whistled outside, and wild animals howled in the darkness.

In those days men had to fight for their lives. How carefully they listened for the sounds that might mean a wild beast was near. There were so many huge and dangerous beasts hunting for men or for smaller animals that they hardly dared to leave their caves at night.

How would you have liked to come home from play some cold, wintry day and to meet a mammoth? The mammoth was an elephant much larger than any elephant living today. Its tusks of ivory were larger and heavier. The hide of a single mammoth was so heavy that it was hard work for ten strong men to carry it. The ele-



phant of today has no hair or wool, but the mammoth of long ago had reddish colored hair, shaggy and woolly. Its great teeth helped it to eat the coarse grasses. Its curved tusks were shaped like the teeth of a hay rake turned upside down. With them the mammoth gathered up food. If this immense animal with great tusks of ivory had lumbered across the snow toward you, how you would have raced toward your cave in the rocks!

Another huge animal of these early days was the woolly coated rhinoceros, which wore a shaggy coat to protect it from the cold climate in which it lived. The rhinoceros of today lives where it is warm, and so does not need a thick coat. The rhinoceros of old had two horns on his head and a hump on his back. One ugly-looking horn grew on its nose, and a smaller one grew on its forehead. This huge animal ate grass and small plants.



Perhaps you would have liked to see a herd of Irish deer trotting across the fields. The deer were graceful animals. They had wide-spread, branching antlers and dainty feet. Their antlers were sometimes ten feet across. A man six feet high is a tall man. This will give some idea of the great spread of these horns. These deer, like the deer of today, scraped away the snow with their hoofs, looking for mosses to eat.

In warmer climates there were other animals. How would you have liked to come home to your own cave and to meet an ugly cave bear at the door? In the days of cave men, there were huge bears. These bears were larger and more savage than the grizzly bear of today. Because they liked to live in caves, the people called them cave bears. If a man found a bear in his cave home, he would have to kill the bear, or he and his family would have to find another cave.



The most terrible enemy of the cave man was the saber-toothed tiger. Its great tusks were like short, sharp swords. What an evil beast it must have been, roaming up and down the land! The cave men captured this animal by digging traps into which the tiger would fall. They killed the animal and ate the meat.

Besides these animals, lions and hyenas lived in this age. Of course there were the horse, the dog, the hog, and the fox. You know all these animals, but the others have long disappeared.

You may ask, "How do people know about animals that lived thousands of years ago?" Men have found the bones of the mammoth and the woolly coated rhinoceros buried in the ice and snow of the Arctic regions. In the sand and gravel of the earth, men have found the skeletons of the red deer, the horse, and the lion. In one cavern the teeth of the saber-toothed tiger were found.



In another cave, men found rude drawings of the animals that lived in those days. On the ceiling of one cave a little girl found paintings of bison, horses, wild oxen, pigs, and wolves. In one place beneath the ground men found clay models of these animals.

Most of these remains have been placed in museums where anyone may see them. Have you seen any of these remains?

—NELL K. GLEASON

TOPICS AND SUMMARIES

You will not always have boldface side headings to help you in your lessons. In this selection the first two paragraphs belong together. A topic for these two paragraphs might be *Dangers Faced by Early Man*. The third paragraph tells about the mammoth. Write a topic for each of the other paragraphs in the story.

Now see if you can tell the most important thoughts in each of the paragraphs. If you give all the important thoughts, you have made a good summary.

COMPARISONS

In the margin of your paper, beginning with the first line, write the numbers 1 to 12. Below are twelve sets of words or groups of words. Can you find one word or group of words in each set which means nearly the same as the first word? Write the two words after the correct number on your paper.

1. Beautiful (happy, lovely, heavy, ugly)
2. Rich (wealthy, proud, poor, pretty)
3. Honest (envious, stingy, honorable, angry)
4. Unfortunate (successful, large, weak, unlucky)
5. Costly (cheap, kind, expensive, small)
6. Quiet (noisy, still, restless, unhappy)
7. Suddenly (gradually, quickly, slowly, gently)
8. Impossible (able, contented, cannot be done, cross)
9. Remember (forget, recall, explain, hurt)
10. Poor (wealthy, happy, rich, needy)
11. Sadly (generously, happily, sorrowfully, heartily)
12. Pleasant (small, agreeable, tight, hard)

A HEALTH CREED*

Healthy girls and boys have more fun than sickly children. If you are strong, you will want to keep that way; if you are weak, you will want to become strong. Learn the rules below.

My Body Is The Temple of My Soul

Therefore:

I will keep my body clean within and without;
I will breathe pure air and I will live in the sunlight;

I will do no act that might endanger the health of others;

I will try to learn and practice the rules of healthful living;

I will work and rest and play at the right time and in the right way, so that my mind will be strong and my body healthy, and so that I will lead a useful life and be an honor to my parents, to my friends, and to my country.

Close your book and write, in your own words, as many of these rules as you can remember.

* Massachusetts State Department of Health.



THE CAVE MAN

This story is a good one to outline. Read it over quickly again and see if you can write one short sentence which gives the main thought of each paragraph. When you have finished, you will have an outline which will help you to remember the main facts of the story.

You have read of the terrible animals that lived in the time of the cave man. Many of them were much stronger than he. They could run faster. They hunted him for food just as he hunted them. How did it happen that all the men were not eaten by the animals? Is not that what you would think would happen?

You may have thought of the answer. Man could think better than the animals. For example, a bear might live in a cave all his life but he never would think to roll a heavy stone into the entrance before he went to sleep.

The cave man's thinking helped him in many ways. He soon learned that most of the animals could not climb trees. He was a wonderful climber himself. Many a time he sprang into a tree just in time to get away from a saber-



toothed tiger, a pack of savage wolves, or a fierce bear.

Then, too, he had learned to make weapons. This made him a match for any of the animals. Probably his first weapons were a club and a stone. Pretty soon he learned to fasten a stone to the end of his club. Now his club was much more dangerous to the animals. After a while he found a stone with a sharp edge. When he fastened this to his club, he had an ax. It was a poor one, but it was better than the club with the round stone. Later still, man learned how to break stones or flint so as to make a keen edge and a sharp point. The picture shows some

spear points such as the cave man fastened to a long stick. He learned to throw this spear very straight. Now he could strike a savage beast a short distance away.

Then, after thousands of years, he learned how to make a bow. Now he could shoot his arrow much farther than he could throw his spear. He could hit his mark much better too. We can imagine that by this time every animal was afraid of man and would nearly always run from him.

But all through this long warfare with the animals, man had another weapon—fire. He was the only one who dared use what the animals in Kipling's *Jungle Books* call "the red flower." He kept this strange magic inside his cave or at its mouth, and when he had to sleep in the open, he built a huge fire. Close to its blaze he crept. In the gloom he might see gleaming eyes waiting for the dreaded blaze to die down. If he had to go for more wood, he took a blazing brand and swung it round his head like a sword. It was a strange mystery to the savage beasts. Almost never would they come close to it.

So for hundreds of thousands of years the warfare went on. Once in a great while some

man would find a way to make a better stone knife, a better spear, a better bow or arrow. He learned how to build fires so that the smoke would go up and out of his cave. He learned to scratch the ground and plant crops. He caught the babies of animals like the wolf, and in time the tamed beasts loved him better than their own kind.

After a while with the better tools he built himself a better house. Then he found that he had more household goods. He had more skins of animals, more rude clay pots and kettles, more smoothly hollowed stones to grind his grain, and still more tools.

It is a long way from the rude cave to the modern skyscraper. One could hardly believe that the rude bow and arrow would grow into the modern cannon that can shoot many miles. All these and thousands of other wonderful tools and machines now serve the cave man's children because man could think. Is it any wonder that the mammoth, the hairy rhinoceros, and the saber-toothed tiger have been gone for ages, while man has changed the forest into the city and the plains into rich fields of grain?

—WILLIAM DODGE LEWIS

CHOOSE THE BEST ENDING

Which word or words end each sentence correctly?

1. Long ago the animals were—
tame, kind, terrible, ✓ sleepy.
2. The cave man was not eaten by animals because
he could—
sing, think, ✓ fly, eat.
3. Broken stones made—
roads, houses, sharp points, ✓ food.
4. The weapons of the cave man were—
guns, cannons, spears, ✓ swords.
5. His strange magic was—
coal, oil, electricity, fire. ✓

WHICH IS THE BETTER SUMMARY?

There is one idea in this story from which all the others follow. Below are two short summaries of this selection. Read them over quickly to see which one gives the main idea of the selection more clearly. Give reasons for your choice.

SUMMARY I

The cave man was not destroyed by the fierce animals that hunted him because he was able to think of ways to protect himself, while his stronger enemies, the savage beasts, could not think. To keep them out of his cave, he rolled a huge stone into the entrance. He discovered ways of making such weapons as axes, spears, and bows and arrows to kill the animals that bothered him. Finally he learned how to make fire

which frightened them away. Later he learned to plant crops, and to build himself a better home. Because he could think, he kept improving his tools, his weapons, his home, and his household goods. The wild animals were driven back or killed off, until now they are all gone. Where they used to roam, we find rich fields of grain or great cities.

SUMMARY II

In the days when savage beasts roamed the forests and men lived in caves, there was constant warfare between them. The animals hunted man for food, just as the men hunted the animals. Of course the animals were much stronger, so that men had to learn ways of protecting themselves. They learned to climb trees to escape the savage beasts, and to make crude weapons by fastening a stone on the end of a stick. Later they made spears, and still later bows and arrows. They learned to use fire to frighten wild animals away. From time to time they improved their homes, their tools, and their weapons, until they were able to get rid of the wild animals entirely. Today in place of the forests where the savage beasts used to roam, we have fields of waving grain, towns, and cities.

Try writing summaries of the most important parts of your lessons. Read your summaries over carefully as a part of the preparation of your lesson.



HOW THE SEEDS FIND NEW HOMES

Before seeds can grow into plants, they must find new homes. Some seeds tumble into their new homes in the ground; some sail away on soft, filmy sails; some glide away in stiff little wings like those on airplanes; some catch rides on people, birds, or animals; others travel by water. Some are treasured by men who plant them. All the seeds, though, must find new homes, else the time would soon come when there were no trees or flowers or grains or weeds.

Seeds that tumble. You have tumbled and tossed around on the ground—just for fun! But did you know that there are weeds that scatter their seeds in just the same way, tumbling and tossing?

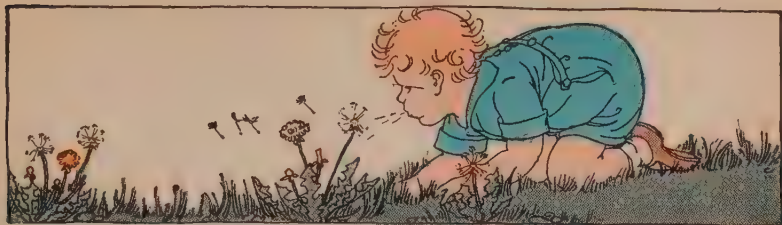
If you live near or on a prairie, you know the tumbleweed. Perhaps you have seen the stem of the tumbleweed break off near the ground.



Probably you have seen the whole plant with its many slender branches tossed about in the wind.

What a jolly time the tumbleweeds must have when a whole field of the weeds start to roll and tumble. They race and roll on and on. As they go, the seeds are scattered everywhere. Next year if you happen to cross one of those places, you will see the tumbleweeds growing strong and sturdy. When tumbling time comes again, the plants are ready.

Seeds that steal rides. All too well, perhaps, you know the plant that lets its seed cases ride on every passer-by, boy or girl, sheep or dog. No doubt you have often found the round prickly ball of burdocks on your stockings after you had passed through a field. How often have you pulled the prickly balls off? That was the very thing the burdock needed. You gave it a short ride and then you dropped it on the ground. Then the seed case opened, and all the seeds were scattered on new ground.

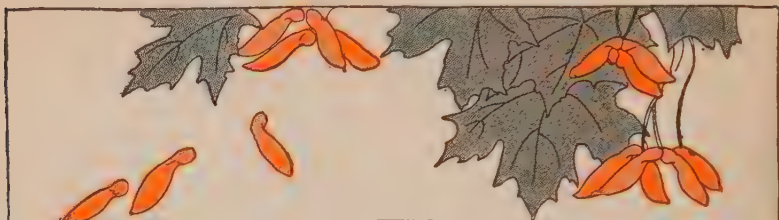


The burdock is willing to travel on any animal with a rough coat such as a dog with long hair, a sheep with a woolly coat, a cow, or a bear. These animals will do just what you do, twist and rub until the prickly burdock falls off. Once more the seeds inside the case have been carried on a trip and dropped.

These troublesome weeds travel with you whether you like it or not.

Seeds that have filmy white sails. When the seed pod of the milk weed opens, out come all the seeds, little brown boats, with fluffy white sails. A puff of wind and they are off.

When the blossom of the milkweed withers, the seed pod grows in its place. Tucked inside, snug and warm and dry, are the seeds. They are flat and brown. Each small seed has a little surprise. The surprise is a set of fluffy white sails, folded smooth. The seeds look like little brown boats safe in harbor until it is time for them to spread their sails and go.



Do you ever play the game of blowing the white heads of dandelions, and saying as you blow:

“My mother wants me;
My mother wants me not.”

Each time that you puff and blow and blow, some of the filmy white blows off the top of the dandelion stalk. Do you know that every time you do that you are tossing baby dandelions into the air? Their filmy sails carry them on long trips. The weight of the seed is the tiny anchor which will bring the seed to earth.

The next time that you are out in the fields, look at the dandelions. See how tall and straight the blossom stalk grows. See the little seeds with their soft, dainty sails. A puff of wind, a breath, the breeze caused by the wings of the birds in flight, all send the tiny seeds a-flying. The breezes carry many dandelion seeds each year and each year more seeds find new homes in our lawns and gardens.



The seeds with stiff sails. The pine tree has three things that many trees do not have. It keeps its leaves the whole year through. Its leaves are slender, stiff, prickly little needles. It has cones in which the seeds nestle.

The seeds of the pine have flat sails. When the wind finds the cones in the pine tree, it takes the seeds for a ride. The seeds can fly along like wee airplanes.

The maple seeds look like tiny airplane wings. The stiff little sails on the seeds take them for rides when the wind whirls through the trees. The seeds swoop out from the branches and glide along the ground. The wind takes the maple seeds riding just as it does the pine seeds.

The ash, the elm, and the tulip tree have seeds with wings somewhat like those of the maple tree. Like the maple, they twirl in the air and fall to earth.

Seeds that birds and man scatter. The seeds of the peach, the apple, the plum, and other

fruit trees, travel with the help of man. You eat the fruit, like it, and toss the seed aside. Perhaps you do not even know that when you are doing that you are scattering the seeds. If you do know it, you are glad to give these seeds a chance because the fruit you ate was good. You felt better scattering those seeds than you felt scattering the burdock seeds.

The birds help the seeds to travel in almost the same way. The bird finds the fruit trees. It pecks and pecks at the flesh of the gaily colored fruits. The bird swallows the pulp of the fruit or berry. A second or so goes by and the bird flips the seed out of its mouth to the ground. Next year a young fruit tree may sprout where the bird drops the seed.

—NELL K. GLEASON

DO YOU REMEMBER?

1. HOW THE SEEDS FIND NEW HOMES is divided into five parts. What are they?
2. How do seeds steal rides?
3. What seeds have filmy sails of white?
4. What seeds have stiff sails?
5. How do birds and man scatter seeds?
6. Do you have a garden? What seeds do you plant?
7. Is the purpose of this selection to amuse or to give information?

DIARY OF A COLONIAL GIRL

Did you ever keep a diary? It is a book in which you write what happens every day. Here are a few leaves from the diary of Prudence Clark, a little girl who lived not far from Boston about three hundred years ago.

September 12. Our new house has just been finished. It is different in many ways from our little stone house in England, but it is very comfortable. Father built the house of logs cut from the forest. The logs are notched at the ends to fit together. The chinks are filled with mud and straw. Even if the wind does whistle outside, it cannot come into our cozy cabin.

The roof is made of dried marsh grass, but father plans to put on a roof of split shingles as soon as he can. The floor is made of rough boards. How glad I am that father did not make the floor of beaten dirt! That is the kind of floor we saw in some of the houses in Salem. I can hardly wait until we get our things from England in place.

September 21. The house is in perfect order now. It looks comfortable and cozy. In front of the fireplace mother laid the skin of a bear that father shot. She also has two deerskins for rugs. Then on the walls she put the hangings from England and some skins of animals to hide the bare walls.

Father made a table out of a log. He split a log in two. Then he smoothed off the side that was split to make the top of the table. He bored holes in the round part of the log and put legs in the holes. We have five stools that he made out of short pieces of wood the same way. He also made a long bench of this kind for one side of the room. This makes a fine place to lie down when we are tired.

Priscilla and I helped mother place the dishes on the narrow plate rail. Before I put up the copper plates, I polished them until they shone. Priscilla polished the pewter plates. We both like the new plates, called trenchers, that father made for us from maple knots. He hollowed out the centers of a square wooden block. The meat and the other foods are placed in this hollow. In the corners, he cut out places for pepper and salt.



October 10. We do not have glass windows yet, and until we do we must use oiled paper. The light comes in through the paper, but of course we cannot see through it. We do not mind this much. Priscilla and I are out-of-doors much of the time. All this week we have been picking the bayberries with which Mother will make our bayberry candles. If the day is rainy, Father closes the wooden shutters on our windows. The room is pretty dark when the shutters are closed, but of course the fire makes it cheerful.

We are proud of our door because it has real iron hinges instead of the wooden or leather ones that are common here. Our door swings easily and does not sag. Father brought the hinges with him from England.

October 30. There is never a second when Mother is not busy. Priscilla and I help her all we can, but still she works every night by the light of the fire long after we have gone to bed. When she is not cooking, she is spinning, cleaning, sewing, or knitting. It takes much of her time to make clothes for all of us. She washed yesterday, and we had a big washing. I am so glad that we wash once a month, for if we waited three months, as some of the neighbors do, we



should be ironing a whole week. Priscilla and I pleated and ironed today. This has been a busy week. Monday we scoured the pewter. Tuesday we washed. Today we had the big ironing. Tomorrow we help mother make candles and hard soap.

October 31. We made candles today. Priscilla and I helped Mother stew the bayberry plums. Mother says that the bayberry wax makes good candles, but oh, how Priscilla and I hate to make them! The berries look as if flour had been spilled on them. They ripen late

in the fall. Mother throws them into a big kettle of boiling water. The wax or oil of the berries melts and Mother skims it off. She boils this again and then makes the candles.

Mother has some molds made of tin with holes just the size of a candle. She drops a string or wick into each hole and then pours the hot wax into the hole. When the wax gets cold, we turn the mold right side up and the candles slip out. The bayberry candles do not smoke like the pine knots of the fat pitch pine which burn in the fireplace for light.

With part of the bayberry wax we made hard soap. We put lye into the fat of the bayberry and cooked it until it thickened. We poured the mixture into molds, and when it hardened, we had bars of hard soap. I am glad that we are through making candles and soap.

November 1.—We have just had a wonderful dinner. Mother baked bread made of corn meal in the brick oven. Father built a great fire of dry wood in the brick oven at one side of the fireplace. When the bricks were hot, he swept out the coals and ashes and Mother put in the bread, a pot of baked beans, and a pan of stuffed eels. Later, when Mother opened the oven door and

whisked out the bread and eels, they were just deliciously cooked.

November 3. The good ship *Lyon* anchored in Boston today after ten long weeks at sea. How glad we were to see the ship, for it brought us food and clothing from England. How happy Governor Winthrop must have been too, for his wife and his son were on board. The people were so glad to know that the boat had come that most of them went down to welcome the Governor's family. They took with them fat hogs, plump partridges, deer, and lambs to give to the Winthrops. The ship brought us many things to eat that we cannot get here, such as tea, sugar, spices, and molasses.

*November 12.** Yesterday we celebrated Thanksgiving. Governor Winthrop announced that we would have a day of thanksgiving to thank God for the blessings of the year. Our good harvest and the safe arrival of the *Lyon* with food, clothing, and tools were two of our blessings. Mother said we should add our good health to our list of blessings.

Before we sat down to the table, Father prayed.

* Thanksgiving in those days was celebrated earlier in November.

Then we sang a hymn of thanksgiving. After dinner Father prayed again and we sang. It was hard work to sing after such a dinner.

How good it was! We had roast wild turkey, venison or deer meat, and two big pigeon pies. Instead of plum pudding, which we always had in England for such dinners, we had pumpkin pie. We were glad that the *Lyon* had brought the molasses to sweeten the pumpkin pies.

After dinner we played games. There were games of running, leaping, and jumping.

December 16. How I love our fireplace! The stones are big and rough. Father put them together with clay. The chimney and the fireplace are immense, but the kitchen seems homelike and cheerful with the warm, glowing fire.

Tonight the wind howled and whistled outside, but we were snug and warm beside our fireplace. Father sat in the high-backed armchair he brought from England and read from the Bible by the light of the fire. Priscilla and I sat on a deerskin rug and watched the flames until we fell asleep. Mother never wastes a minute, though, for while she sits she spins or knits or works at making clothes for some of us.

—NELL K. GLEASON



MATCHING PARTS OF SENTENCES

Number the lines on your papers from 1 to 10. Below are ten sentences which have been cut in two. The beginnings of the sentences are in Column I and the endings in Column II. Try to match the beginnings of the sentences in Column I with their endings in Column II. After each number on your paper write the number of the correct ending for the sentence.

I

1. This colonial home
2. The roof of the house

II

1. were notched to fit together.
2. was made of dried marsh grass.

I

3. The logs of the house
4. The colonial mother
5. Oiled paper
6. The bread
7. The brick oven
8. The boat from England
9. On Thanksgiving Day
10. The chimney and fireplace

II

3. brought food and clothing.
4. was made of corn meal.
5. were large.
6. was very busy.
7. was built of logs.
8. was used for windows.
9. was at one side of the fireplace.
10. they had a fine dinner.

Make a list of the things this colonial mother had to do that your mother does not have to do.

A LOG CABIN

A group of boys and girls could build and furnish a log cabin out of doors.

1. Build a log cabin of pieces of wood. How will you notch the "logs"? What will you use to fill the chinks?
2. Build a fireplace of small stones. How can you make the stones hold together?
3. How can you make the table and bench?
4. How can you make the long seat at the fireplace?



THE BEAR-BOOK

Bears and Boy Scouts! When they met each other by surprise, things began to happen. That is why this story was written.

The sound of a violin rose into the forest night air. All else was still. Around a large fire sat a troop of Boy Scouts. They were listening to the beautiful playing of the scoutmaster. Suddenly he stopped and pointed to the bushes. There, looking on, were two large black bears! The boys jumped to their feet and shouted.

This frightened the bears, and away they dashed at top speed.

There was no more violin playing that night. Everyone talked about the bears. The scout-master told bear stories. He promised to take the boys on a hike in the morning to try to find the home of the bears.

In the morning the boy scouts began their hike. What happened and what they saw was written in a notebook by one of the boys. Later he called it his "Bear Book." In it he put down all he had learned about bears that summer. Here is part of it:

August 2. We found the home of the bears. It was a cave near a creek. There were four of them—the mother bear, the father bear, and two of the funniest cubs you ever saw. These two tumbled over each other; they kicked one another; then made believe that they were angry and bit each other. They boxed and wrestled. One of them sat right on top of the other cub. Mother bear didn't like this. She gave the cub sitting on top such a cuff with her paw that he went splashing into the creek. The other one jumped up. He scampered into the bushes nearby.

How clumsy bears are! They walk flat-footed, always lifting both feet on one side of the body at the same time. And yet how quickly they can turn and deal a blow! There was the father bear, big and strong, who must have weighed as much as eleven fourth-grade boys. He could have hugged any one of us to death.

The scoutmaster said that if we came too close, the bears would run away or hide in the cave. They were not cowards, but wanted to keep out of trouble. If attacked or wounded, or if their cubs were in danger, they would fight with all their savage strength. Then, too, even if bears are clumsy, they can overtake the fastest human runner in a few minutes.

Tonight at our camp fire there was more music, but the bears did not come. They were too much frightened. The scoutmaster read us the story of *The Arkansaw Bear* by Albert Bigelow Paine. We laughed until we cried.

August 3. I learned today that there are many kinds of bears. There are the polar bears with beautiful creamy-white skins who live in the land of ice and snow. They are wonderful swimmers and love the water. For food they eat seals and fish. Then there are the grizzly bears

who live in the West. Sometimes they are called "silver-tip" bears because the tips of their hair are lighter than the rest of their fur. The Indians always feared these bears. A warrior who could fight them was indeed a great brave. Black bears are found only in America. Farmers hate them because they steal pigs and sheep. The largest bears are the brown bears. In Europe you see them strolling with musicians. They dance and do tricks. The brown bears of America live in Alaska and make their home in dry dens on the hillsides.

This afternoon the scoutmaster told us a bear story called *East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon*.

August 4. This morning we spied papa bear. With his mighty paws he was digging up an ant hill and making a meal of every ant he could find. What wouldn't he eat! Bears, we learned, will eat grass, grain, roots, nuts, berries, fruit, grubs, insects, frogs, snakes, lice, crabs, eggs, fish, birds, and other game. And I almost forgot—honey! Papa bear and mamma bear and their cubs would travel many miles to get it. They would not even mind getting stung by the bees for a taste of honey. You see, their



thick fur protects them very well. If you want to make friends with a bear, give him honey. But watch out!

August 10. We've had a wonderful summer. My bear book is growing, too. When I get home, I am going to find pictures of bears and paste them with these notes. I am also going to watch the shop windows and look for fur coats. I wonder if I shall know a *bear* coat when I see one? Some of them cost a great deal.

Then, too, I am going to the zoo again to watch the bears. I want to be there at feeding

time. If near the bears you meet a tall boy, about ten years old, with red hair, pug nose, and a thousand freckles, you will know that a scout of Troop No. 42 is getting more notes for his bear book.

—SAMUEL BERMAN

THINGS TO DO

1. On your paper fill in the missing parts of this outline:

A. Where bears live.

B. Kinds of bears:

1. Polar. 3.

2. Grizzly. 4.

C. What bears eat:

1. 3.

2. 4.

2. You have read about bears. Can you answer these questions?

A. When did the Boy Scouts first see the bears?

B. What did they see on their first "bear" hike?

C. What is there in the story that proves that bears like to find out what is going on—in other words, that bears have much curiosity?

D. What shows that bears make their cubs obey?

E. What is the bear book? How was it kept?

F. When are bears most dangerous?

G. Why is a bear hug a dreadful thing?

THE RADIO THAT MAKES NO SOUND

Of course you have often thought about the wonder of the radio. You turn a dial and hear a beautiful song that is being sung a thousand miles away. That singer would have to ride all day and all night on a fast train to come to you. Yet you hear him as if he were right in your room.

But if you will think of it, the book you have in your hand is just as wonderful. Some of the people whose thoughts you read lived many years ago. You never saw any of them. Yet they are talking to you and you understand just what they are saying. So you see that your book is a radio that can talk years away as well as miles away. It is almost as if you heard the voice of a person who lived a hundred years ago.

Another strange thing about this radio is that it makes no sound at all. But stop a moment—perhaps you are the strange one. How does it happen that you can hear when there is no sound? Stranger still, perhaps, you can see

with your eyes shut tight. Let's try to see if you can.

Close your eyes for a moment and think of your mother or some other person.——— Could you "almost see her"? What kind of dress did she wear? Was she sitting or standing?

Of course you did not really see her. She was not in the room. Even if she were, you could not really see her with your eyes closed. Yet you did picture her very clearly in your mind. We call this seeing with the mind's eye.

Now everybody keep perfectly quiet for a few seconds. Each one of you is going to try to hear someone call his or her name.——— Could you hear her? Of course you could. Your friend was not calling, but you heard with your mind's ear.

Here is another example of what your mind's ear will do. You have heard someone sing a beautiful song or play a lovely tune on some musical instrument. Long afterward the tune, perhaps the words too, kept running through your head. What you really mean is that you keep hearing it in your mind's ear. In this way you can always have something beautiful with you, no matter where you are.

You see and hear many things this way. Think of your reading, for example. When you read silently, you read with your eyes and not with your lips. Yet if you try, you can hear the words just the same.

You should always hear the words when you read poetry silently. Poetry is like music; it should be heard. It is best when it is read by someone who reads well. This brings out the music in poetry. And you can carry the music of poetry with you everywhere, just as you can carry the music of a song or of a musical instrument.

But you will read poetry silently more than you will read it aloud, or hear it read. So, you should learn to hear the words with your mind's ear. Or, if you want to put it another way, you can say that you are hearing with your eyes. The printed words will be like a radio.

Here are some poems you can read to see whether you can hear the words with your mind's ear. At the same time try to see with the mind's eye what the poet is telling about.



BILLY AND HIS DRUM

Ho! it's come, kids, come!

With a bim! bam! bum!

Here's little Billy bangin' on his
big bass drum!

He's a-marchin' round the room,
With his feather-duster plume
A-noddin' an' a-bobbin' with his
bim! bom! boom!

Looky, little Jane an' Jim!
Will you only look at him,
A-humpin' and a-thumpin' with his
bam! bom! bim!
Has the Day o' Judgment come
Er the New Mi-len-nee-um?
Er is it only Billy with his
bim! bam! bum!

I'm a-comin'; yes, I am—
Jim an' Sis, an' Jane an' Sam!
We'll all march off with Billy an' his
bom! bim! bam!
Come hurrawin' as you come,
Er they'll think you're deaf an' dumb
Ef you don't hear little Billy an' his
big bass drum!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

From *The Book of Joyous Children*

Copyright 1902

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The Bobbs Merrill Co.

Use your desk as a drum and tap with your fingers
as someone reads the poem aloud.

Do you know that you can march to a poem just as
you do to music? Try it with this poem.

WIND IS A CAT

Wind is a cat
That prowls at night,
Now in a valley,
Now on a height,
Pouncing on houses
Till folks in their beds
Draw all the covers
Over their heads.
It sings to the moon,
It scratches at doors;
It lashes its tail
Around chimneys and roars.
It claws at the clouds
Till it fringes their silk,
It laps up the dawn
Like a saucer of milk;
Then, chasing the stars
To the tops of the firs,
Curls down for a nap
And purrs and purrs.

—ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

From *The Ladies' Home Journal*, Copyright 1928,
Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

How would you move if you were acting like the
wind or like a cat?

TARTARY

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne;
And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal should summon me,
And in my courtyard bray;
And in the evening lamps would shine,
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp and flute and mandolin,
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White and gold and green they'd be—
And clustered thick as seeds;
And ere should wane the morning star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.



Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
 Her rivers silver-pale!
 Lord of the hills of Tartary,
 Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!
 Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
 Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
 Her bud-delighting citron trees
 In every purple vale!

—WALTER DE LA MARE
 Courtesy of Longmans, Green & Co.

This poem makes you see things with your mind's eye. Read the poem over and close your eyes. What do you see? Perhaps some of you would like to draw what you see in some part of the poem.

What would you do if you were Lord of Tartary?
 Perhaps you can write a poem. Try it.

THE OPEN GATE

You have had two speed tests before this lesson. This lesson will be another speed test. Try to make a better score on this lesson than you did on either of the other lessons.

Wait until your teacher says, "Go." Then read as rapidly as you can, but be sure that you pay attention to what you read. At the end of two minutes when your teacher says, "Stop," stop and write on your paper the number at the end of the line where you stopped reading. Then go on and finish the story.

One bright summer afternoon Fleet, the	6
good old shepherd dog that helped to take	14
care of the farmyard, decided that he would	22
step into the barn to see his friend Mrs.	31
Muffet and her two little kittens.	37

On his way Fleet looked around to see	45
that all was right. The weather was warm;	53
the hens were taking a dust bath under the	62
apple tree, and the brindle calf was asleep	70
in the shadow of the barn. The ducks and	79
geese were at the pond; the horses were at	88
work in a distant field; the cows and sheep	97
were in pasture, and only the brown colt	105

kicked up his heels in the farmyard. Fleet 113
barked with satisfaction, and walked into 119
the barn. 121

Inside he found Mrs. Muffet washing her 128
face, while her two little kittens slept in the 137
hay. She gave Fleet a warm welcome. 144

“Good evening, Mrs. Muffet,” said he. 150

“Good evening, Friend Fleet,” answered 155
she. 156

“How are the children?” asked the good 163
dog. “And do they grow?” 168

“Grow?” said Mrs. Muffet. “You never 174
saw anything like them! and such tricks as 182
they play! Tittleback is the merrier, and 189
will play with his own tail when he can find 199
nothing else; but Toddlekins can climb in a 207
way that is astonishing. Why, he even talks 215
of going to the top of the barn, and no doubt 226
he will some day.” 230

“No doubt, no doubt,” said Fleet. “Chil- 237
dren are so remarkable now.” 241

“But what is the news with you, Friend 249
Fleet?” inquired Mrs. Muffet. 253

“Nothing at all,” said Fleet. “The barn- 260
yard is as quiet”—but just as he spoke there 269
arose such a clatter outside the door that 277



he sprang to his feet to see what was the 287
matter. The two kittens waked up in alarm. 295
Outside, the yard was in a commotion. 302
Everybody was talking at the same time. 309
The hens were cackling, the roosters crow- 316

ing, the ducks quacking, the calf crying, and 323
the sound of flying hoofs could be heard far 332
down the road. 335

“Pray, what is the matter?” said Fleet to 343
three geese, that were hurrying along, with 350
their necks stretched out. 354

“The gate is open; the brown colt’s gone; 362
the brindle calf’s going, and we are thinking 370
about it; quawk! quawk!” said the three 377
geese, Mrs. Waddle, Mrs. Gabble, and Mrs. 384
Dabble. 385

“Where are you going?” asked Mrs. Muf- 392
fet, putting her head out of the barn door. 400

“Out into the world,” said the three geese 408
together. 409

“You’d better go back to your pond,” 416
barked Fleet, as he bounded off to help the 425
cook, who was waving her apron to keep 433
back the brindle calf. At the same time the 442
milkmaid shut the gate, and little Dick ran 450
down the road after the brown colt. 457

The brown colt kicked up his heels, and 465
did not care how fast Dick ran. He had all 475
the world to roam in, and the green grass was 485
growing everywhere. So he tossed his head 492
and galloped away toward the blue hills. 499

After a while he looked to see whether Dick 508
was still following him. As nobody was in 516
sight, he lay down and rolled over among 524
the daisies. This was such fun that he tried 533
it again and again until he was tired. 541

Then he nibbled the grass a while, but 549
soon decided to take another run. He raised 557
such a dust as he scampered along that the 566
birds peeped down from the trees to see what 575
it was. A little rabbit that ran across the 584
road was so astonished that it did not take 593
a long breath again till it reached its green- 602
wood home. 603

“Hurrah!” said the brown colt, not be- 610
cause he knew what it meant but because he 618
had heard Dick say it. “Hurrah! maybe 625
I’ll never go back!” 629

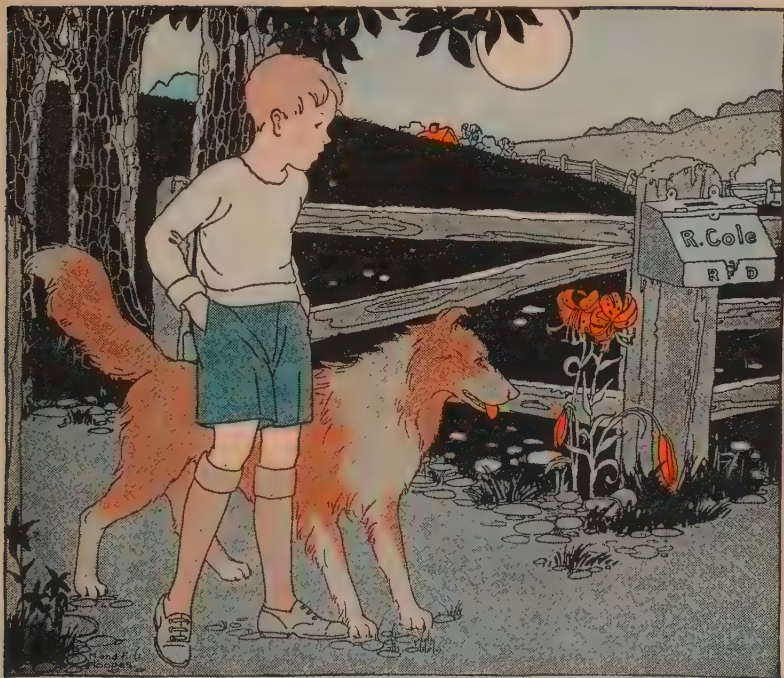
Just then there came an awful screech out 637
of a neighboring field. Although it was only 645
the whistle of a threshing machine, the brown 653
colt was terribly frightened, and jumped over 660
a fence into a cotton field. 666

“Oh!” thought he, as he tore his glossy 674
coat on the sharp barbs of the wire fence and 684
cut his feet as he leaped awkwardly over. 692
“Oh! how I wish I could see Dick now.” 701

But Dick was at home. He had run after 710
the brown colt as fast as his feet could carry 720
him, and had called, "Whoa! Whoa!" But 727
the brown colt would not listen. So Dick 735
had gone home with his head hanging down, 743
for he was the very one who had forgotten 752
to shut the farmyard gate. 757

Mother was at home, and she felt very 765
sorry when she heard about it, for she knew 774
how dear that colt was to her careless little 783
boy. When father came in from the fields, 791
it was too late to look for the runaway. 800
Father said that big boys and little boys 808
and everybody else must take care of things 816
they wanted to keep. Dick cried, but it did 825
no good. 827

The cows came home when father did. 834
The brindle calf was glad that she had not 843
gone away from the farmyard when she saw 851
her mother come in from the clover lot. The 860
chickens went to roost and the horses were 868
fed and all the chores were done for the night. 878
Of course everybody kept thinking of the lost 886
colt. Dick and Fleet went down the lane 894
to look a dozen times, but no brown colt 903
came in sight. 906



“He’s sorry enough about leaving that 912
gate open,” said Friend Fleet to Mrs. Muf- 920
fet, as they ate their supper; and Mrs. Muffet 928
told her kittens all about it when she went 937
back to the barn. Poor little Dick! and poor 946
brown colt! They thought about each other 953
very often that night. 957

Early in the morning the man who owned 965
the cotton field drove the brown colt out. 973
The long pike road stretched out, hard and 981

white, before him, and the chattering birds 988
 seemed to say, "Is this the same brown 996
 colt that raised such a dust yesterday?" 1003

Oh! how long and weary the way was to 1012
 his limping feet! But at last he reached home, 1021
 just at milking time. When the milkmaid 1028
 saw him standing at the gate, she called 1036
 everybody out to see him. 1041

Dick and the cook and Fleet tumbled over 1049
 each other in their surprise, and the barn- 1057
 yard was in such an excitement that one hen 1065
 lost her chickens and did not find them all 1074
 for fifteen minutes. 1077

"What did you see?" cried the brindle calf. 1085

"What made you come back?" asked the 1092
 geese; but Dick and Friend Fleet asked no 1100
 questions, because they understood. 1104

That was a long time ago, and the brown 1113
 colt is a strong horse now, and Dick a tall 1123
 boy; but neither of them will forget the day 1132
 when Dick was careless and did not shut 1140
 the farmyard gate. 1143

— From *Mother Stories*, by MAUD LINDSAY
 Courtesy of Milton Bradley Company

The number on your paper tells the number of
 words you read in two minutes. Divide that number
 by 2 and find out how many words you read in a min-

ute. Write your score on your record after your other scores. Have you improved your speed in reading?

Now write the answers to the ten questions in the following exercise to find out how well you understood what you read.

CHOOSE THE BEST ENDINGS

Number your papers from 1 to 10, and write the correct endings for the ten sentences given below. Do this without looking back at your story.

1. On a summer afternoon Fleet decided to visit—
 - a. Mrs. Waddle.
 - b. the brindle calf.
 - c. Mrs. Muffet.
2. Fleet told the cat—
 - a. that the barnyard was quiet.
 - b. that there was a commotion in the barnyard.
 - c. that there was a visitor in the barnyard.
3. When the gate was left open—
 - a. the brindle calf escaped.
 - b. the brown colt ran out.
 - c. the two kittens ran out.
4. The brown colt was frightened by—
 - a. an automobile.
 - b. a fire truck.
 - c. a threshing machine.
5. When the colt jumped over the barbed wire fence—
 - a. he hurt his legs.
 - b. he cut his feet.
 - c. he scratched his neck.

6. The brown colt ran away because—
 - a. Dick left the gate open.
 - b. the milkmaid left the gate open.
 - c. a cow pushed the gate open.
7. When Dick's father came home he said—
 - a. that he would go after the colt.
 - b. that the colt would come home in the morning.
 - c. that Dick must look after his own things.
8. The brown colt spent the night—
 - a. in a cotton field.
 - b. in a corn field.
 - c. in a wheat field.
9. The next morning the man who owned the field—
 - a. took the colt to his home.
 - b. drove the colt out of the field.
 - c. took the colt back to its master.
10. When the brown colt went home—
 - a. the way seemed long.
 - b. the way seemed short.
 - c. he felt very frisky.

The three important events of this story are

1. The gate was left open.
2. The brown colt ran away.
3. The brown colt came back.

Tell everything you can remember about the first event; the second event; the third event.

The conversation between Fleet and Mrs. Muffet serves as an introduction to the story. Repeat this conversation.

SOME PROBLEMS TO FINISH

1. In art class, Betty passed the scissors. The fourth grade had 35 scissors. One day Betty counted them and found—

Finish this problem. Write a question that will make a subtraction problem, and give the correct answer.

2. At the fall candy sale, everyone sold candy bars. Katherine sold \$6.25 worth of chocolate bars, and Bob sold \$4.45 worth of coconut bars.

Write a question that will make an addition problem, and give the correct answer.

3. The fourth grade was to have a valentine party. They had 70 cents in their class fund. They decided that only half of this fund should be used for the party.

Write a question that will make a division problem, and give the correct answer.

4. Each child in a class of 35 bought a spelling pad that cost 3 cents.

Write a question that will make a multiplication problem, and give the correct answer.



Juno



Mercury



Mars



Minerva



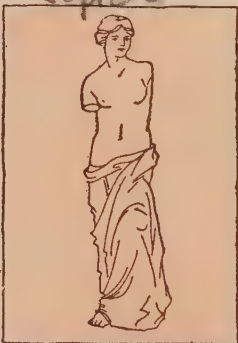
Jupiter



Ceres



Apollo



Venus



Hebe

MATCHING PICTURES

Long ago the Greeks and the Romans believed in many gods and goddesses. One of their gods ruled over heaven; another ruled the seas and oceans. Pluto, about whom you may have read, ruled over the underworld. Then there were the goddesses of wisdom, of agriculture, and of love. Many famous statues were made of them, and many wonderful stories were told of them.

In this lesson, each paragraph tells about one of the gods or goddesses. Find on page 354 a picture to match each of the nine paragraphs of the lesson.

1. **Jupiter.** Jupiter was the father of the gods and of men. He it was who ruled over heaven and earth and over all the other gods. He was the gatherer of clouds and snows and the giver of gentle rains and winds. He governed the light, the heat, and the seasons. The pictures of him show him seated on a throne with a scepter in his hand.

2. **Juno.** Juno, the wife of Jupiter, was the Queen of the Gods. One of the best statues of Juno shows her standing, wearing a crown. The

small fruit she holds in one hand is a pomegranate. In the other she holds a long staff.

3. Minerva. Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was born in the strangest way, so the story goes. She is said to have sprung full grown from the head of her father, Jupiter. She was a warrior as well as the goddess of wisdom. Her statues show her wearing a helmet on her head and prepared for battle with a shield and spear.

4. Mars. Mars, the god of war, liked the clash of arms and the wild sounds of battle. Mars was feared by the Romans. He is pictured standing in a two-wheeled war chariot driving two beautiful horses. He wears a helmet on his head and carries a long spear.

5. Hebe. Hebe was the goddess of everlasting youth and joy. She was cupbearer to the gods and goddesses. She served nectar to them. Pictures of Hebe show her standing. One hand is held high as if she were about to pour nectar into a cup.

6. Mercury. Mercury, the messenger of the gods, was the son of Jupiter. On his hat and his sandals were small wings, the wings of speed. One of his duties was to take the souls of the dead to the underworld.

7. **Ceres.** Ceres was the goddess of sowing and reaping. She watched over the flowers, fruit, and grain. Pictures of Ceres show her holding a basket of fruit and flowers in one hand. In the other, she holds a staff.

8. **Venus.** The loveliest of the goddesses was the goddess of love and beauty. Because she was more beautiful than any goddess in the world, many statues were made of her. The most famous one is that of Venus de Milo. The statue shows Venus standing. The arms are lost.

9. **Apollo.** The god of song, music, light, and youth played on his lyre for the gods in their palaces on Mount Olympus. He is shown standing with a cape on his shoulders. One hand is stretched out, with the cape thrown over his arm.

WHICH ONE WAS IT?

Can you name these Greek gods and goddesses?

1. The god of war.
2. The loveliest of goddesses.
3. The father of the gods.
4. The goddess of wisdom.
5. The messenger of the gods.
6. The god of music.
7. The goddess of crops.
8. The queen of the gods.
9. The goddess of youth.

READING THE NEWSPAPER

The news in your newspaper is all arranged in an orderly way. All news items about the same subject are grouped together, so that you will know just where to look for them each day. Like your dictionary, the newspaper has helpers on each page. These helpers are called headlines. These headlines tell the most important news. They do not tell *all* the news; they only give you a hint so that you will know what to read. Smaller headlines across the top of a column contain a kind of outline of the news items. If you want to know more about any story than is printed in these two kinds of headlines, you must read the article.

Not all the news is interesting to every reader. Each one must glance through the headlines to find what he wants to read. This glance, however, tells the reader much of the news of the world. After he decides just what news he wants to read, he spends his time on those items.

On the next page is an item from a city newspaper. It tells about something that happened

in a large city; but the news was so important that the whole world wanted to read about it.

Find the headlines on this news item. Do they tell all that you need to know? What further information do you get when you read the whole story?

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Prime Minister MacDonald
Arrives in New York City.

RECEIVES THE OVATIONS OF
VAST WAITING CROWDS

NEW YORK, OCT. 4. This marks a red letter day in the history of the world, for, with the arrival of our distinguished visitor, a new and a stronger plea for world peace is to be handed to anxious nations.

Ramsay MacDonald comes to our country to discuss with the President of the United States the plans and hopes for smaller armies and navies. He brings with him the promises of several European

nations to accept his plans. He brings also the pleas of war-ridden people "to unite all the great nations of the world in a drive for peace."

The head of the British government received a warm welcome when he rode through the streets of New York. It means that the people of the United States are in sympathy with his plans. Everywhere the streets were crowded with people anxious to see our distinguished visitor.

The Prime Minister left New York shortly after his arrival. He hurried on to Washington where he is to spend the next few days with our President. Later the new peace plans will be presented to Congress.

FINDING NEWS EACH DAY

Seldom a day passes that does not bring to us important news. Read your newspapers each

day and find what the world is doing. Get the "newspaper habit," for it is the surest way to keep in touch with the world.

Keep a news bulletin board in your classroom. Plan to have one period each week for news. Bring pictures and news clippings to school to show your class. Find the headlines or pictures which attracted you to the news items. Be able to answer questions they may ask you.

When you have finished with your clippings, fasten them on the bulletin board. Appoint a committee to keep the bulletin board neat and orderly. Change your news items often so that you may keep "up-to-date."

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Following this is a list of names for news bulletin boards. Read them carefully and decide which are the best names. Be able to tell *why* you choose certain names. Do these names give you any suggestions for your bulletin board?

1. All-Over-News.
2. Our Bulletin Board.
3. Here, There, and Everywhere.
4. World Echoes.
5. News Happenings.

YOUR DICTIONARY

A

Abdallah (ăb'dăl'lă), Arabic proper name.
accuse (ă-kūz'), charge with; blame.
accustom (ă-kūs'tūm), to make familiar by use.
ache (āk), a dull pain.
action (ăk'shūn), the doing of something.
activity (ăk-tīv'ī-tī), the quality or state of doing or acting.
adopt (ă-dōpt'), to take to be one's own.
adventure, a daring achievement.
affectionate (ă-fĕk'shūn-ăt), expressing love.
agreement, an understanding between persons.
agriculture (ăg'rī-kūl-tūr), farming.
alphabetical (ăl-fa-bĕt'ī-kăl), in the order of the letters of the alphabet.
ancestor (ăn'sĕs-tĕr), forefather.
anchor (ăng'kĕr), an iron implement for securing a vessel to the ground under water.
anew, over again.
antler, the horn of the deer.
anxious (ăngk'shūs), deeply concerned or troubled.
arbor, a shaded walk.
arch, to curve; curved masonry.
article, a single thing.
artificial (ar-tī-fīsh'ăl), not natural.
astonish, to surprise.
astronomer, (ăs-trŏn'ō-mĕr), one who studies the stars and other heavenly bodies.
astonishment, extreme surprise.
athwart, (a-thwart'), across.

attack, to set upon.
author (aw'thĕr), one who has written a book.
avalanche (ăv'a-lănch), the sudden sliding of a mass of snow and rock down a mountain slope.
average (ăv'er-āj), about midway.
awkward, clumsy.

B

bade (băd), told; commanded.
bamboo (băm-bōō'), a kind of grass having hard, thick-jointed stems.
barley (bar'fl), a kind of grain.
Basel (bă'zĕl), a city in Switzerland.
battery, an outfit for producing an electric current.
bayberry, a kind of shrub.
beckon (bĕk'n), to call by signs.
Bedouin (bĕd'ōō-in), an Arab tent dweller or desert dweller.
bedraggle (bĕ-drăg'l), to make wet and dirty by dragging.
befall, happen to.
Berne (bĕrn), a city in Switzerland.
bestow, to give.
bicycle (bī'sī-kl), a vehicle having two wheels, one behind the other, driven by treadles.
biography (bī-ŏg'ra-fl), the written history of a person's life.
biscuit (bīs'kīt), a flat cake of unraised bread; a cracker.
bison (bī'sūn), a wild oxlike animal.
bleachers (blĕch'ĕrz), roofless seats for those watching an outdoor game.
blubber, the fat of whales.
bog, wet, marshy land.
bosom, breast.

ăte, căt, făr, senăte, âsk, âffect; scĕne, ĕdge, novĕl; mĭne, begĭn; cŏld, stŏp, ŏbey; ŭnit, cŭt, circŭlate; mŏŏn, fŏot; n, French enfant

boundary (boun'da-rĭ), a line marking a limit.

bran, the husks of grains.

brass, a mixture of copper with zinc or tin.

bray, the cry of a donkey.

brewery (brōō'ēr-ĭ), the place where beer is made.

brigand (brĭg'ānd), a robber.

brilliant (brĭl'yānt), sparkling.

brindled, of a gray or dark yellow color, with dark spots or streaks.

brocade (brō-kād'), a rich silken material woven with gold and silver threads, or decorated with raised figures in silk or velvet.

brooch, a breastpin.

Brussels (brūs'ēlz), a city in Belgium.

bugle (bū'gl), a kind of horn resembling a cornet.

bulk, size.

burden, load.

burdock, a kind of weed.

bureau (bū'rō), a chest of drawers for clothing.

C

calamity (ka-lām'ĭ-tĭ), affliction; disaster.

calico (kāl'ĭ-kō), cotton cloth.

Calais (kāl'ā), a city in France, on the Strait of Dover.

canal (ka-nāl'), a man-made waterway for ships.

capital, chief; a city where a government is located.

captivity (kăp-tĭv'ĭ-tĭ), the state of being held prisoner.

caravan (kăr'a-văn), a company traveling together across a desert.

Carpathians (kăr-pā'thĭ-ānz), a mountain range in Central Europe.

cartridge (kar'trij), ammunition for a gun.

Cathay (kă-thā'), an old name for China.

cease (sēs), to stop.

checkerboard, a board on which the game of checkers is played.

chisel (chĭz'el), a kind of tool.

choir (kwĭr), a band of singers.

chore (chōr), a small job.

chorus (kō'rūs), a number of persons singing together.

chowder, a kind of stew or soup.

christen (krĭs'n), to baptize.

chuckled, laughed quietly.

churn, container in which butter is made.

citron (sĭt'rŭn), a kind of fruit used as a preserve.

climate (klĭ'mat), the weather conditions of a place.

clutched, seized.

coconut (kō'kō-nŭt), the fruit of the coco palm.

cocoon (kō-kōōn'), the silky case spun by the young of many insects.

colonial (kō-lō'nĭ-āl), pertaining to a colony.

colony, a body of people who settle in a given place.

column (kōl'ŭm), a division, as of the page of a book.

comfort (kŭm'fĕrt), a state of ease and well being.

committee (kō-mĭt'ē), one or more persons appointed to act on any matter.

commotion (ko-mō'shŭn), disorder; confusion.

conceal (kōn-sĕl'), to hide.

conclusion (kōn-klōō'zhŭn), a summing up.

concrete (kōn'krĕt), a kind of artificial stone.

cone (kōn), the fruit of the pine tree.

confide, to intrust.

confidential (kōn-fĭ-dĕn'shāl), spoken or written as a secret.

Congress, the chief lawmaking body of the United States of America.

convenient (kōn-vĕn'yĕnt), saving work or trouble.

councilor (koun'sĭ-lĕr), a member of a group of advisers.

cranberry, the small red, sour berry of a low growing vine.

äte, căt, fär, senâte, âsk, âffect; scêne, ědge, novĕl; mĭne, begĭn; cōld, stōp, ōbey; ūnit, cŭt, circŭlate; mōōn, fōōt; n, French enfant

crude (krōd), being in an unprepared state.

cupped, shaped like a cup.

curiosity (kū-rī-ōs'ī-tī), eager desire to get knowledge.

curry (kūr'ī), to rub down.

Czechoslovakia (chĕk'ō-slō-vā'kī-ā), a country in Central Europe.

D

dairy (dā'rī), a place where milk is produced, kept, or made into butter and cheese.

decoration (dĕk-ō-rā'shūn), an ornament; trimming.

delicious (dē-līsh'ūs), very pleasing.

descend (dē-sĕnd'), to come or go down.

desert (dēz'ŭrt), a large stretch of dry, sandy waste land.

desperate, reckless.

dessert (dĕ-zŭrt'), a course of food served at the end at dinner.

destructive (dĕ-strŭk'tīv), ruinous; hurtful.

diagram (dī'a-grām), an outline or drawing.

dictionary (dīk'shŭn-ā-rī), a book explaining words of a language arranged alphabetically.

difficult, not easy.

disc (dīsk), a flat, round plate.

dismay (dīs-mā'), to terrify; dishearten.

distinguished, well known because of doing great things.

domestic (dō-mĕs'tīk), tame.

dune (dūn), a heap of drifted sand.

dyed (dīd), colored.

E

earthenware, vessels made of baked clay.

educated, taught; trained.

eel (ēl), a kind of slimy, snakelike fish.

embroidered (ĕm-broid'ĕrd), decorated with needlework.

emerald (ĕm'er-āld), a precious stone of a deep green color.

endure, to remain in existence.

enlist, to enroll.

entrance (ĕn'trāns), the act of going or coming in; a door.

erect (ĕ-rĕkt'), to build; upright.

error (ĕr'ĕr), a mistake.

establish (ĕs-tāb'lish), to fix firmly.

evil (ĕ'vīl), bad; wicked.

exclaim, to cry out abruptly.

experience, knowledge or skill gained through practice.

experiment (ĕks-pĕr'ī-mĕnt), a trial; to make tests.

expose (ĕks-pōz'), to reveal.

extravagant (ĕks-trāv'a-gānt), wasteful.

F

factory (fāk'tō-rī), a place where goods are made.

famous (fā'mŭs), celebrated.

favorite (fā'vĕr-īt), one who is favored or esteemed.

filmy, thinly covered.

flax (flāks), the plant from whose fibers linen is made.

flint, a very hard kind of rock.

floss, soft, silk threads used in embroidery.

fluted, grooved.

foe (fō), enemy.

fore (fōr), the forward part.

forefinger, the finger next to the thumb.

foresight (fōr'sīt), the power of seeing in advance.

frail (frāl), easily broken; brittle.

fringe (frīnj), a border of raveled cloth.

frugal (frōō'gāl), economical; cheaply used.

fuel (fū'ĕl), material for supplying a fire.

fund, a lasting supply of something.

āte, cāt, fār, senāte, āsk, āffect; scēne, ědge, novĕl; mīne, begīn; cōld, stōp, ōbey; ūnit, cūt, circūlate; mōōn, fōōt; n̄, French *enfant*

G

gable (gā'bl), the sloping end walls of a building.
garage (gā-rāzh'), a building in which automobiles are kept or repaired.
garbage, waste matter.
gear, adjustment of parts to each other.
gloss, a smooth luster.
glow, to show brilliant color.
gnat (nāt), a kind of insect.
Gobi (gō'bē), a desert in central Mongolia and northeastern Turkestan.
goblin, an evil spirit.
graceful, displaying beauty in action.
gradual, step by step.
granite (grān'īt), a kind of hard rock.
graph (grāf), a kind of chart or diagram.
graze (grāz), to eat grass from a pasture.
grievous (grēv'ūs), painful.
group (grōop), a cluster.
grub, the egg of an insect.

H

Hakim (hā'kūm), an Arabic proper name.
halter (haw'l'tēr), a rope for leading or holding an animal.
harness, to attach a beast of burden to that which it pulls or carries, by means of an arrangement of straps.
haunch (haw'nch), the hind part.
heather (hēth'er), a kind of plant.
heir (ār), one who succeeds another in the possession of property, wealth, or gifts.
heirloom (ār'loom), a piece of personal property handed down in a family.
helmet, armor for the head.
Hermine (hēr-mē'nē), girl's name.
hesitate (hēz'ī-tāt), to pause; delay.
hitch, to fasten.
hospice (hōs'pīs), a place of shelter for travelers.
host, one who entertains another.

hullabaloo (hūl-a-ba-lōō'), uproar.
humor (hū'mēr), a state of mind; fun.
hutch, a coop or pen for animals.
hyena (hī-ē'na), a kind of animal.

I

imagination (ī-māj-ī-nā'shūn), the picture-forming power of the mind.
increase (īn-krēs'), grow; enlarge.
index, alphabetically listed contents of a book.
industry (īn'dūs-trī), a particular kind of work or trade.
information, knowledge given or acquired.
inheritance (īn-hēr'ī-tāns), property received by an heir.
initials (īn-īsh'ālz), the first letters of the words of a person's name written separately.
inspect, to examine closely.
intelligent, showing understanding.
interior (īn-tēr'ī-or), inner.
interrupt (īn-tēr-rūpt'), to stop by breaking in upon.
invention, the act of making something new.

J

Jean (zhān), a French proper name (John).

K

keen, sharp.
kerosene (kēr'o-sēn), a kind of oil used in lamps and cooking stoves.
kimono (kī-mō'nō), a loose gown.
khaki (kā'kē), light, yellowish gray color.
Koran (kō-rān'), the Mohammedan Bible.
Kublai Khan (kōō'blī khān'), an Emperor of China: lived from about 1214 to 1294.

L

landlubber, one who has not been to sea.
language (lāng'gwāj), human speech, spoken or written.

ăte, căt, făr, senăte, âsk, âffect; scēne, ědge, novĕl; mīne, begīn; cōld, stōp, ōbey; ūnit, cūt, circūlate; mōōn, fōōt; ū, French enfant

ledge, a shelf or edge.
lodge, a small house or cottage.
loft, an attic.
lye, a substance used in making soap.
lyre (lir), a kind of harplike instrument.

M

maggot, a kind of worm.
margin (mar'jin), a border; an edge.
material (ma-tē'ri-āl), the substance of which anything is made.
meager (mē'ger), scanty.
menagerie (mē-nāj'ēr-ī), a place where wild animals are kept.
merchant, one who carries on trade with foreign countries.
miserable (miz'ēr-a-bl), very unhappy.
moccasin (mōk'a-sin), a soft soled deerskin shoe.
motion (mō'shūn), action.
mug, a drinking vessel with a handle.
musician (mū-zīsh'ān), one who sings or who plays on a musical instrument.
mystery (mīs'tēr-ī), that which is beyond human understanding.

N

necklace (nēk'las), a chain or string of beads worn around the neck.
nectar (nēk'tar), the wine of the gods.
nomad (nōm'ād), a wanderer.
notch, a small nick cut into something.
note (nōt), to notice.
nozzle (nōz'l), a mouthpiece.

O

observant (ōb-zūr'vānt), watchful; quick to notice.
occupation (ōk-ū-pā'shūn), regular business or employment.
oust, to turn out.
ovation, noisy praise.
oven (ūv'n), an inclosed chamber for baking, heating, or drying.

P

paddle, to row slowly.
palm, the inner surface of the human hand.
paraffin (pār'a-fīn), a waxy substance used to waterproof wood, paper, etc.
paragraph, a small section of a piece of writing.
paring, a part peeled off.
partner, one who is closely associated with another, as in a business.
partridge (par'trij), a kind of game bird.
pastor, a minister in charge of a church.
patience (pā'shēns), the power to wait calmly.
peered, looked.
pemmican (pēm'ī-kān), a food made of lean meat, with fat and, sometimes, fruit, dried, pounded, and pressed into cakes.
penguin (pēn'gwīn), a kind of large antarctic sea bird.
perch, a high seat.
perky (pūr'ki), smart; lively.
permission (pēr-mīsh'ūn), consent.
pest, a nuisance.
pewter, a metal made of tin and lead.
phonograph, an instrument for recording and giving out speech or musical sounds.
phrase, a group of related words.
pioneer (pi-ō-nēr'), a settler in a new country.
plain, level; flat.
plume (plōom), a long and beautiful feather or tuft of feathers.
pomegranate (pōm-grān'āt), a kind of fruit.
ponder, to consider carefully.
poster, a bill put up in a public place to advertise something.
pottery (pōt'ēr-ī), ware of many kinds made from clay.
poverty (pōv'ēr-tī), the state of being poor.

āte, cāt, fār, senāte, āsk, āffect; scēne, ědge, novĕl; mīne, begīn; cōld, stōp, ōbey; ūnit, cūt, circūlate; mōōn, fōōt; n, French enfant

Praha (pră'há), the capital of Czechoslovakia.

prairie (pră'ry), a large, treeless stretch of land.

prate (prāt), to talk idly.

precious (prësh'üs), valuable; costly.

prefix (prë'fiks), to place at the beginning of anything.

preparation (prëp-a-ră'shün), the act of making ready.

presence (prëz'ëns), nearness.

presto, quickly.

pretend (prë-tënd'), to play at make-believe.

prickly, full of thorns; stinging.

problem, a difficult matter to be worked out.

procession (prö-sësh'ün), a train of persons in a formal march.

profit, benefit; advantage.

proposition (pröp-ö-zish'ün), the statement of a topic to be discussed.

protest (prö-tëst'), to make a declaration against.

provide (prö-vid'), to furnish or supply.

prowl (proul), to roam over in search of prey.

R

rafter, a sloping beam that holds up the roof of a house.

rare (rär), uncommon; precious.

realize (rë'al-iz), to cause to seem true to fact.

recent, pertaining to time not long past.

redeem (rë-dëm'), to free from a claim of any kind.

refreshments, food and drink served to guests.

refuge (rëf'üj), a shelter from danger or trouble.

rein (rän), a leather strap fastened to the harness of an animal, by means of which he is guided.

reply (rë-pli'), an answer.

Ribot (rë'bō') a French proper name.

rifle (rī'fl), a firearm.

rigmarole (rig'mă-röl), foolish talk.

rime (rīm), a form of verse or poetry.

royal (roi'äl), kingly.

ruby (röö'bī), a precious stone of dark red color.

rumor (röö'mer), common talk.

S

saber, a weapon with a curved blade.

sag, to sink or droop by weight.

Saint Gotthard (sânt göth'ärd), an Alpine mountain range, pierced by a famous nine-mile tunnel of the same name.

Saint Moritz (sânt mō'rīts), a famous winter resort in Switzerland.

salute, to greet.

sandal, a kind of shoe.

satisfaction (sät-ïs-făk'shün), enjoyment.

savage (säv'aj), fierce.

scanty, scarcely enough for use or necessity.

scarce, not plentiful.

scavenger (skäv'ën-je), any animal that eats waste materials.

scene (sën), a division of a play.

scepter (sëp'ter), a ruler's staff.

scimitar (sīm'ī-ter), a sword with a curved blade.

scoop, to take out with a ladle; dig.

scroll (skröl), a winding shaped ornament; a roll of paper.

sculptor (skülp'ter), one who carves figures or designs in wood or stone.

scurry (skür'ī), to move rapidly along; scamper.

seafaring, following the sea as a calling.

secret (së'krët), that which is not supposed to be told.

separate (sëp'a-rät), set or keep apart.

settler, one who settles in a new place.

sheik (shëk), the chief of an Arab tribe.

shelter, place of protection; house.

äte, cät, fär, senäte, äsk, äffect; scëne, ëdge, novël; mîne, begîn; cöld, stöp, öbey; ünit, cüt, circulate; mōön, fööt; ñ, French enfant

shepherdess, a woman who tends sheep.

shock, a stack of bundles of grain set up together in a field.

shrill, sharp in tone.

sign (sīn), a symbol.

signal, a sign for giving notice of danger or need; to make signs to.

site (sit), a place or location.

skeleton (skēl'e-tūn), the bony framework of the body.

ski (skē), a kind of shoe or runner for traveling over snow.

skim, to read or glance at hurriedly.

slope (slōp), a slant.

Slovak (slō-vāk'; slō'vāk), one of a race of Slavs living in Central Europe.

smear (smēr), to stain.

sneer, scorn shown in speech or manner.

snug, safe; comfortable.

snuggle, to nestle together for warmth.

soil, land.

sow, (sō), to strew seeds upon the earth.

sprout, to begin to grow.

squaw (skwaw), an Indian woman or wife.

stammer, to hesitate in speaking.

stamp, a heavy downward blow with the foot.

steer, to direct something in its course.

steward (stū'ērd), the manager of a large estate or farm.

strain, to put to its greatest strength.

substance, the real part of anything.

Suleika (sōō'li-kā), woman's name.

Suleima (sōō'li-mā), woman's name.

surrounding, inclosing on all sides.

Susanne (sū'zān'), a French name.

sway (swā), to move backward or forward, or from side to side.

syllable (sīl'a-bl), a part of a word spoken by a single effort of the voice.

T

tedious (tē'dī-ūs), tiresome.

terrace (tēr'as), a raised level platform of earth with sloping sides.

terror, fear; fright.

thatched, roofed with straw.

thermometer (thēr-mōm'ē-tēr), an instrument for measuring temperature changes.

thoroughly (thūr'ō-lē), completely; accurately.

thresh, to beat out grain from the husk.

title (tī'tl), the name of a book or story; an honor, as *general*, *professor*.

tough (tūf), strong; firm.

tourist (tōōr'ist), a traveler.

transportation (trāns-pōr-tā'shūn), the act of carrying from one place to another.

treasure (trēzh'ūr), something highly prized.

tremulous, trembling.

tribe (trīb), a family or a clan.

trinket (trīng'kēt), a small ornament.

triplet, a set of three of a kind.

trough (trawf), a long, shallow vessel for holding food for animals.

tug, a steam towing vessel.

tusk, a very long tooth.

U

underhand, done by fraud; sly.

V

vale, a valley.

valuable (vāl'ū-a-bl), costly; precious.

vault (vawlt), a room in which valuables are kept.

venison (vēn'ī-zn), deer's flesh used for meat.

village (vil'āj), a country district smaller than a town.

violent (vī'ō-lēnt), acting with great force.

vireo, a kind of song bird.

āte, cāt, fār, senāte, āsk, āffect; scēne, ēdge, novēl; mine, begīn; cōld, stōp, ōbey; ūnit, cūt, circūlate; mōōn, fōōt; ñ, French enfant

W

waffles, flat batter cakes baked in a waffle iron.

wane (wān), to grow less.

wares, goods.

weapon (wēp'ūn), any instrument for fighting or defense.

weave (wēv), to make cloth on a loom.

whinny (hwī'ŷn), the usual call of a horse.

wholesome (hōl'sūm), suggesting health.

wily (wil'ŷ), cunning.

wisdom (wīz'dūm), learning; knowledge.

witchcraft (wīch'krāft), dealings with evil spirits; magic.

wizard, a magician.

worship (wūr'shīp), to perform religious service.

wrath (rāth), violent anger; rage.

wrinkle (rīng'kl), to form small ridges in.

Y

yacht (yōt), a light steam vessel for pleasure or racing.

yarn, thread prepared for weaving.

yodel (yō'dl), a kind of song common among Swiss shepherds.

Yussif (yōō'sīf), an Arabic proper name.

Z

zebra (zē'bra), a kind of wild horse having white stripes on a dark body.

Zurich (zōō'rīk), a city in Switzerland.

NOTE.—The letters **Q** and **X** are omitted because the book contains no words beginning with these letters which require explanation.

āte, cāt, fār, senāte, āsk, āffect; scēne, ědge, novĕl; mīne, begīn; cōld, stōp, ōbey; ūnit, cūt, circūlate; mōōn, fōōt; n̄, French *enfant*

First Speed Test
Oct. 5 2 Min

458
444

WORDS
AVERAGE





